The Outlook

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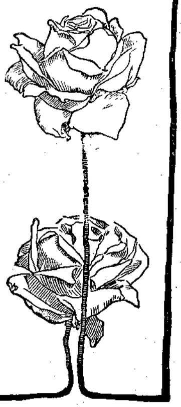
WHISPERS as soft as the breath of the rose
Fall on the ear of this dreamy-eyed maiden;
What is he telling her? Dare one suppose
He offers his heart in the heart of the rose—
Murmurs a message with tenderness laden?

SWEET this Colonial Maid of the Rose,
Dainty her gown, and her blushing demureness;
Aye—but the Maid of Today if she knows
IVORY SOAP, and the charm it bestows,
Rivals all others in sweetness and pureness.

—IT FLOATS.



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A Possible British Tariff?

Last week the British House of Commons heard one of the most important discussions in recent years. It was a foregone conclusion that, sooner or later, Mr. Chamberlain would be questioned as to his desire, recently expressed, for a new taxation scheme which should bind the mother country and the colonies closer together. It was felt by all Liberals and by very many Conservatives that Mr. Chamberlain's plan meant ultimately a turning away from the free trade which has been Great Britain's fiscal policy since 1846. Sir Charles Dilke declared that Mr. Chamberlain had suggested a revolutionary change in the Government's policy, and one which was opposed to tradition and to the opinions of an overwhelming majority in Parliament. He added that, while the Government's policy as outlined at the recent Colonial Conference was dangerous, it fell far short of the policy now suggested. He especially condemned the taxation of raw material and food products, and closed with a home thrust in the declaration that Mr. Chamberlain had proposed a policy not yet thoroughly thought out by the Cabinet. Mr. Balfour, the Premier, prefaced his reply with the remark that Sir Charles had attempted to make mischief between the Colonial Secretary and himself, but that any such attempt would fail, and went on to say that, after the resolution of the Colonial Conference, Mr. Chamberlain was bound to raise the subject of preferential trade for public discussion. The Prime Minister deprecated "waving the ragged, moth-eaten flags of either the protectionist or the free-trade side in controversy, now as far removed as the poles from the controversy of half a century ago," and argued that, as the tendency had been to raise a general tariff wall against British goods, the result had been to compel Great Britain to dispose of her exports on onerous terms and at great loss. Meanwhile the country was becoming more and more dependent on foreign lands for food. If the prevailing tendency continued, the time must come when the only neutral markets to which Great Britain could dispose of her exports would be her own protectorates, her crown colonies, and India. Again, if foreign countries were to be allowed to treat the British colonies as foreign nations (Mr. Balfour was evidently thinking of the recent retaliation by Germany on Canada), Great Britain would be forced by regard for her colonies to retaliate. Canada, Australia, India, and New Zealand were parts of the Empire; it was absurd that they should be treated as separate aggregations simply because they had self-government. Mr. Balfour's most important statement, however, was his disapproval of a tax on raw material, and he declared that he did not know whether a tax on food could be acceptable.

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The Liberal Opportunity

At this point there was an apparent divergence between Mr. Balfour's speech and that of Mr. Chamberlain, who followed him. While the Colonial Secretary asserted that raw materials ought not to be taxed, he declared that consequently duties would have to be levied on imported food. This divergence may indicate that Sir Charles Dilke is right in his contention that the Ministers have not thoroughly digested Mr. Chamberlain's proposal. The Colonial Secretary further elucidated his proposed change, without which "the country would have to give up all hope of closer fiscal relations with the colonies, and must abandon all idea of securing at any time closer political relations with them;" it was inevitable, added Mr. Chamberlain, if preferential duties were levied, that a tax should be placed on food and that the working classes would pay three-quarters of such a tax; it was only fair that this money and the one-quarter paid by the richer classes should be applied to social reform, like old-age pensions. Such a tax, he declared, was not protective in intention, but incidentally it would be protective. It is possible that the Liberals may thank the Imperialist Secretary for giving to them a strong platform on which to go before the country at the ensuing general election. Mr. Chamberlain's plan looks very like a retrogression to that seventeenth-century legislation which bore fruit in the Navigation Act. If the Liberals had a leader who commanded the full confidence of the party, the opportunity of destructive criticism might lead on to an overthrow of the Ministry; but it is doubtful if the leadership will be found.

* * *

The Kishenev Massacre Last week, at St. Petersburg, M. de Plehve, Minister of the Interior, received a deputation of Jews who journeyed from Kishenev in order to place their case before the central authorities and to urge on the Minister the necessity of showing in some further way his disapproval of the recent horrible outrages. Although the "Official Messenger" had denied the authenticity of a rumored oppressive order from M. de Plehve, and although the Minister had dismissed the Governor of Bessarabia and the Chief of Police of Kishenev, the delegates objected that there were among the local officials men whose guilt was even greater than that of those who had been punished, and urged a complete change in the Government's personnel in the district immediately affected. No announcement of what M. de Plehve promises has been made, but the announcement that the sale of the "Znamya," the most violent of the St. Petersburg anti-Semitic papers, is prohibited, except to regular subscribers, would indicate that the deputation's visit was not without effect. This and other papers, according to the correspondent of the London "Times," were permitted to continue their attacks on the Jews, even after the Kishenev atrocities, and to declare that the massacre was "a well-earned lesson," that "it served the Jews right," etc. The correspondent of the "Times" has now himself been expelled from Russia, possibly because some of his recent despatches contained comment as distinct from news. For example:

> When the outbreak took place, the rioters were permitted to go about their work of murder, outrage, and devastation without any interference on the part of the authorities, except in a few instances where the police officers acted without waiting for instructions from their chiefs. In other cases where Jews appealed for protection they were told that nothing could be done for them. In these circumstances, for the Government not to dismiss from his post an official so grossly negligent of his most obvious duty would have created an impression which no number of Ministerial circulars could dissipate. . . . As it is, there is much in the action of the Central Government which needs explanation. The massacre at Kishenev has shown that the local authorities cannot always be trusted to protect the Jews, yet in a recent circular M. de Plehve has laid it down that Jewish clubs of self-defense are not to be tolerated. That may be defended on general political grounds, but it is hard to find any excuse for the indulgence extended to the anti-Semitic press.

* * *

Mr. Cleveland's and Count Tolstoï's Opinions Last week in New York City, at a mass-meeting which was held to protest against the outrages upon the Jews at Kishenev, the principal speakers were President Cleveland, Mayor Low, President Schurman, of Cornell, Mr. Edward M. Shepard, and the Rev. Dr. MacArthur. Mr. Cleveland's address was impressive and notable. After declaring his hearty sympathy with the purposes of the meeting and approving the demonstration as a reassuring evidence that American sympathy for the oppressed anywhere is still unimpaired, he said, as reported: "Every humane American sentiment has been shocked by this attack on the Jews in Russia—an attack murderous, atrocious, and in every way revolting. . . . There is something intensely horrible in the wholesale murder of unoffending, defenseless men, women, and children who have been tacitly or expressly assured of safety under the protection of a professedly civilized government. . . . I know how easily our indignation prompts us to the use of strong language; and I know how naturally we are tempted to indulge in over-drawn statements and extravagant demands on such an occasion as this; but I am sure that in our characterization of the crimes we here contemplate, and in expressing our detestation of the criminals, we cannot go too far. . . . I do not say that the Russian Government may not, by sins of commission or omission, be justly deserving of our condemnation, but we should not be swift to assume this. . . . I hope that we will be content to forego perplexing and extreme demands upon our Government for violent action." This characteristic letter from Count Tolstoï on the Kishenev massacre has been published in the New York "Sun:"

> As regards my views on the Jews and on the horrible doings at Kishenev, they ought to be clear to all who interest themselves in my conception of life. My attitude toward the Jews cannot be other than as toward brothers whom I love, not because they are Jews, but because, like ourselves and everybody else, they are sons of one God, the Father. Such love needs no effort on my part, for I have met and known excellent people among the Jews. What I felt most deeply was horror at the criminals who are really responsible for all that occurred in Kishenev, and horror at our Government, with their clergy, who keep the people in a state of ignorance and fanaticism with their bandit horde of officials. The outrages at Kishenev are but the direct result of that propaganda of falsehood and violence which our Government conduct with such tireless persistence. The attitude of our Government toward these events is only one more proof of their brutal egoism, which does not flinch at any measures, however cruel, when it is a question of suppressing a movement deemed dangerous to themselves, and their complete indifference is similar to the indifference of the Turkish Government toward the Armenian atrocities and toward the most terrible outrages which do not affect their interests.

Events in the Turkish Empire

Last week tardy news came of the occurrence on April 29 of a terrible earthquake at Melazgherd, in the vilayat or district of Van, in Asiatic Turkey, a town about a hundred miles distant from Mount Ararat and not far from the source of the Euphrates River. It will be remembered that an earthquake in this region, on the Russian side of the mountain, a few months ago, destroyed the town of Shemaka and caused the loss of several thousand lives. According to last week's information, the five hundred houses of Melazgherd were totally destroyed, together with most of the entire population, numbering two thousand souls, including seven hundred Armenians, as well as the troops forming the garrison. In addition, over four hundred houses in the neighboring villages collapsed. The earthquake was felt through the entire district between the Russian frontier on the east and Harput on the west. In comparison with this disaster those in Macedonia and Albania seem light, and yet, last week, in an encounter near Smerdesh, no less than one hundred and fifty insurgents were killed, and the fight lasted thirty hours. Another encounter resulted in the destruction of the entire town of Bamitzi. The number of Christian victims at Monastir, week before last, is now officially reported as seventy-two. It must be admitted that the troops have had great incitement to retaliation. According to Mr. Leishman, United States Minister at Constantinople, the Government appears to be thoroughly alive to the situation, and extra precautions are being taken everywhere to prevent surprises and quell any outbreak. Mr. Leishman says that the authorities have behaved admirably, holding the Mussulman population in check and preventing them from retaliating for the many outrages committed by the Christian population. If the indiscriminate shooting and dynamite explosions continue, however, he adds, it may be difficult to prevent reprisals which might lead to wholesale massacres. The resignation of the Bulgarian Cabinet has raised another serious difficulty in the Balkan situation. This Cabinet apparently acted virtually under Russian orders. Meanwhile the Powers, despite their plans of Turkish reform and their warnings to the Porte, are practically held at bay so far as ending Muslim misrule in Macedonia is concerned.

The Post-Office Department Investigation

The investigation of alleged corruption in the Post-Office Department has taken a more serious form and has led to more important results than any one seemed at first to anticipate. When the Washington "Evening Times," four or five months ago, called attention to the existence of irregularities and abuses in the office of the First Assistant Postmaster-General, little attention was paid to its statements. They did not escape the notice, however, of Mr. Robert J. Wynne, the newly appointed chief of that office, and he began, in a quiet way, to investigate them. He soon became satisfied, from information that came to him with regard to attempts that had been made to silence the "Times," as well as from the attitude of hostility soon taken toward him by some of his subordinates, that there was some foundation for the charges. He therefore wrote a formal letter to Postmaster-General Payne, asking that a thorough investigation of his own office be made. The Postmaster-General granted the request and directed his Fourth Assistant, Mr. Bristow, to look into the matter and report. At first the investigation was limited to the particular charges that the "Times" had made; but this limitation was finally removed, and Mr. Bristow was authorized to extend the scope of his investigation so as to include all the operations of Mr. Wynne's office. This led almost immediately to the resignation of George W. Beavers, chief of the Division of Salaries and Allowances, and shortly afterward to the dismissal of James N. Tyner, Assistant Attorney-General for the Department, and the suspension of Assistant Attorney George A. C. Christiancy. The investigation was then pushed with even greater persistence and energy, and resulted this week in the arrest of Assistant Attorney Daniel V. Miller and August V. Machen, on the charge of receiving bribes from manufacturers who sold the Department certain articles. The evidence in the hands of Mr. Bristow is said not only to prove the guilt of the officials arrested, but to indicate that corrupt practices in this branch of the Post-Office Department are very general and of long standing. Mr. Payne did not seem at first to regard the charges of fraud as at all serious, and gave the investigation only half-hearted support, but after the arrest of Miller and Machen he said, "We shall continue our search until we not only get the men who have done wrong but unearth the defects in the system which enabled them to act as they did." In their attempt to put a stop to bribe-taking and corruption in the office of the First Assistant Postmaster-General, Mr. Wynne and Mr. Bristow have had the full support of the President, who insisted from the beginning that the investigation should be pushed without regard to persons or politics.

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The Political Situation A fortnight ago it looked as if there might be a sharp contest in the approaching Ohio Republican Convention over a resolution to indorse President Roosevelt as the party candidate in 1904. Senator Foraker was outspoken in favor of such action, but Senator Hanna not only privately but publicly antagonized it. Senator Hanna's declaration forced the issue upon the attention of the Nation, and there were not wanting those who assumed that he would not thus commit himself unless confident that the Convention would follow his guidance. President Roosevelt, however, accepted the issue thus raised, and in a statement given out through his private secretary at Walla Walla, Washington, said that while he had not asked any man for his support, "of course those who favor my administration and nomination will indorse them, and those who do not will oppose them." This declaration settled the contest in Ohio, and Senator Hanna promptly and publicly accepted the settlement. Simultaneously the Republican State Convention in Pennsylvania emphatically demanded the President's renomination. So far as actions taken a year in advance can determine anything, President Roosevelt's nomination seems assured. Counting Ohio, sixteen States have already demanded it, and these sixteen control a majority of the National Convention. In the Democratic ranks the current discussion of Presidential nominees is, for the most part, confessedly idle, or at least premature. A serious conflict is going on within the party between the radical faction led by Mr. Bryan and the conservative faction led by Mr. Cleveland, but it is a conflict of tendencies rather than personalities—for probably the leader of neither faction desires the nomination, and certainly the leader of neither could receive it without precipitating a revolt from the followers of the other. To all appearances the Cleveland faction greatly prefers Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Bryan, and the Bryan faction greatly prefers Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Cleveland. The party managers, so far as they are considering nominations at all, are looking for some candidate who can unite the followings of both leaders. The strength which Mr. Roosevelt has developed in the West, as shown by the last Congressional elections, is now leading them to look to the East for a candidate, but their confidence in this direction is weakened by the fact that the solid South, with New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, is no longer sufficient to elect a President. Delaware and Maryland have become doubtful, and West Virginia, under the influence of the enormous development of its manufacturing, mining, and railroad interests, has become pretty reliably Republican. But even if all these States give Democratic majorities, the increased representation of the West in the electoral college makes the vote of Indiana also essential to Democratic victory. The old combination of the East and the South is no longer sufficient.

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Direct Primaries Triumph in Wisconsin

Governor La Follette, of Wisconsin, after a campaign of education begun by him several years before his first election as Governor in 1900, has at last the satisfaction of signing a direct primary law acceptable to believers in popular control of party machinery. From the beginning of the present legislative session a majority of the House of Representatives has been in favor of accepting the Governor's programme, so specifically indorsed by the Republican State Convention, but in the Senate the faction which has resisted the Governor both on the question of direct primaries and the equal taxation of corporations remained in control, and another aggravating deadlock for a time ensued. It was clear, however, that the Governor had a majority of the Republican party with him, and his opponents, rather than risk another conflict on this issue, finally accepted the Governor's bill, coupled only with the provision that it should not go into effect unless approved by the voters at the general election in 1904. At this election the opponents of the bill hope to kill it by arraying against it the party opposition of the Democrats as well as the factional opposition of the conservative Republicans. Fortunately, however, the Democrats are as much divided upon the issue as the Republicans, and while direct primaries are opposed by the "conservative" or "corporation" faction which obtained control of the Democratic Convention a year ago, they are warmly indorsed by Mr. Bryan and his supporters. The bill to be submitted to the voters not only provides for the nomination of State, Congressional, county, city, and town officers by direct primaries, at which all the voters of the party have an equal voice, but also for the nomination of United States Senators by the same method. In Wisconsin, as in South Carolina, if the bill is ratified, United States Senators will be really elected by the people—the action of the Legislature becoming as purely formal as the action of electors in choosing the President.

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Illegal Forced Labor in Alabama

Last week United States Secret Service officers arrested Robert N. Franklin, of Goodwater, Alabama, upon the charge of being a party to a revolting system of enslaving helpless negro laborers. This system consists in securing the arrest of the victims upon trivial charges and their sentence to convict camps, where their labor is desired by contractors. The Washington correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" in describing the system gives the details of a typical instance, which are briefly as follows:

> In 1901 a young negro was working for a cotton buyer at Goodwater, Alabama, and had agreed to work for a certain length of time. One day he went into the country about two miles, and while returning to town was arrested for breaking his contract, carried to Goodwater, arraigned before a justice of the peace, and fined, with costs, five dollars and fifty cents. As he was unable to pay or to give security, he was transported to an adjoining county and sold to a contractor for convict labor. He was required to sign an instrument in writing, which proved to have been a contract to work for a year, but as the negro can neither read nor write, and the instrument was not read to him, he had no idea of the plight into which he was putting himself. He is a good farm-hand, and, having served his year and a month or two over, he discovered that his employer had no right to hold him, and attempted to escape. He left the farm, seized a skiff moored on the banks of the Coosa River, made his way across, and took

to the woods. The hounds put on his track, after a chase of two and a half days, caught the runaway. The negro heard the dogs a good many times, knew the voice of each, and felt sure that they would catch him in the end, but he kept on moving till he could stagger no further, and when the pursuing party reached him they took him back to the convict farm. There he received a severe whipping. The form of a trial was next given him at the house of the contractor, and he was sentenced to one year's labor for breaking the contract and six months more for stealing the skiff. He was then compelled to sign a new contract with his employer, agreeing to work till August, 1904. This last contract and the person of the negro are now in the possession of the United States Marshal.

"This case," says the "Post's" correspondent, "is only typical of hundreds of others," and Franklin is only one of many conspirators against whom indictments have been secured. The growing abuse, he writes, was brought to the attention of the Department of Justice by United States District Attorney Reese, at Montgomery, Alabama. In the prosecution of offenders the Attorney-General has been vigorously supported by the Treasury Department, which controls the Secret Service. We are inclined to question whether the revolting system exposed has acquired the dimensions asserted in the despatches, and we are glad to recall that in some of the Southern States the whole system of convict camps has been overthrown by popular indignation with its inhumanity. However, the exposures, if used in no partisan or sectional spirit, will certainly intensify the Southern demand that the care of convicts shall not be turned over to contractors interested only in their exploitation, and lacking even the slave-owner's interest in preserving the health and vigor of the laborers.

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The Presbyterian Assembly

Los Angeles, California, was the General Assembly's meeting-place this year, selected as such with the purpose of promoting the interests of the Church in the Pacific States, particularly in the home missionary field. Distance proved no hindrance; over a hundred car-loads arrived at Los Angeles in a single day. A large number tarried on the way for a Sunday at Salt Lake City, and gained information for use hereafter on the Mormon problem raised in Senator Smoot's case. Dr. Robert F. Coyle, of Denver, a popular and brilliant minister and a man of large sympathy with movements for the bettering of industrial conditions, was chosen Moderator. The annual sermon by Dr. van Dyke, the retiring Moderator, urged a revival in simplicity, sincerity, and Christian activity. When the report of the Committee on Creed Revision came up, a thronged house showed the unabated interest in the subject which all knew had been finally settled. Before hearing the report the Assembly voted to throw out overtures from two Presbyteries that tended to obstruct proceeding with the revision. The report showed that the opposition to its adoption by last year's Assembly was at the most represented by a negative to any item of it from only five per cent. of the Presbyteries. The action of last May having been ratified by so nearly a solid vote of the Presbyteries, the Assembly finally adopted the report without further opposition. Dr. van Dyke spoke for this with impressive effect amid frequent applause. The Church, he said, had not changed her base, but had broadened it. The next twenty minutes were given to song and prayer. As The Outlook said last May, a century of strife, often bitter and lamentable, between two schools of thought in the Church is thus happily ended.

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Creed Revision Concluded

The work thus completed guards the Confession of 1648 against misinterpretation of its doctrine of the divine decrees and of the salvation of infants, omits its hard sayings against the Pope, the good works of unregenerate men, and the sinfulness of refusing lawful oaths, and adds chapters on the Holy Spirit, the love of God, and missions—thus making the Confession more evangelical and devotional. Practically still more important is the new "Brief Statement of the Reformed Faith." While the old Confession still remains technically the standard of doctrine, the new "Statement," professedly merely an exposition of its voluminous articles, inevitably becomes the working creed. As such it virtually supplants the old Calvinism, which has fought against it for a century, by what is unmistakably the new. Among other matters of general interest the race question emerged in overtures from several Southern Presbyteries on "Separate Presbyteries for Colored Ministers." This was referred to a committee of seven, including both races in its number, to report to the next Assembly. The movement recently initiated by the Episcopal Church for joint action of the Churches on the subject of Divorce and Remarriage was reported as having brought into conference with them the Northern Presbyterians and Methodists, and as still inviting the co-operation of others. Missionary work received large attention. More missionaries have been sent to foreign fields than in any preceding year, yet not as many as are called for, and debt has been avoided only by restricting operations. The Twentieth Century Fund amounts to over twelve million dollars—the largest ever raised. The leading contributors to it are Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio, in the order named. A great banquet was spread for the Assembly and guests in a pavilion, where fourteen hundred plates were laid. The next Assembly will meet in Buffalo.

The Emerson Celebrations

The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ralph Waldo Emerson was observed in many parts of the country, on Monday of last week, by appropriate exercises; and one noticeable feature, which would have given special pleasure to the Concord poet, was the interest shown in the occasion by school-children. The commemoration at Concord began with a meeting of the school-children in the town hall in the morning, and the exercises consisted of the singing of appropriate hymns and brief addresses interpreting the services of Emerson to young people. There were also recitations from Emerson's poems, and Dean Briggs, of Harvard, made a characteristically clear and suggestive address, the exercises closing with the singing of the Concord Hymn. In the afternoon the First Parish Church was crowded with residents of Concord and with visitors, many of whom had come from a long distance. Addresses were delivered by Samuel Hoar, Professor Charles Eliot Norton, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Professor William James, and Senator Hoar. Many aspects of the character and life of Emerson, as a resident of Concord, as a reformer, as an interpreter of the spiritual laws, and as an exponent of individuality, were presented by the different speakers. In Boston a great audience gathered in Symphony Hall and listened to an address by Senator Hoar and to an ode by Professor George E. Woodberry. Choruses from "Elijah" and a hymn written for the occasion by Mr. Frederick L. Hosmer were sung by members of the Handel and Hadyn Societies. In this city the guests at a dinner given by the Society of American Authors was addressed by President Schurman, Colonel Watterson, Dr. W. T. Harris, and others. On Sunday Emerson was made the subject of sermons in churches of all denominations in many parts of the country, while magazines, literary journals, and newspapers generally have given generous space to personal recollections, to biographic sketches, and to estimates of the genius and influence of the man.

New York City's Two Hundred and Fifty Years

The fact that New York has completed a quarter of a thousand years since it became a municipal entity was celebrated with varied exercises last week. While many people regretted that there was not more of a distinctively popular character in the celebration—a historical pageant or series of tableaux, for instance, could have presented in a graphic way an immensely interesting survey of thrilling or significant episodes—yet there was a reasonable degree of enthusiasm among the people (it is a general rule that the larger the city the less is the enthusiasm about such celebrations), and certainly the official side of the enterprise was well planned and executed. In the two hundred and fifty years of its municipal life New York has grown from a population of less than 1,500 to over 3,500,000, has reached a real estate valuation of $3,500,000,000, and in every way has attained a commercial expansion of gigantic proportions. More inspiring is the fact, as Mayor Low put it, that "here great events have happened; here great deeds have been done; here great men have lived and labored; and here the fascinating story of the country's material growth and development can be read in epitome." For the future of the metropolis may well be borne in mind its Mayor's injunction that "the life of a great city does not consist in the multitude of the things that it possesseth; its true life, its higher life, depends upon the capacity of its people for self-sacrifice, and upon their willingness to serve one another and mankind." General James Grant Wilson's brilliant historical oration, and the addresses of Secretary Root, Governor Odell, Bishop Potter, and Dr. Mendes, all tended to a similar recognition of the fact that in peace, order, wisdom, and purity rather than in mere power or riches lies the true value of a great city. It is interesting to note that the official exercises opened with prayer by the pastor of the one city church which was in existence two hundred and fifty years ago—Dr. Wells, of the Flatbush Dutch Reformed Church. Among the celebrations designed for the people at large nothing was more novel and attractive than the stereopticon shows at several points—carried out under the supervision of Dr. Leipziger, Superintendent of the Board of Education lectures. The illumination of the "sky-scrapers" was a feature which could not be duplicated elsewhere, and the decoration and illumination of the city were extensive.

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Columbia University Needs

The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of New York is an appropriate time to bring before the community the needs of Columbia University, which President Butler has presented in detail and with commendable frankness. New York has so far failed to do its duty by an institution which has graduated some of its most eminent statesmen and many of its foremost citizens, including Jay, Clinton, Hamilton, and Hewitt. Columbia is by no means a poor institution, so far as resources are concerned, for its property of all kinds aggregates twenty-one millions of dollars; but a college with great property holdings and apparatus of all kinds but insufficient income is as genuinely in need as if it were largely without endowments. Columbia has great possessions but a very small income, and there is pressing need of a very large addition to that income. It not only needs more money to spend, but it needs more money to invest. Of the ten millions for which Dr. Butler has called, two millions are needed to secure the South Field, a fine property adjacent to the University, which it is absolutely essential to secure at the present moment; five hundred thousand dollars is essential for a college hall; one million must be spent to complete University Hall, which is to contain the great Assembly Room, a dining-room, and the administrative offices of the University; four hundred thousand dollars are necessary for the Law School, which has five hundred students and has taken its place as one of the first schools of jurisprudence in the country, but which is now very inadequately housed in the library building; four hundred thousand are needed in order adequately to lodge the schools of applied science, which have grown astonishingly since the removal of the college to Morningside Heights; one million is necessary in order adequately to endow the Medical School, which at present is running up an annual deficit of about forty thousand dollars; a million dollars is necessary to provide proper income and equipment for the schools of applied science; and the balance of the ten million dollars, seven hundred thousand dollars, must be devoted to buttressing and strengthening the departments of Greek, Latin, English, and mathematics. Even when this great sum is secured, Columbia University will still be without a chapel, and the department of fine arts will still lack a building. Ten millions of dollars is a very large sum of money, but not too large for an institution of the opportunities of Columbia, and of its importance in a great metropolis which is generously giving money to institutions of learning in all parts of the country. This stream of beneficence which flows to the ends of the continent ought not to be checked; but the money for Columbia ought to be given. The city owes it to the institution and to itself as well.

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Co-operation Among Fruit-Growers

Apparently it is the farmers in America—and not the city wage-earners as in England—who are to take the lead in the development of co-operation. In addition to co-operative insurance, co-operative creameries, and occasionally co-operative elevators, the farmers are now carrying on successfully, in the East as well as on the Pacific slope, co-operative fruit exchanges. In California these exchanges have been successful for years, and have frequently been described. In the East the experiment is newer, but local associations have been successful in many districts, and a National organization appears now to have established itself. The name of the National organization is the American Fruit-Growers' Union, and the scope of its work, as described for us by Mr. Theodore Dreiser, is briefly as follows:

> Before the organization of the Union fruit was sold at haphazard, and is still in some measure sold so. One day in May, 1900, Pittsburg received twenty-six cars of strawberries when it could only handle five or six. Prices went to nothing, and the growers lost everything. Buffalo at the same time was practically without strawberries. Another day New York received seventy-two cars of strawberries, mostly from North Carolina, and they were sold for less than railway freight—largely to cold-storage houses, which kept them until the North Carolina growers heard of their loss and stopped shipping. . . . The Fruit-Growers' Union was organized to direct the fruit to the best markets. By telegraphic communications its officers learn how many car-loads of fruit are *en route* for the different markets, and they direct the shipments of members to points in which there is no apparent danger of a glut. This danger, however, often develops after shipment, and in such cases cars controlled by the Union are diverted to other points by telegrams to the railroads. When the Pittsburg strawberry glut occurred, Union shipments were deflected to Buffalo. Such action on the part of the Union, of course, aids and sometimes saves the non-union shippers who have sent their fruit to the overstocked market. The non-union shippers realize this, and are glad to have the Union informed regarding their shipments. Railroads also have been willing to co-operate, and most of them have entered into arrangements by which the central office of the Union at Cincinnati is kept posted regarding the number of cars billed over their lines and the respective destinations.

The Union has agents in each of the principal commercial centers to look after the sale of the fruit, and the organization also endeavors to secure low freight rates and other advantages for its members. But this part of its work had previously been performed and is still performed with a good deal of efficiency by local fruit-growers' associations. The new and important part of the work of the National organization is so to distribute the supply of fruit coming from all sections that no markets shall be either glutted or bare.

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Back to Nature

During the last two decades Americans in rapidly increasing numbers have been heeding the cry, "Back to nature;" and at this moment, when the country is thinking of its obligations to Ralph Waldo Emerson, it is impossible to overlook the indebtedness of the busy people of this working continent to the little group of men, among whom Emerson and Thoreau were the most conspicuous, who early gave direction and impulse to a movement which has contributed immensely to the health, vigor, and joy in life of the American people. For rest, stimulus, solitude, recreation, men and women are turning more and more to the fields and woods every year; and books about nature and natural life are multiplying with unexampled rapidity. No sign of the times is more significant of the change in American habit than the number of volumes on flowers, trees, shrubs, birds, which are constantly coming from the press. No one, however untrained in out-of-door observation, need remain ignorant of the world of nature. Charts and maps of this great living world are to be found on every hand; manuals of knowledge, based on accurate observation and intelligently and simply arranged, are within every one's reach; all the doors are open, and they who will may enter.

This literature of observation is by no means the only and perhaps not the most important of the many forms of access to nature which are being thrown open to the public in increasing numbers. The trained naturalist may object to any treatment of nature that is not distinctly scientific in its method and spirit; but nature is more than birds and flowers, animals and trees. Nature is a middle ground between God and man; it is the playground of the soul; it is full of marvelous analogies with the life of man; its very breath invigorates the body, its beauty feeds the imagination. The work of the scientific observers cannot be overvalued; but it would be very incomplete without the work of the poets, and very imperfect without the records of those who go to nature, not simply to see, but to feel, to enter into sympathy with, and to be restored by the life of the world without. One of the most recent of these records, "Walks in New England," by Charles Goodrich Whiting, which bears the imprint of Mr. John Lane (New York), belongs to what may be called the literature of rest and of delight. Mr. Whiting has been an indefatigable student of books, and a tireless editor, whose work on the Springfield "Republican" for many years past has been notable for veracity, candor, and fidelity to the truth as he saw it. But editorial work has represented only half of Mr. Whiting's life; the other half has been spent out of doors. He has lived in the fields and woods as much as, and in a sense more deeply than, he has lived in his library and writing-room; and this latest volume, with its charming illustrations, which bring before the eye the characteristic aspects of New England scenery, is full of the sincerity of a man who writes out of intimacy of relationship as well as out of the fullness of knowledge. Those who think that a book about nature should be a bare record of fact without the atmosphere of sentiment will not follow Mr. Whiting; those who believe that, while science gives the face of the world, poetry gives its countenance—its soul revealed in its face—will turn to books of the quality of "Walks in New England" with a feeling that they are dealing with nature fundamentally if not scientifically, and that they are getting from her something which in a way is more important than exact knowledge.

There is no better approach to truth than going into the fields with the open mind and the quick imagination; no better way of throwing off the cares of life and renewing that spirit of freshness which is the most precious possession of men who deal with problems and questions of all sorts. It is this refreshment, this contact of the spirit with nature, which Mr. Whiting receives and imparts. The gospel of nature that Emerson preached was the gospel of the personal relation of every man to the world about him, and through that world to God. It was the gospel of education by the study of natural processes and the following of the ways of nature. If this was unscientific, then Emerson must be counted among the greatest of the offenders against science. But Emerson was not unscientific; the view of the true poet is always scientific; for by science one means the recognition of all the facts of nature and not of a single order of facts. No intelligent man undervalues science; but no intelligent man ought to permit an inaccurate and limited interpretation of the word science to stand in the way of proper recognition of the whole range of the facts of life. These facts are facts of the spirit as truly as of the body; they relate to the invisible and intangible things as truly as to visible and tangible ones. Mr. Whiting's volume is a record of contact with nature, not only through the eye, but through the imagination and the emotions. He relates himself to nature as only the man of poetic imagination can. The scientist who lacks this great quality may understand what he sees about him, but a man must have something of the poet in him to make himself a part of nature, to get the joy of its boundless life, to take to himself its deep repose.

Mr. Whiting's book is an example of a kind of writing about nature which is not only accurate but atmospheric; which gives not only the fact but the sentiment of the world of out-of-doors and its healing power on the human spirit. A single quotation discloses this quality: "In the seasonable pause before the storm, though the mists drift over the glens and the sunshine but fitfully gleams on the hills and lights for a moment a forest, all is as the lover of Nature would have it. Was it said that Paradise was lost? But is it not Paradise?—this valley in which, among the bright flames of maples and the ruddy back-log glow of oaks, and in the viburnum thickets with their purple-grays and the spice-bushes with their garnered sunlight—amid these and so much more, the birds of June are flocking—bluebirds and robins, flickers and jays, juncos, chickadees and phœbes, mountain sparrows, and now and then a chippie—are flocking and sometimes warbling. Surely this is a valley of Paradise, where none has yet entered to molest or make afraid. Into the valley flows a flood of heaven; out of it flow the streams of healing for the discomforts of civilization. Nay, why are not the four rivers that watered Eden here? or streams as good—since from such a spot must diverge influences that keep earth alive."

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Should Unions Incorporate?

The first issue of the "National Civic Federation Monthly Review" contains an extremely important symposium upon the question whether trades-unions should incorporate. The opinions printed are the well-considered views of men who have a right to speak upon the subject—leaders of thought and action, representing, first, employers; second, employees; third, the general public; and, fourth, the members of the bar. Summing up the discussion in its broadest lines, it may be said that the employers, with several exceptions, favor the incorporation of the unions; the wage-earners, with fewer exceptions, oppose it; the representatives of the general public are more evenly divided, but, as a rule, think incorporation unwise for the unions under present laws; while the members of the bar, dividing somewhat similarly as to the wisdom of incorporation, are practically a unit in declaring that even without incorporation unions may be held legally responsible for any wrongs they inflict.

The argument of employers for the incorporation of trades-unions is substantially the same in all the opinions. The incorporation of trade-unions, it is argued, and the consequent liability of the orders to damage suits, would make them more responsible and more conservative. "If," says Mr. Eidlitz, the head of the new building trades employers' federation in New York, "a union felt that its treasury and standing might be jeopardized, it would tend to make it see that its actions were strictly within the law." "Conservatism," says General Manager Kruttschmitt, of the Southern Pacific Company, "must necessarily follow responsibility, and, however this can be brought about, whether by incorporation of the unions or by decisions of the courts against members, I am firmly of the belief that establishing the principle that a party inflicting an injury must pay the resulting damages will confine the efforts of labor leaders to their legitimate functions and will discourage the present practice of declaring actual war on persons and property as soon as any contention arises on any industrial question."

Of the employers who do not advocate the incorporation of trades-unions, Senator Hanna takes the position that incorporation is unnecessary to make unions keep their agreements, and President Callaway, of the American Locomotive Company, takes the position that incorporation promises few benefits and that the thing needed is fair-minded men to represent both unions and employers in their conferences. One employer, however, E. F. Du Brul, Commissioner of the National Metal Trades Association, declares that incorporation would not increase the responsibility of the unions and would probably relieve their members of their present personal liability.

The objections offered by trades-unionists to incorporation are many and varied, but usually center about two points: (1) fear of litigation; (2) distrust of the sympathies of the judiciary. President James M. Lynch, of the International Typographical Union, puts both of these points succinctly in the following sentences: "It would take a trade-union antagonist with money at his command but a short time to wreck a labor organization through judicial procedure. . . . Where the toiler is able to contribute one cent, the corporation can without strain put up a dollar. We must continue to depend upon public sympathy and public support, and not on courts, the course of which in the past displays corporation and capitalistic sympathy, if not dictation." Secretary Henry White, of the United Garment Workers, in urging the same points, cites the experience of his own organization when it has appealed to the courts. "Our own National union," he writes, "has hundreds of agreements with manufacturers in which bonds were given to insure their faithful performance, and in every case where the union sued for the forfeiture of the bonds it failed, although the violation of the contract was not questioned. It was held by the courts that the agreement was not valid because obtained under duress, that the employer was not free to refuse to sign the contract presented, as it would be impossible for him to continue in business otherwise." President Daniel J. Keefe, of the International Longshoremen's Union, concludes his opinion with the declaration that "more ample redress is obtainable to-day for damages where liability of labor organizations can be proved than can be hoped to be obtained by labor organizations where corporations have violated the law."

The fear of litigation expressed is not merely the fear of suits directly instituted by employers, but of those instituted by dissatisfied members of the union. This point in a most striking fashion is urged not only by unionists, but by representatives of the general public and of the bar. Mr. J. W. Sullivan, of the New York Typographical Union, writes that the union is now a "big, self-governing family," which settles all its internal disputes according to the will of the majority. Incorporation would "admit non-kinsfolk at the head of the family table." Mr. George Fred Williams, of the Boston bar, writes: "As it is now, trades-unions are domestic bodies depending upon the immediate and ready willingness of their members to act in union. . . . Incorporation of trades-unions would be fatal because it would take away the democratic character of the organization." Mr. Frankenheimer, of the New York bar, says that he would no more advise a trades-union to incorporate than he would advise the New York Stock Exchange to incorporate. The courts have repeatedly held "that their power over voluntary associations was not as great as it is over corporations. Were a trades-union to be incorporated, every member who may have been disciplined, suspended, or expelled would appeal to the courts for redress, and the organization would be constantly embroiled in litigation of this kind. Moreover, sinister influences might be brought to bear upon a sufficiently strong minority to justify interference by the courts in the internal affairs of the association, if incorporated, which would not be justified, however strong the minority, if the association were a voluntary one."

Dr. Adaona Weber, of the New York Labor Bureau, who writes of the subject with perhaps the largest knowledge of any individual contributor, fears the same result, unless the law for the incorporation of the union distinctly relieves it of responsibility for the unauthorized acts of individual members. "The field," he writes, "for intrigues between designing employers and avaricious members would be very large. The unions might find it impossible to maintain any funds whatever, and that would of course spell the death of unionism and of collective bargaining." Indeed, Dr. Weber's opinion upon this point and that of the lawyers in warmest sympathy with trades-unionism practically sustains the position taken by President Perkins, of the International Cigar-Makers' Union, who sums up the attitude of one of the best-managed unions in the country as follows:

> We object to being placed in a position where we cannot do business that is strictly lawful without the consent of the judiciary. We *will never incorporate until our legal* status is well established and laws enacted that fully protect the rights we have secured as the result of years of trade-union activity. If we were incorporated, a board of directors would have a legal right to transact all of our business between conventions. We are too jealous of our liberties, our rights, and the initiative and referendum to surrender them to a board of directors, even if it was composed of angels.

This brings us to what may be called the constructive part of the symposium. Under the present laws, the unions are practically a unit against incorporation—though the Knights of Labor and a few minor unions have incorporated. The representatives of the general public are practically a unit in declaring that incorporation should not be forced upon the unions. As President Eliot, of Harvard, expresses it, "I am not in favor of compulsory incorporation for unions, or for anybody else, because incorporation is to my mind a privilege, and not a duty to which the people should be forced.' Nevertheless, among the representatives of the general public, as well as among employers, there is a strong sentiment that unions to-day exercise too vast a power to remain irresponsible, and that incorporation would increase their responsibility, and enable the public to prevent acts hostile to the public welfare. What is needed, therefore, is, on the one hand, the holding of unincorporated unions liable for the damages they inflict, and, on the other hand, the offering of terms of incorporation as favorable to labor unions as are the present laws to unions of capitalists. Along the first line of action, Mr. F. J. Stimson, of Boston—the highest authority on American statute law and American labor laws—writes that no new statute is needed in this country to prosecute unions for damages inflicted by their illegal acts. So far as damages for such acts are concerned, he writes, "the dangers of incorporation are certainly no greater than at present." The unions, says President Eliot, are likely to desire incorporation if under present laws they are held strictly accountable for their acts. But it is agreed that unions should not be forced to incorporate under the same laws as business corporations. New statutes should be framed. Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, speaking from his Australian observation, writes: "The trade-unions of New Zealand and Australia have incorporated almost universally, because by doing so they have been given valuable privileges, such as the power to hold real estate, sue members for dues, punish officers—most of all, to secure arbitration in case of dispute with employers. If the leaders of the American world desire our trade-unions to incorporate, let them offer them inducements which will make it worth their while to do so." Mr. James A. Miller, the Chairman of the Legal Committee of the Building Contractors' Councils, makes a suggestion along a similar line. He writes: "A law might pass the scrutiny of the courts that would make criminal certain acts done by a combination (unincorporated) that would not be so if done by a corporation having capital stock, or, perhaps, having bonds on file with the Secretary of State that could be reached for damages. In this way the unions might decide it to be to their advantage to incorporate." Apparently in a hundred ways an incorporated union, financially responsible for its acts, might be relieved from processes now directed against its officers and members, upon the ground that suits at law could afford no relief to those injured by their action. All laws on this subject must be drafted with extreme conservatism, and the final statute must be a growth rather than a creation. But the time for considering new legislation is certainly at hand. Great organizations, whether of labor or capital, cannot safely be allowed the unregulated power which is safely allowed to individuals or even to petty partnerships and associations. For the supremacy of our democracy, trades-unions and trusts must be brought under the oversight and control of law.

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For a Moral Revival

The founders of Massachusetts were wont to require a sermon to be preached on the day of the annual election by some minister appointed by the Governor in Council. This was their way of expressing the conviction on which they based their republican Commonwealth, that a free State must be grounded in a religious concern for civic and political righteousness. But in the necessary substitution of our representative democracy for the pure democracy of the colonial town-meeting—legislation by chosen trustees for the people instead of the original legislation by the people for themselves—that early conviction has decayed, and the moral foundation of the State has decayed with it; citizens in devoting themselves to private interests have forgotten or abused their public trust.

Commercialism in politics, with its characteristic venality, and the decadent civic spirit which at once satirizes it and tolerates it both in municipal and State administration, have long been a matter of notorious infamy, in the eyes of civilized nations our National shame and reproach. The details of this political profligacy that have been published during the last six months have at length burned into the conscience of the churches a conviction of the moral danger threatening the National life, and of their own duty to sound the alarm and urge the remedy. Encouraging notes of the awakening conscience demanding a moral revival and reformation have been sounded recently in various branches of the Church, and it is none too soon.

The Wilmington Methodist Conference has the honor of leading off in this return to better conditions. At its meeting in Easton, Maryland, three weeks after the conclusion of Mr. Kennan's exposure of the carnival of bribery in Delaware, it adopted resolutions of censure concluding with this strong note of abhorrence: "We therefore admonish all our people that any one guilty of this shameless crime stands discredited before the Church, contemptible in the eyes of his brethren, and condemned in the sight of God."

The Congregational Association of New

Jersey, meeting a month later, spoke next. Its resolutions at Asbury Park set forth "the danger which confronts the Nation through the lowering of the standard of civic righteousness, as recently revealed in confessed bribery, vote-buying, and other forms of corruption." Censuring these as disloyalty to the Nation, it urges the churches and pastors to throw their influence against it, and to earnestness in "striving to raise the ideals of political thought and life."

Two weeks ago the moral degradation of Rhode Island politics, and the responsibility of Christian citizens for its moral regeneration, were the main theme of Bishop McVickar's annual address to the Episcopal Convention of that State. He commented freely on recent revelations of political conditions in many small towns of the State and on the corrupt character of the political machinery of the State. He declared that, in his belief, the very foundations of the American heritage of popular government were at stake, and that it is the bounden duty of the Church to sound the alarm. He affirmed that the political machinery by which Rhode Island was governed was not only rotten, but flagrant and defiant, and its effects on the community were everywhere evident. "It is bad enough," he declared, "to be badly governed; it is worse to know that the laws which are to be made and the offices for their administration are spoils and loot to be acquired at a price in the interest of any party or any scheme, no matter how selfish or evil may be its aim; and that all chance for the expression of the popular conscience or popular right through the ballot—the one practical method apart from revolution—is either prevented or choked. The very worst feature of the whole business is that the great mass of the people are so accustomed to it, or else so hopeless of anything better, that they do not rise to their duty." This is the worst feature of the situation. In all parts of the United States we have become so familiar with corruption in our political methods that it no longer excites indignation. We have grown callous in regard to it; and when Bishop McVickar went on to declare that the prevailing sin of the land is its exorbitant estimate of the value of money, he went to the root of all evil. All political evils are largely due to the dominance of the commercial instinct in public affairs.

That same week equally significant voices were heard in two other States.

The Congregational Association of Massachusetts, in its annual meeting at Great Barrington, declared that the moral sense of the Nation was surprised and shocked by the "recent revelations of political venality and corruption, even in the historic commonwealths of New England." It frankly attributed this decadence "in part to the cowardice and lack of fidelity of the public teachers of morals, whose duty it is to rebuke sin and warn of its consequences." Insisting on the supreme importance of a pure ballot and honest administration, it enjoined on pastors and churches "the faithful use of all proper means to exalt the highest ideals of civic responsibility and public fidelity."

The Congregational Association of New York, meeting in Brooklyn, in view of "the shameless enormities" of political corruption, considered the situation in some detail. Existing laws were not enforced, and better laws must wait till dormant public opinion is fully roused. Even church members were acquiescing in low standards of political morality, deplorable in the form of blind partisanship, or in that of unquestioning contributions of money for party purposes, or that of neglecting elemental civic duties. The country, said the Association, has a right to look to the churches and their ministers for the awakening of the public conscience. Churches of Puritan heritage are confronted with ominous facts of political degradation, and must speak out in rebuke, in warning, and in encouragement. They must take a closer interest in the public men and measures within their spheres of influence, must fraternally co-operate with all organizations striving for the public good, and labor fearlessly and constantly for higher ideals of civic and political righteousness.

These closely consecutive and simultaneous utterances The Outlook welcomes as a sign of the turning tide. Nothing like it has been heard from American churches since the time, nearly fifty years ago, when Missourians swarmed into Kansas to carry the Territorial elections by force and fraud for the extension of negro slavery. The churches that have thus spoken on the present moral crisis have raised a standard for all other churches to rally to. Last September The Outlook took occasion, from Professor Ladd's criticism of the moral condition of the churches as "relatively low and nerveless," to urge God-fearing men to get together to confer about the common salvation, and initiate the moral revival needed by a torpid public conscience. It is most encouraging to find this already begun. To follow up this beginning seems especially urgent in view of the multitude of young men coming into citizenship in a time of lax public virtue and amidst depraved political ideals, and requiring instruction in civic morality no less than in the personal morality of the Ten Commandments. The unanimity with which the Congregational churches insist on raising the ideals of citizenship is significant. Ideals inspire motives. Ideals determine conduct. To present to young men a high and pure ideal of the citizenship required for the permanent freedom of the free State is work which the Christian pulpit cannot safely neglect, if it would develop Christian manhood.

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Was Jesus Christ a Jew?

Reference was lately made in The Outlook to a recent address by Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago, in which he declared that "if Jesus Christ should return to the earth to-morrow, he would be welcomed in every Jewish synagogue in the land," and claimed that those things which we are accustomed to associate peculiarly with Christ's teaching were taken from Jewish writings. A correspondent writes to ask us how far and in what sense this is, in our opinion, true; and if true, why should the Jews have put Jesus to death?

Answering this question in a single sentence, we reply that the relation of Judaism to Christianity is like that of the blossom to the fruit for which it prepares, and to which, in the fullness of time, it gives place. Judaism is Christianity in blossom; Christianity is Judaism become fruit.

Judaism was a well-defined theological, ethical, and sociological system. Without attempting in a paragraph to define it fully and accurately, it may be said to have included the following elements. Theologically it was the doctrine that there is one God, a righteous Person, who demands righteousness of his children, and who demands nothing else. He has made man in his own image; therefore we are to look for the reflection of God in human experience. Ethically it was the doctrine that every man should reverence God, honor his parents, respect his neighbor's rights of person, property, the family, and reputation, and should do this spontaneously, not merely from fear of penalty or hope of reward. Sociologically it was that the State is a divine organism, that law is divine, that justice consists in conformity to this divine law, that God is no respecter of persons and therefore a just State will be no respecter of persons, that all, rich and poor, wise and learned, priest and laymen, are, or ought to be, equal before the law. There was a priestly class, but it enjoyed no special privileges. There was a sacrificial system, but it was simply a method for the expression of spiritual experience, and was optional, not obligatory. While there was high church and low church in Jewish as in all other history, and while there are passages in the Old Testament which may seem inconsistent with this confessedly brief and imperfect definition of Judaism, we think it covers the essential principles of the system, as it is found in its most primitive form in the Ten Commandments, and in its more developed form in the books of the Prophets. Coupled with this system—theological, ethical, and sacrificial—was the teaching, running all through Israel's history, from the earliest traditions contained in Genesis to the last verse of the last chapter of the last prophet—that One was coming who would deliver Israel from her bondage and would bring in an epoch in which these principles would be victorious. This Deliverer, differently described by different prophets, was known by the Hebrew term Messiah, and the golden age to which Israel was constantly told by her prophets to look forward was known as the Kingdom of God. To understand in fullness the teaching of Jesus Christ these facts should be borne in mind.

For Jesus Christ was a Jew. He

accepted the Jewish system. He was charged in his lifetime with undertaking to subvert Judaism, and he explicitly denied the charge. I have not come, he said, to destroy the law or the prophets, but to fulfill them. He assumed the truth of the Jewish theology, of its ethics, of its sociology, and he applied and developed them. The Psalmist had said, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Christ plucked this text from the ancient Psalter and in his hand it blossomed into the parable of the Prodigal Son. The ancient code had said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Christ interpreted it to mean that the heretical Samaritan who at some personal sacrifice rendered service to a suffering stranger was more loyal to God than the orthodox priest and Levite who passed by. The ancient prophet had said, "Thus saith Jehovah, To this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word." Christ translated this saying into the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican. The law of the ancient commonwealth had forbidden all class and caste distinctions under the law and before the courts. Christ developed this doctrine of civil equality into the spirit of fraternalism, in the saying, "All ye are brethren." Theologically, ethically, sociologically, Christ assumed the truth of Judaism, and gave to it a clearer interpretation and a new life. All the theological teaching of Christ is implicit in the one hundred and third Psalm: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who covereth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." All the ethical teaching of Christ is implicit in the declaration of Micah: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" All the sociological teaching of Christ is implicit in the Deuteronomic code: "Ye shall not respect persons in judgment; but ye shall hear the small as well as the great."

Why, then, if Jesus Christ taught a pure Judaism, was he put to death by the Jews? We answer our correspondent's question by asking him another. Why has there ever been religious persecution? Why was Gideon threatened by the mob, and Jeremiah conspired against by the courtiers? Why were Savonarola and Huss and Tyndale put to death by professing Christians? Because in all ages of the world men have clothed themselves in the garments of religion and taken the offices of religion to destroy religion. Because in Christ's time the Jewish Church was corrupt, as in Savonarola's time the Christian Church was corrupt, and the corrupt church hates the reformer and the purifier. Because judgment must always begin in the Church of God, and when the prophet bears witness within the precincts of the temple against the falsehoods of a corrupt priesthood, the corrupt priesthood destroy him if they can. The chief priest's answer to our correspondent's question has been recorded by the Evangelist: "If we let him thus alone, all men will believe on him: and the Romans shall come and take away both our place and nation."

What, then, did Christ add to Judaism? Anything? Yes. Much.

Christ added breadth. Theologically, ethically, sociologically, Judaism was racial; Jehovah was Israel's God; the Golden Rule was operative between Jew and Jew; and it was in the Jewish State that there was to be no respect of persons. Christ's theology, ethics, sociology, was human, not Jewish. Jehovah was the Father of mankind; love was due to and given by the Samaritan, member of an alien race; brotherhood included Gentile as well as Jew. Christ added life. Partly by the form of his teaching; partly by the breadth of his teaching; partly by his clearer vision and his more vivifying faith; partly by the fact that he lived that faith as it never had been lived before; partly by the fact that he died for it; partly by the fact that the power of the life, interpreted by this teaching, was manifested by his resurrection from the dead; but most of all by his own personality. What he was far exceeded all that he taught. Christianity is Judaism plus Jesus Christ. He added fulfillment. Judaism had promised a Kingdom of God yet to come and a Messiah yet to bring it upon the earth. The message of Christ's first preaching was that this very anticipated Kingdom of God was at hand.

The burden of his first teaching was an interpretation of this Kingdom of God—its nature and the method of its development, its conquests, and its victory. In his first sermon at Nazareth he read from the Old Testament a prophecy of this kingdom and declared that he had come to fulfill it. In almost his last utterance, when on trial for his life, he repeated under oath that he was the Promised Deliverer. "The High Priest said unto him, I adjure thee by the living God that thou tell us, Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed? and Jesus said, I am." What gives to Christianity its power is this faith of the Christian Church that the Deliverer has come; that his Personality is attested by his character; his Power, by his resurrection; his Presence, by the history of Christendom. In its theological, ethical, and sociological teaching Christianity differs from Judaism chiefly in being broader, clearer, and more vital. But the great difference between the two faiths is that what Judaism promises Christianity is fulfilling.

⁂

The Spectator

While the Spectator was listening to a sermon in a leading city church—one with whose congregation he is, through frequent visits to the city, almost as well acquainted as with that of his own church—his ear was caught by a once familiar phrase, as by an unexpected reminder of a long-departed friend. "Who of us," asked the preacher, "has not known some young man whose downward career began when he accepted his first glass of sparkling wine from the jeweled hand of beauty?" The challenge of the question was the more peremptory as it was thrown in as an aside by way of illustration, temperance not being the topic of the sermon. So the Spectator made a hasty inventory of the wrecked careers among his own friends and acquaintance, without recalling one that answered to the description. The "social glass" could indeed be held responsible for two or three of these ruined lives, but with each it was a case of good fellowship at the club or elsewhere, with its demoralizing "treating habit." Running his eye over the principal pews on the main aisle—luckily for the purpose, the Spectator was seated in the gallery—he could count but five families whose custom it was to serve wine at dinner. In the case of two of the five he was sure that the wine was always mild claret when the guests were young men.

⁂

The point that most interested the Spectator was not, however, that the preacher chanced to accept and pass on a bit of conventional rhetoric at its face value, for that is something to which we all must at times plead guilty. Rather, he became interested to discover the origin of the rhetoric, the original of Eve the Temptress of temperance literature and tradition, once so familiar a figure of tract and exhortation. Probably his older friends will readily recall that original, but the Spectator did not identify her until late on Sunday afternoon. As she then came to him, she was none other than the young woman at whose home, thirty years or more ago, wine was served to New Year's Day callers. Of course she was attired in her bravest, not forgetting all of her rings, and the champagne she offered was literally "the glass of sparkling wine from the jeweled hand of beauty." The Spectator well remembers the strong protests then made against this insidious custom, confined by no means to total abstainers, and grounded on obvious dictates of ordinary good morals. Very probably the preacher had in mind as he spoke the sad career of some ruined young man whose first case of excess dated from progressive drinking at the homes of his friends as he made his round of New Year's calls. The preacher forgot how completely the custom has died out, and how little the phrase, once apt, fits the habits and special temptations of modern city life.

⁂

This unnatural vitality, if that it can be called, of a rhetorical image is a commonplace of experience in the case of phrases, but more especially words. One of the Spectator's presents last Christmas was a "Slang Dictionary," and he was surprised, on looking it over, to see the numerous words it contained whose original meaning and even derivation had been wholly lost. Almost every one has noted how adjectives—"awful" is a good example—

degenerate when adopted into the vernacular for every-day use; this to the great impoverishment of the language, since it is thus robbed of the right word to express the feeling the word properly expresses. It is this which justifies the stylists in what many would call over-nicety in picking and choosing their words, as if style were a classical cult and not the art of giving distinction to the expression of a thought, often by the choice of the simplest words. The Spectator chanced on an illustration of what he means in an aside of one of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Atlantic Monthly" papers. Mr. Aldrich, in discussing Mr. Howells's blank verse sketch, "The Mother," said of it: "I should call the effect 'weird' if the word had not lately been worked to death." The form of this apology reminded the Spectator of one of the first compositions he read as a college freshman. The subject was "Procrastination," and the writer began: "I will not repeat the old adage, 'Procrastination is the thief of time,'" and then paused. Even the solemn professor joined in the general laugh at the writer's ingenuity in getting the adage in while leaving it out.

❀

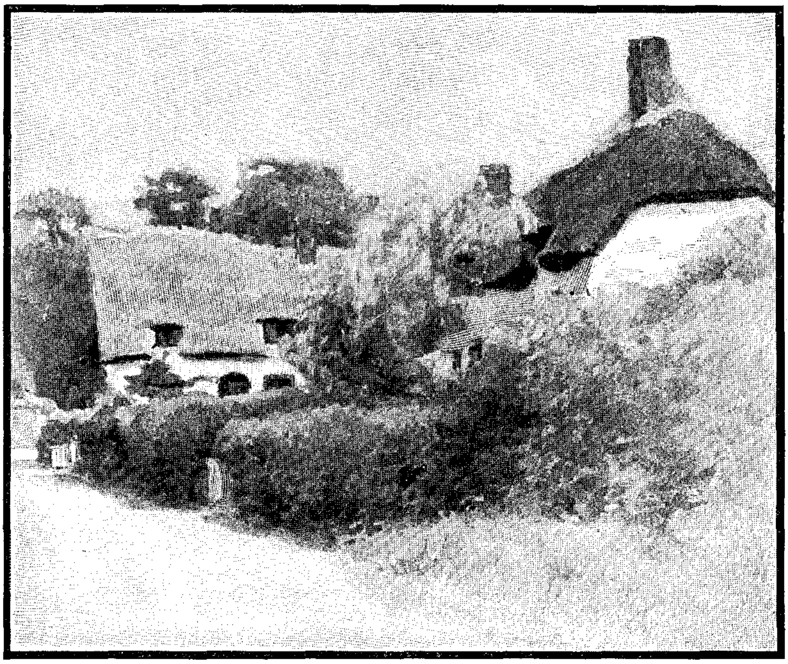
The care of the conscientious stylist does not, however, stop when he finds that a word is becoming hackneyed. He guards as closely against his own individual overuse of a word as against choosing a word of general overuse. There is a story told of Emerson by the late Edwin Percy Whipple which has always seemed to the Spectator to put the point perfectly. Mr. Whipple had attended a lecture by Emerson in a town a few miles out of Boston, and they drove back together. "As soon as we got into the chaise," writes Mr. Whipple, "I began to speak of the lecture, and, referring to what Emerson had said of the Puritans, I incidentally alluded to the peculiar felicity of the use of the word 'grim,' and added that I noticed it was a favorite word with him in his published essays. 'Do you say,' he eagerly responded, 'that I use the word often?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'but never without its being applicable to the class of persons you are characterizing.' He reflected a minute or two, and then said, as if experiencing a pang of intellectual remorse, 'The word is probably passing with me into a mannerism, and I must hereafter guard against it—must banish it from my dictionary.'"

❀

Paradoxical as it may seem to some of his friends who have not thought of the matter, one of the services the newspapers render the language is, the Spectator believes, the material aid they give in banishing overworked words and phrases from the general dictionary. Indeed, the descriptive press writer who resorts to the commonplaces of rhetoric is known in the slang of the profession, so the Spectator is informed by a journalist friend, as "the 'dull-thud' reporter." Often the laudable but misdirected effort of the reporter to say a thing in a way in which it has never been said before leads to remarkable results. One such result, clipped, not from some over-ambitious, far-Western paper, but from a carefully edited journal of a leading New England city, has had for some time the place of honor in the Spectator's pocketbook for exhibit on occasion as a curiosity of anticlimax: "With the cyclopean eye of a murderous-looking 32-caliber revolver staring at her within a few inches of her forehead, while behind the weapon gleamed the optics of a man, it is claimed, whose every word is said to have been a threat to bore her skull with bullets, Catherine Goff gave voice to scream after scream."

❀

So much has been made, with more or less truth, of the demoralizing influence of "newspaper English," that it is only common justice to give the newspaper any modicum of credit to which it may be entitled. But how far is "newspaper English" demoralizing? This is certainly an open question, with so eminent an authority as Professor Lounsbury among the doubters. Only the other day, during a chat about the matter, he said to the Spectator: "The constant talk about the supposed corruption of the language is pretty nearly a case of perpetual twaddle. At different periods different persons have been held responsible for it. Just now it is the newspaper, which, as a matter of fact, absorbs a large share of the best writing talent of the country."



CORNER OF THE GROUP OF "THE SUBSTITUTE"

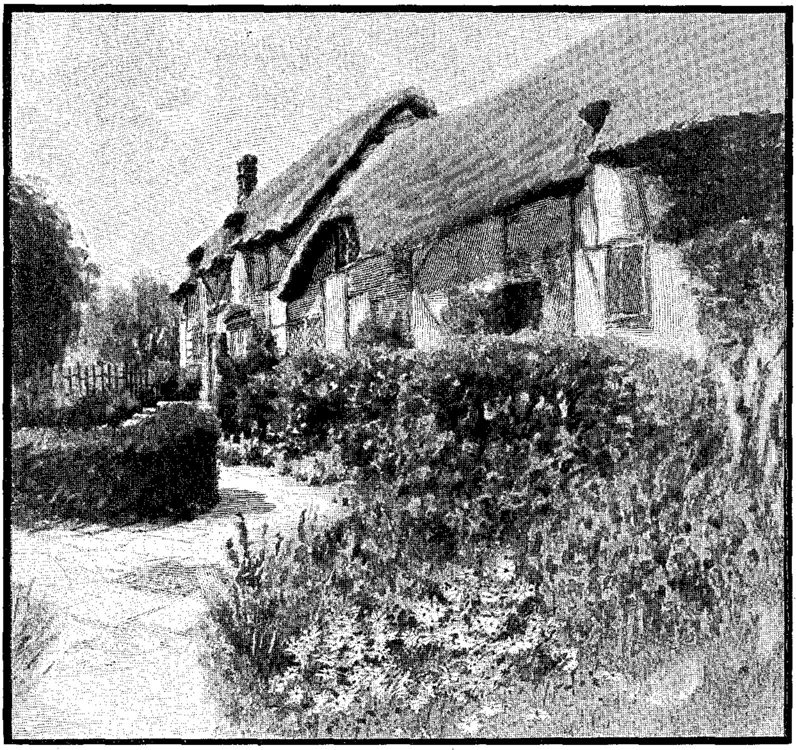
A Sketcher's Vacation in Shottery

By Jane B. Reid

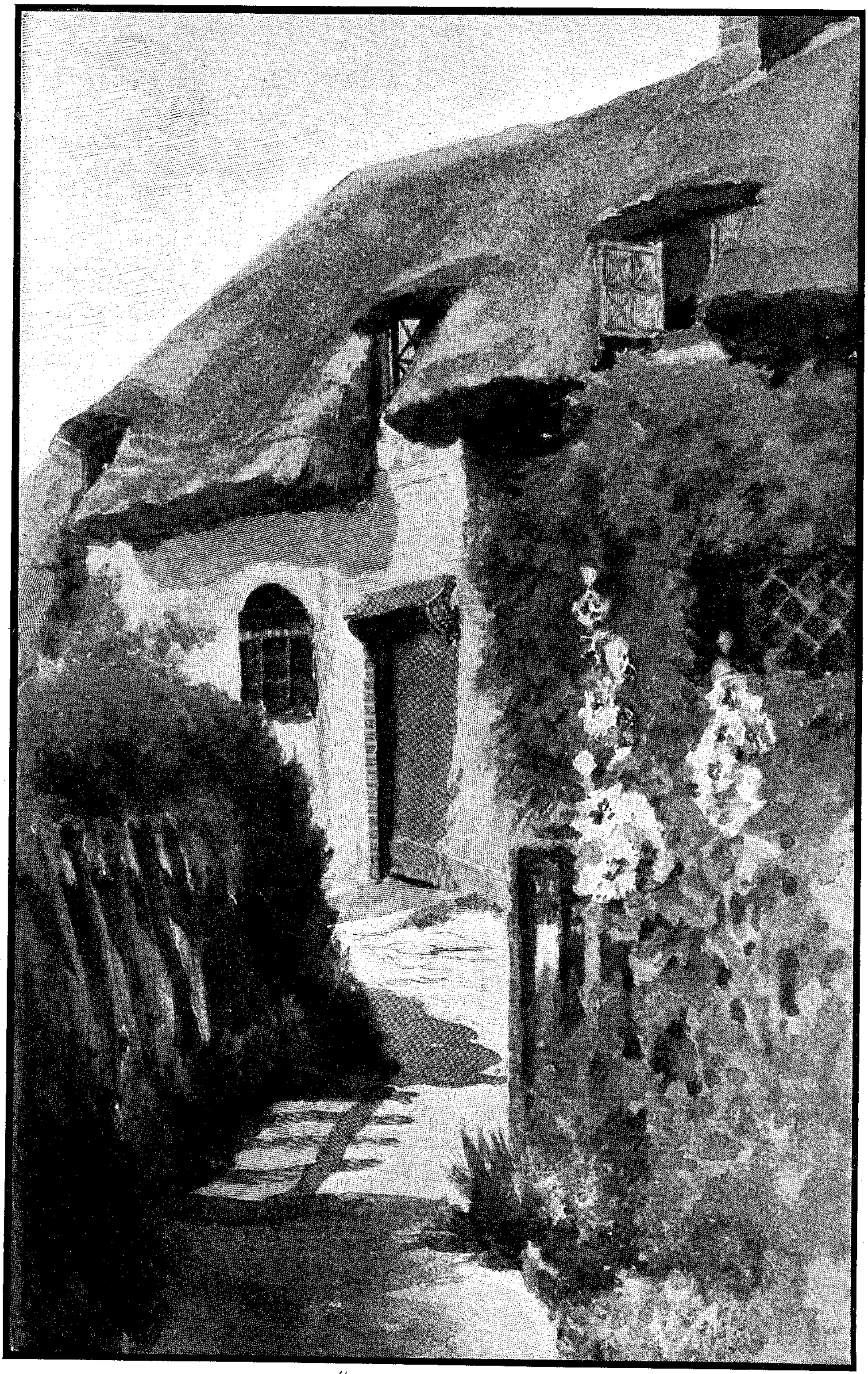
Illustrated from Water-Color Drawings by the Author

ON a corner near Anne Hathaway's cottage there stands a large red farm-house which ought to be a landmark of beauty in Shottery, but is not. Its outlines, to be sure, are clumsy and lack variety, but they have one essential—repose; and underneath that uniform red wash, divided into artificial bricks by white lines, lies, no doubt, all the variety of surface necessary to redeem it from its present commonplace—namely, the uneven patches of "wattle and daub," braced by sagging timbers and mended here and there with pinkish bricks, such as are found in other houses of the village, and form the chief beauty of The Cottage itself. Strangers who pass this house will never give it a second glance. Yet it belongs to Shakespeare's time, without doubt. There is a fascinating flagged and raftered kitchen in the rear, and upstairs the most beautiful and spacious chamber to be found in the whole of Shottery. It is a square room with an "ell;" its ceiling is the high corner gable of the house, rising dim above a network of age-blackened rafters, with a churchlike effect, enhanced by the mellow light falling through diamond-paned lattices across the deep-red drugget on the floor. It holds, besides the usual furnishings of a bedchamber, a huge desk and three extra clothes-presses, and still there is room for an unobstructed promenade across the entire space in two directions. Through the windows you may see the trees and gable-ends which mark the three scattered clusters of cottages forming all that is left of old Shottery.

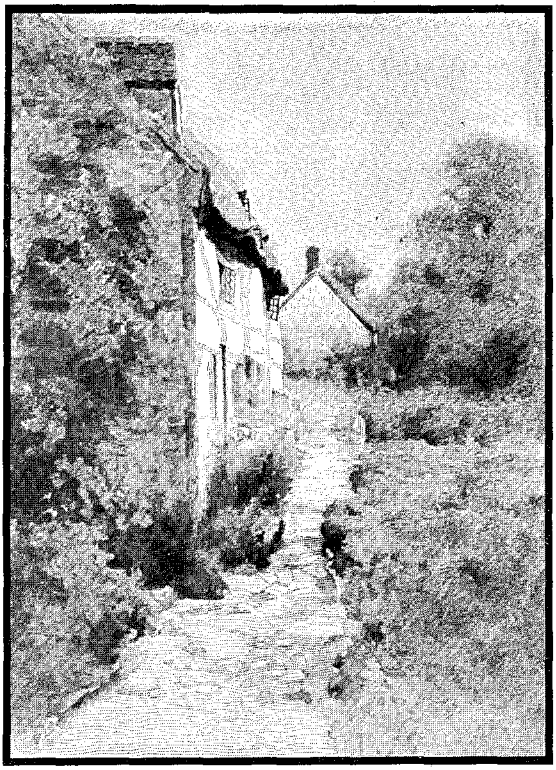
Early in June the owner of the Red House offered me this room for a fortnight, and a few hours later I took possession of it, with only one regret—that I had left Stratford without having heard the nightingales in Trinity churchyard. They were there—others had heard them—and they were not everywhere. My landlady, dismissing me to the churchyard wall at night, had said, "They begin with three distinct notes, something like this: 'jug—jug—jug;' you cannot possibly mistake them, they are like nothing else." But their voices had been silent for the stranger. So I took possession, as I supposed, of the room in the Red House. In less than an hour it was apparent that this was a mistake. My presence had made no impression upon it. Its individuality was infinitely stronger. I belonged to the room. It was like sinking back into the arms of the nursery after the buffetings of years. I, and all the people of the farm, were nothing but children under the protection of the Red House.


"THE COTTAGE" FROM THE GARDEN

As the days went by, it amused me to fancy the whole life of Shottery as dominated in a way by its Red House of the past. The people may be poor or ignorant, but their faces show health and a contentment which is not mere stolidity and absence of ambition. They are guided by a philosophy which did not originate with them nor with their immediate forefathers. They are living upon the past, it is true, in very shameful modern fashion. It is shocking to see a well-dressed little English girl running by the side of the visitor's carriage, her hand on the door, ready to open it for a penny. And at Anne Hathaway's gate stands a little maid just sent by her mother from a neighboring cottage, with a fresh rose in her hand, waiting to offer it and a curtsey to the newcomer—for a penny. Americans encourage this beggary. From a false sense of shame, sometimes—an anxiety not to be thought mean. Perhaps more often from sentiment—the rose came from Anne's garden, they imagine, and the little maid and the curtsey seem a pretty survival of the past. One visit, all that the generality of people make, is not enough to dispel the illusion. It is the person who stays for weeks in the place, and sketches for hours at a time in front of The Cottage, who begins to shrink from the sound of soft, musical voices calling, "Here's another carriage!"—the r's prettily trilled, the last syllable lifted five notes above the first; who tires of being offered, for a penny, the heads of flowers hastily nipped by school-chil-



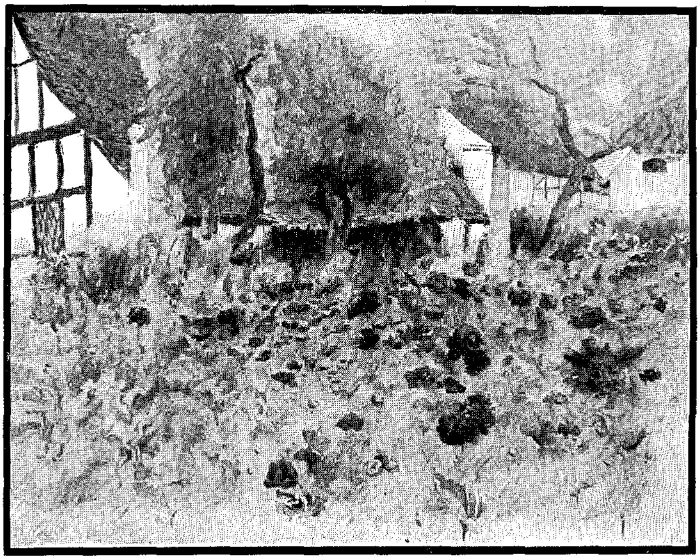
"THE SUBSTITUTE"



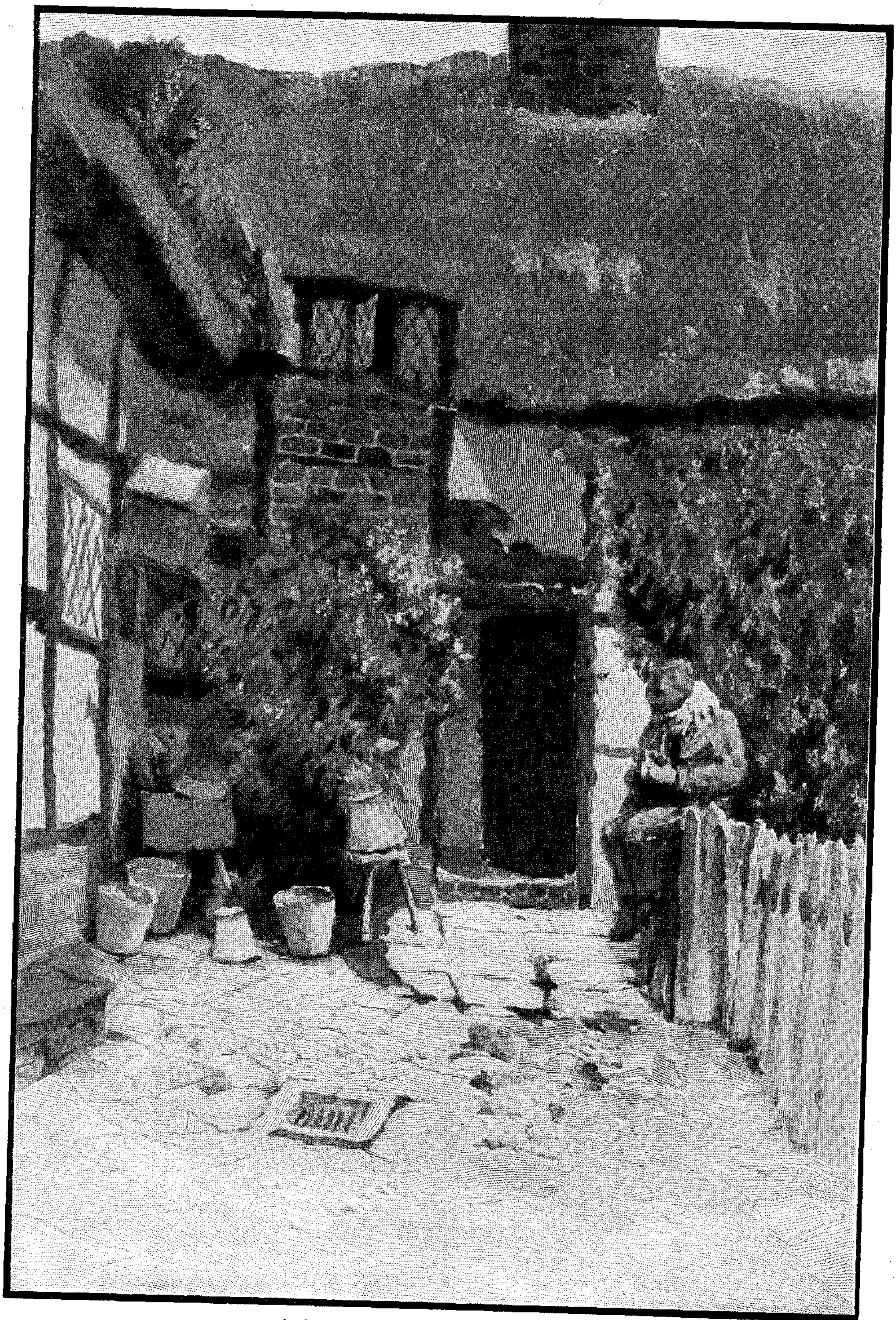
WHERE SPIKES OF LARKSPUR STRUGGLED BETWEEN BROKEN FLAGS

dren from the roadside, or to "s'y you a piece of poitry 'baout Shoikspeare, lydy." And yet there are times when the Shottery children will pass you as if they had never heard of a penny. And this not because of any particular business on hand, though you will sometimes see two or three of a group of little girls knitting as they walk linked arm in arm in a long line across the road. They are merely enjoying themselves in other, older ways at present. It is the influence of the Red House. Even the little tot of the rose and curtsey finds time to drop a flower, gratis, on the easel of the artist-lady.

As I have said, my windows looked out only upon old Shottery. But there is a newer part. Roughly speaking, the village consists of three estates of some importance, all but completely hidden behind high walls and shrubbery; perhaps the same number of considerable farms; a small, new church; a few rows of modern brick tenements; and the three groups I have mentioned of timbered and thatched—or tiled—cottages. There are two schools, a post-office, a tavern, and a blacksmith-shop—that is all of a public or business character. The modern, beautifully kept roads have done their best to deprive the old cottages of picturesqueness, but without success. There is still an unpremeditated look about their setting—here a cottage below the road, from which one must descend by steps to a steep, winding path bordered with roses and larkspur; there a group with its shoulder turned, as it were, to the road, hiding from view the old foot-path still leading to it, along the brook, on the other side. The sketcher, of course, cares only for this region, and naturally he begins with The Cottage. He usually takes it first from the road, next from the copse above the road, and last from the garden. The copse stage is the most interesting, from several points of view. In the first



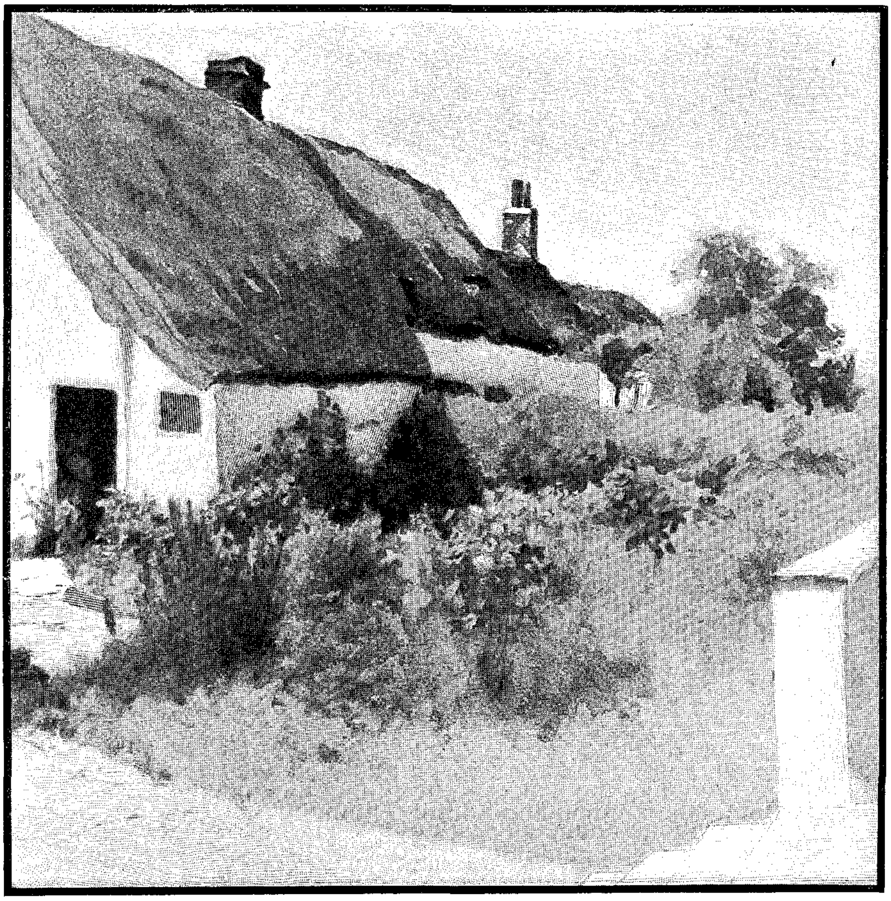
POPPY GARDEN IN THE GROUP OF "THE SUBSTITUTE"



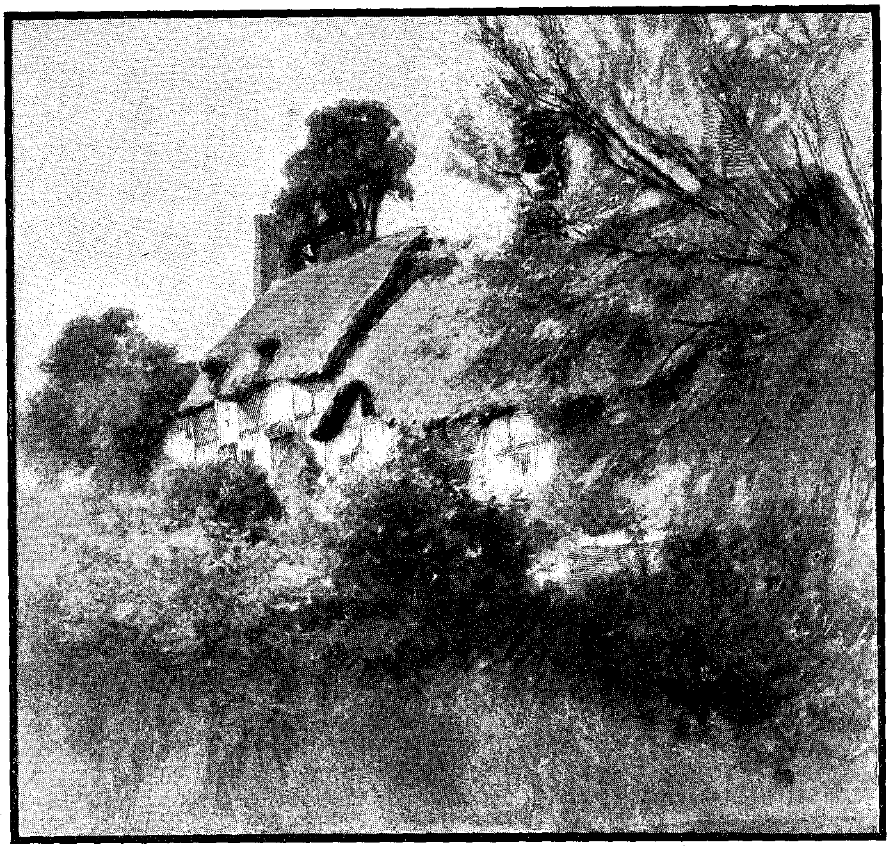
A CORNER OF "THE BARRACKS"

place, you may rest your eyes, in the intervals of work, upon a gently rising meadow which comes to an end opposite the Red House, and may please your fancy by the thought that the tiny stream winding round it is in all probability following much the same path it followed centuries ago—that possibly even the osier-beds along the banks are survivals of those which lent the "wattle" for the formation of the ancient village. Then there are the sights and sounds from the road below you, from which you are only partly screened. Sometimes it is the voice of infant Shottery, singing "Swe-e-e-t Rowsy O'Gri-i-i-dy" in accompaniment of the blind man before The Cottage gate. But chiefly it is the visitors that attract you. There are all sorts, some whom it is not easy to account for even when you remember the cheap excursion rates that tempt all elements from the neighboring towns. The poet and the scholar are expected, as a matter of course, and the wealthy or serious-minded tourist. Hilarity you can account for. But misery and ignorance and discord come here too, and even tragedy. It all comes up to you, in broken snatches of talk, from the road. On the whole, you slip away from the copse some morning, glad that your work on The Cottage is done.

The largest and most compact of the three groups of old Shottery lies beyond The Cottage and aside from the usual lines of travel. The natives call this group the Barracks. No doubt the long rows of cottages suggested the name, but they are set at such picturesque angles, so redeemed from monotony by irregular and sagging roof-lines, so smothered in blossoming vines and tangled garden-patches, that it is no wonder the spot has become the haunt of artists. The poorest people in Shottery live there—it is even said to hold a rough element. I never found them less than kindly, and their



A GARDEN IN "THE GROUP BELOW THE ROAD"



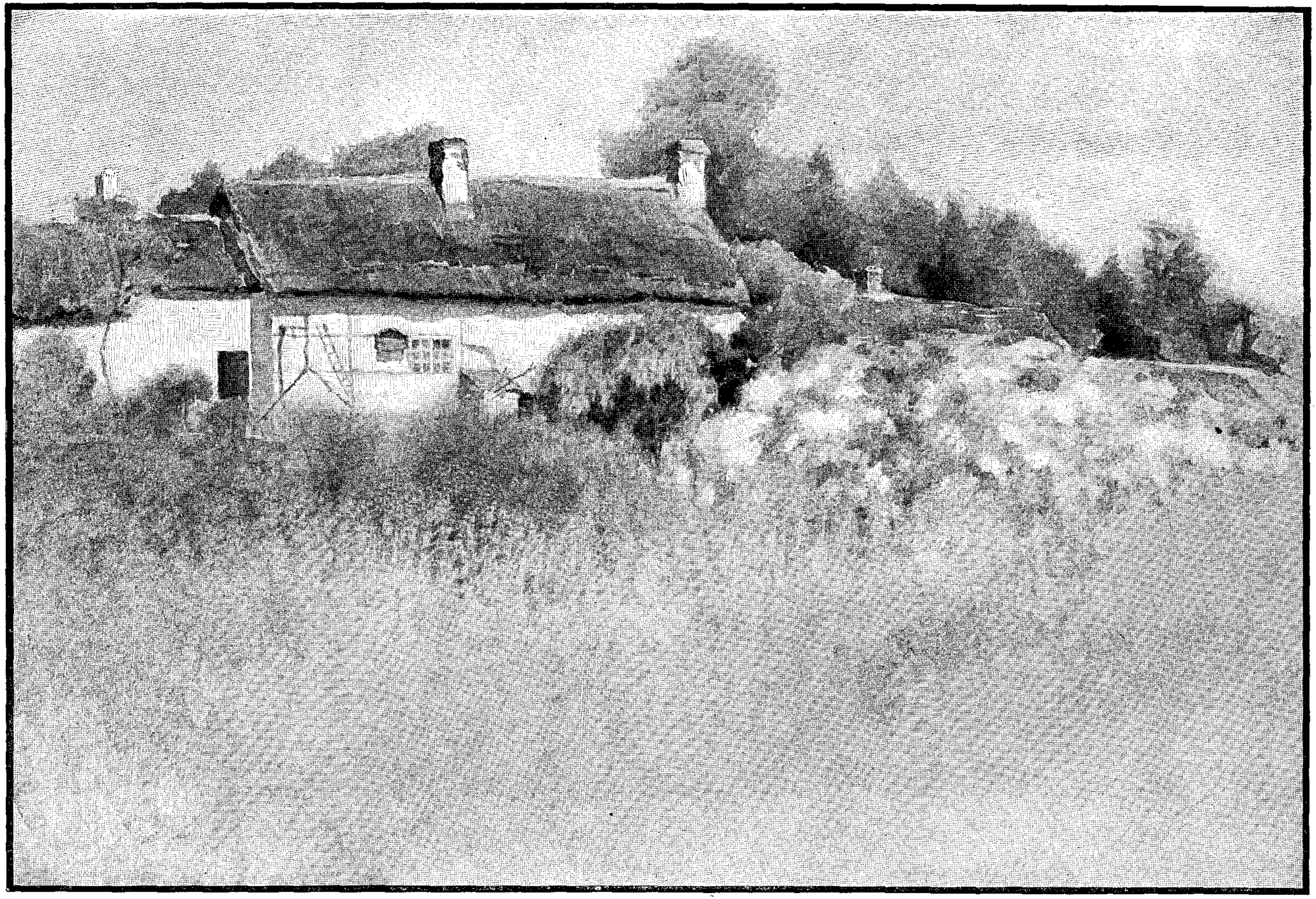
"THE COTTAGE" FROM THE COPSE

pride in their bits of garden, where spikes of larkspur struggled between broken flags, was as great as that of the more prosperous proprietors of the gardens in the Group below the Road—or even of old Mrs. Knight, who occupied the prettiest end of a cottage in the third group, which I nicknamed the Substitute.

"Many people think my cottage as pretty as Anne Hathaway's," the old lady said to me proudly one day. She did not know, as I did, from having observed the signs from my distant lattice, that many people never get beyond the Substitute at all. They come over hurriedly, between trains, with no time to see anything but the exterior of The Cottage, and they cannot all be met at the end of the field-path, as I was, by a little girl picking buttercups, who looked up—under the spell of her Red House—to sing at me:

"This is the w'y to Anne Hathaway's cottage! Gow str'ight daown the lyne and turn to the roight!"

Old Mrs. Knight, when I came to sketch the Substitute, was hospitality itself. I might go anywhere, do anything. She took me in to show me a sketch, given her by an artist who considered it a failure, but of which she herself was very proud. And she begged me (at intervals, as I worked) not to tear up any failures I might make, as she would be only too pleased to have them. She came out so often that I began to lose confidence. It was a relief that she was out on an errand when the thing was finally done, so that I could get away without showing it to her. A few days later I took Mrs. Knight a copy of the sketch. The original had not seemed to me a great success, and I presented the copy with some diffidence. "It is not very good," I said, "but I wanted you to have it because it takes in your end of the cottage, which your other sketch does not." To my surprise the old lady looked nonplused, and I left her finally, with a painful impression that something was wrong. She presently followed me out to the road, where



OSIER WANDS AND ELDER

I had set up my easel, to offer me, in some agitation, the freedom of her garden—of all the neighbors' gardens—as often as I chose to come. She went back, and then her husband came out to say that I might have fresh water at any time from their well. What did it mean? Had I been lacking in delicacy in not presenting the sketch as a failure? Was it taken as payment for hospitality freely offered? I shall never know. Possibly I was altogether too self-confident, and Mrs. Knight's agitation may have risen from the fact that she had failed to recognize her end of the cottage. I know that she did no more work that day. She presently came out with her bonnet on very much awry, and something square tucked under her shawl, and did not return for many hours. Whether she went in to Stratford to show the picture to friends, or to try to exchange it somewhere for a pound of tea, still remains a mystery.

That night was my last at the Red House. I sat long at the lattice overlooking the meadow, listening to the familiar interchange of question and answer in the road below: "I beg pardon, but can you"—"At the end of the road, sir." "Oh, can you show me"—"Yes, at the end of the road." "Please tell me"—"Yes, ma'am, gow str'ight on till ye can't go any farther," etc., etc. And after the night was quite dark came this last choice bit of Shottery dialect: "'*E* got a penny, an '*er* got a penny, an' we 'ad quoite a scramble for it, didn't us!"

Was that to be Shottery's last note for me in the Red House? I thought so. But at half-past eleven the stillness was broken again. I got up quickly and went to the window. Could it be? Yes, there could be no mistaking it—it was the "jug—jug—jug" of the nightingale! It came from a spot I knew well, where the elders slope to meet the osier wands in the gardens of the Group below the Road.

That fortnight marked the end of my holiday in Warwickshire. Next morning, while my trunk went round by the road to the station in Stratford, I started across the field-path for the last time. When all is described, that field-path still remains the one really poetic spot in the region left to the memory of Shakespeare. The arms of Stratford are already half-way round it. It has grown to be a wide, trodden footway, instead of the grass-grown path of one's fancy. But as long as there is a path there at all, or the semblance of a field, anticipation and memory will walk there undisturbed.

This morning a luminous haze hung over the landscape. Nothing could be seen beyond the dim borders of the field. Suddenly a lark's note cut the silence—then another—and another—till the whole sky was vocal. The sun was on the other side of that thin veil of mist. Was that what they were after?

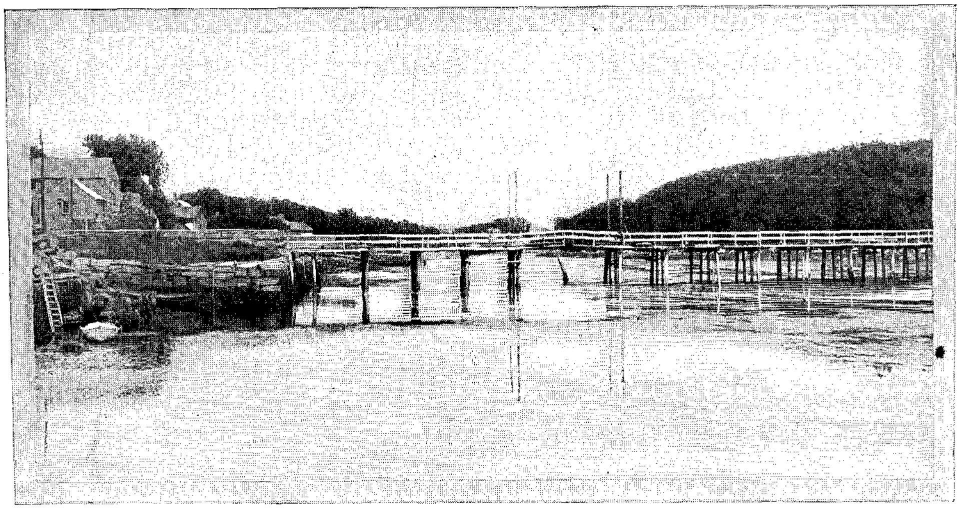
"As from the dark upsprings the lark
The rising sun to see—"

The veil was thin, but the sun was still clouded as I left the spot; the lark's song was still rising—a beautiful good-by to the fields of Shottery.

MEADOW OPPOSITE "THE RED HOUSE"

"SOME FISHING SCHOONER . . . DRIES HER WHITE SAILS"

Awarded Second Prize in The Outlook's "Vacation Experiences" Contest



"WE MAY LINGER FOR A WHILE ON THE LONG BRIDGE"

The Lure of the Sea

By Isaac Ogden Rankin

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

WITH early summer days a hunger for the sea returns. At first we may strive to satisfy it with noontide visits to the wharves, where the vessels come and go and the still waters reflect the buildings of the shore, or some fishing schooner just in from the sea dries her white sails in the sun. Or we may linger for a while on the long bridge to watch the swaying of the water weeds as they bend upward with the flood and taste the salt breath of the ocean which follows the incoming tide. Or a further walk brings us to the great willow avenue, beyond which one may catch a distant glimpse of the sea.

In mid-June, however, there comes a day when none of these things satisfy, and we turn our faces toward the marshes and the dunes. The long bridge echoes to our early morning tread. Under the shadow of the hill the cool road leads us past the head of an inlet, with its clustered buildings and lofty elms shading a white church at the parting of the ways. Ours is the quiet road that turns aside and begins at once to afford hospitable room for the creeping in of grass and clover, making a soft turf for our feet.

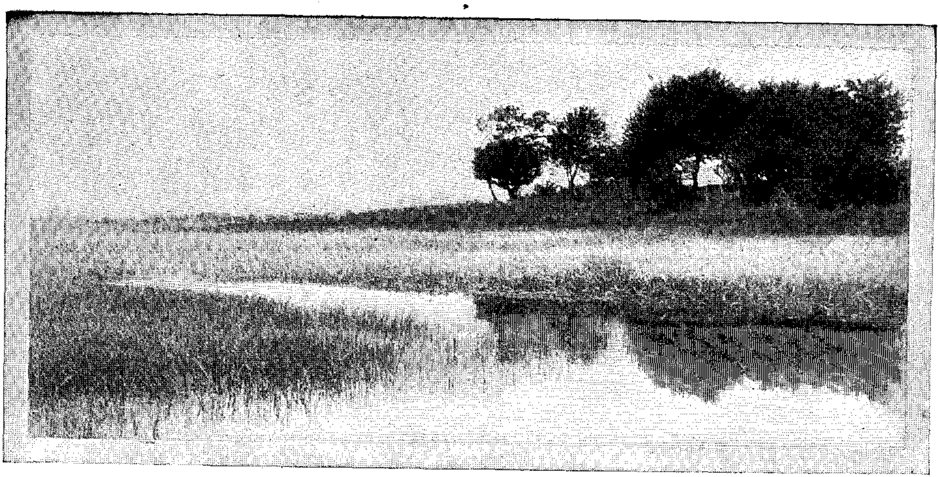
The steps of summer seem to loiter as she nears the shore. Along these unfrequented lanes, where salt winds blow and sea fogs linger, the air of mid-June is still fragrant with the delicious odor of the fox-grape blossoms. On both sides of the way the vines have made an arbor and regale the poorest wanderer with perfume of delight such as no queen in her palace may command. How is it that of such penetrating sweetness the puckery acid of the grapes can grow? One is the most exquisite wild fragrance of the spring; to venture with the other requires a certain hardihood, so instant is its denial that it grew to please the palate of a man. Both are akin in this, however, that they belong to unpampered appetites, to the world of sun and wind, of breathless noonday heat and the shadow of the cloud. It would be difficult to imagine the perfume of the grape blossoms in a crowded ball-room, or the wild fox-grapes on a banquet table. Both are traveler's joys, as unspoiled and untamable as the butterfly or the hermit thrush.

The birds care nothing for the perfume, though they approve of the ripened grapes; but how they delight in the close shelter of these vine-grown thickets! This morning hour is full of song. Sparrows by the roadside, warblers and vireos in the tree-tops, tell of the joys of living, interrupted only by the blundering hurry of a flicker retreating up the road at our approach. Hints of housekeeping are all about us. The wise catbird watches us safely by his hiding-place of love and care, while other anxious fathers flit from tree to tree with an amusingly open pretense of leading us in the direction of their nests. Some of the rarer warblers are of the company, as well as the dear, common summer warblers whose flight appears like gleams of sunlight softened through a misty air.

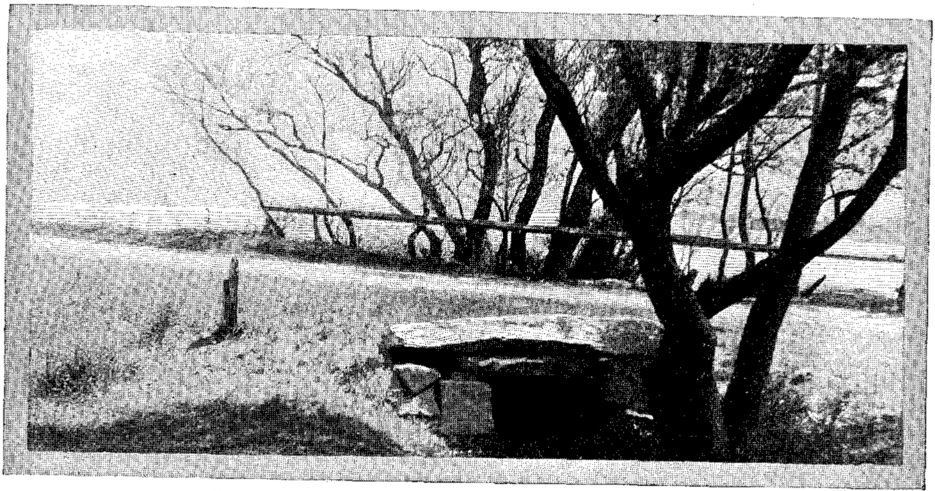
These happy singers are all lovers of the shade; but where the low hills melt into level meadowland the air is more loudly musical with the song of bobolinks. Their notes have lost nothing yet of rollicking joy, though their buff shoulder-knots have begun to fade. The meadows, in their turn, give place to salt marshes, where the redwings congregate, building their nests on dry tussocks out of the reach of tides and of all prying, wingless folks. One of them sits atilt on the top of a bush as we pass, and calls to his mate in a sweet, high note that carries far across the waving grasses to some hidden nest.

Along our upland way we had the dry odor of the daisies and the honey-sweet of clover, but now there comes another waft upon the air. It is the salt breath of the marshes and the tang of the neighboring sea. The widespread levels which stretch out before us are meadows of the ocean's nourishing, as upland meadows live upon the bounty of the cloud. They have another look and their colors run through an altogether different scale, with purples of blossom, greens of stalk and blade, and a deep undertint of brown. The daisies and clover are replaced by scattered spires of sea-plantain and islands of dull brown, the wreck of last year's reeds. Along the sides of the raised way, still damp from the overflowing tide, are weaker growths—white sandwort and yellow oxalis, and, at the marsh edge, rounded mats of beach-pea, with its purple blossoms.

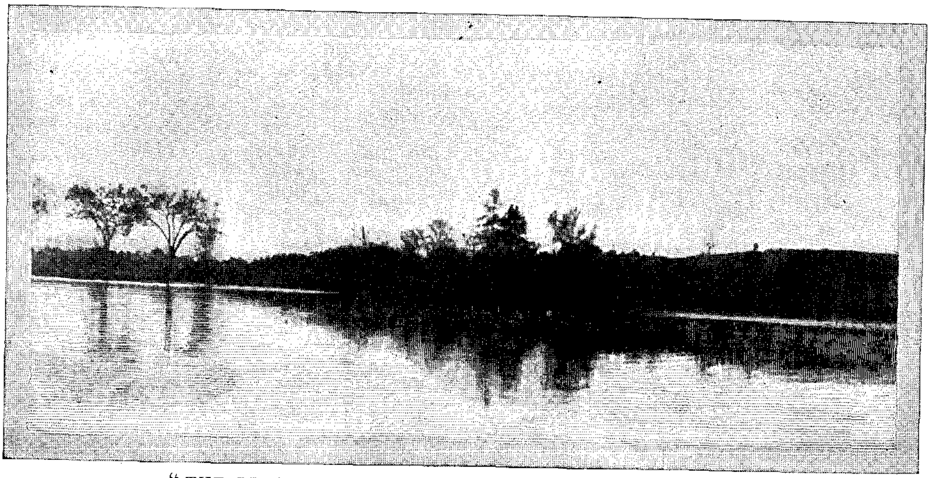
"A MARSH ISLAND, PART MEADOW . . . PART OAK WOODS"



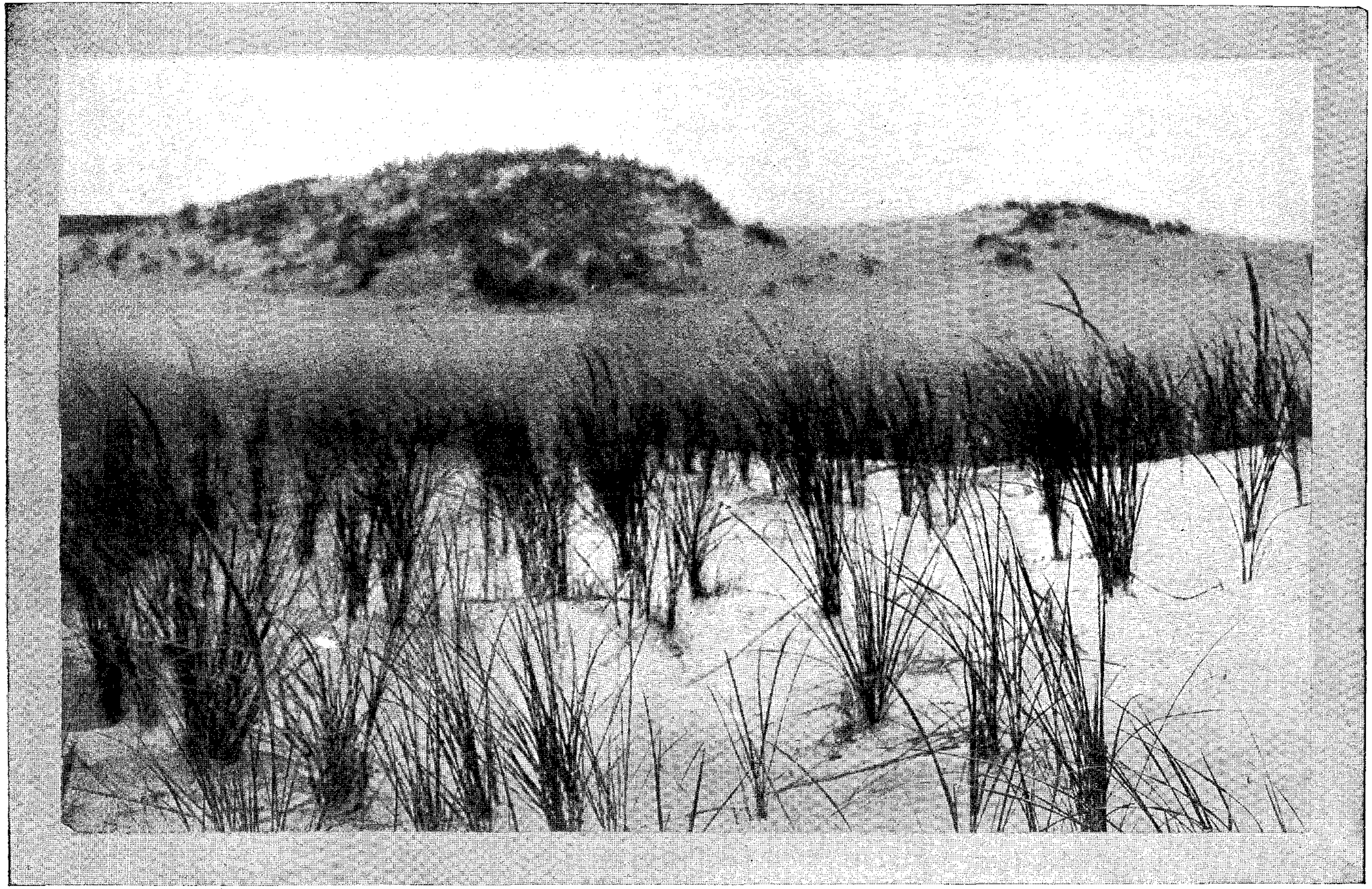
"SUBMERGING THE GRASSES AT ITS EDGE"



"ANOTHER CAUSEWAY EDGED WITH WILLOWS"



"THE LINGERING LIGHT ACROSS THE SILENT STREAM"



"THE SEA ITSELF IS HIDDEN BEHIND SAND DUNES"

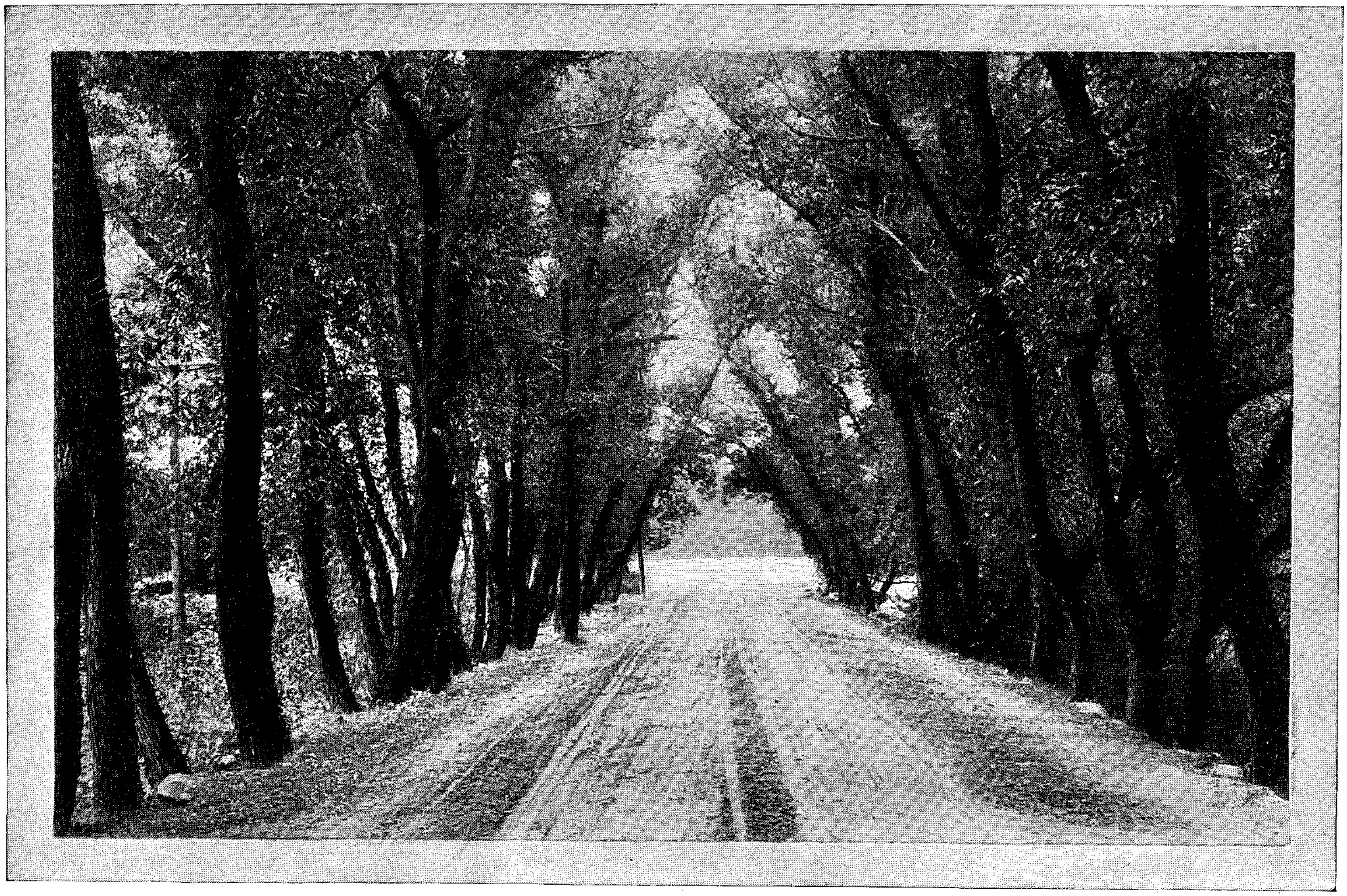
The sea itself is hidden behind sand dunes which shut in the view. Trackless spaces of salt marsh, threaded with crooked tidal creeks, forbid approach. The only possible way is the way around. To the causeway succeeds a marsh island, part meadow starred with an innumerable company of daisies, part oak woods, where the trees stand wide apart, as if they wished to yield one another ample room to grow. Here, too, the birds are much at home, and in the glades May seems to be lingering with her sister June, tending her rue anemones and wild geraniums in the sunny spaces.

In the crow's flight to the shore this island is the last true outpost of the continent. Twice a day its edges are wet with the incoming tide, and it is surrounded also by a wonderful sea of green and waving grasses, the children of the sea. There is, indeed, no water visible, except a narrow streak of blue river on which a single white sail moves. The hull is soon lost to sight, but the sail goes on as if it were afloat upon the wide grassy sea of the green marsh. In the dry pasture-land beyond the oaks the cattle are alert and inquisitive at the unaccustomed sight of man. Here, too, the detaining hand of the ocean wind shows in a wilderness of wax-myrtle and sweetfern just out of blossom, and roses bright with scarlet hips showing not even one new bud in compliment of June. Yet already, on the warm eastern slope, the first large hawkbits are shining in the sun.

The island narrows to another causeway edged with willows that leads us over to the broad base of a rounded hill. Under the bridge the tide is singing as it falls over a little dam. It broadens out and curves, brim full, submerging the grasses at its edge and reflecting the trees upon the point beyond. A barred gate lets us in to old neglected orchards and hillside pastures thick with bramble clumps and netted dewberry vines that catch unwary feet. Every resting-place gives wider views. Half way up the gravelly slope are tempting patches of ripe wild strawberries —not the long-stemmed meadow berries with their tapering necks deep hidden in the grass, but short-stemmed, thick-set berries with no necks at all, dark crimson in the sunlight, and clinging close as if afraid of violence from the ocean winds.

"THE STILL WATERS REFLECT THE BUILDINGS OF THE SHORE"

From the hilltop, across the marshes and the wild confusion of the snowy dunes, we look to the illimitable levels of the ocean floor, wind flawed and streaked, gray under the cloud shadows and azure in the sun. On the other side is a great circle of the fruitful hills, with dark forests and the homes and fields of men, where one white spire rises among its village trees. It is a place to linger and to dream, lulled by the ocean breeze; but the



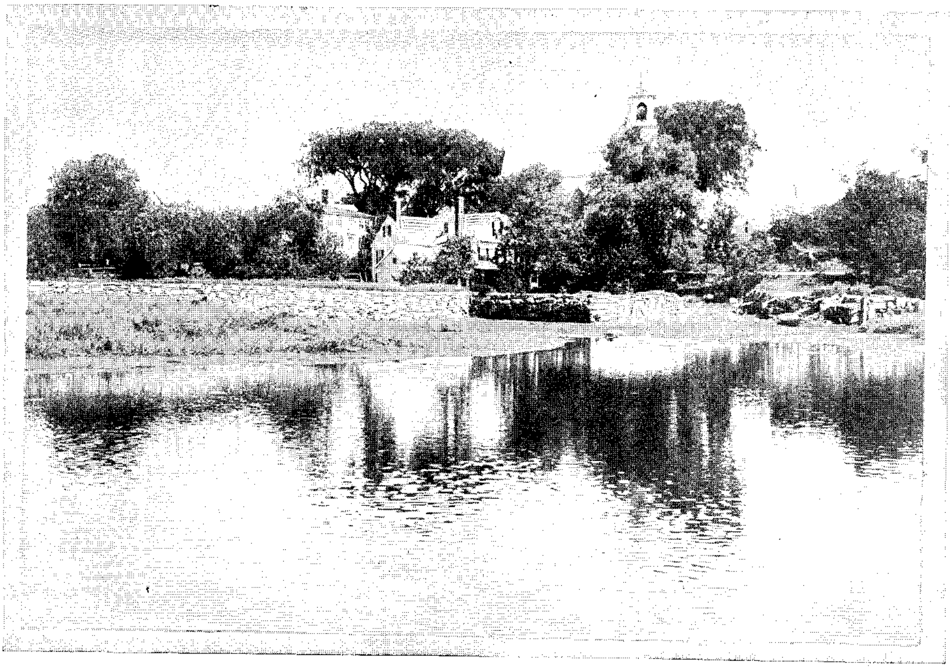
"THE GREAT WILLOW AVENUE BEYOND WHICH ONE MAY CATCH A DISTANT GLIMPSE OF THE SEA" shore still lures us, and on the other side another causeway leads across the marshes to the dunes.

Was there ever such a desert world as this?—so white, so desolate, so glaring in the sun, so responsive to the moisture (when the rain does not run through as swiftly as it falls), so driven of the winds and tossed? On the landward side cranberry bogs fill the wet hollows, and the higher ridges are covered with wax-myrtle and blossoming sheep-laurel. Everywhere in the dry open spaces is wealth of beach-gold (*Hudsonia Tomentosa*) that laughs like sunlight against the snowy sand. Its crowded blossoms, the olive green of its threadlike leaves, the recumbent stems, sometimes showing only golden tips where the wind has buried the branches, form a strange picture of unlooked-for beauty.

These flowers are but for a day. Carried from their native sands, they wither and leave nothing to show except their broomlike stems. Theirs is no service for the houses of the rich, nor need they fear to be exposed for sale among the heedless crowds of city streets. They are treasure trove for those who will go out into the wilderness to see, and for them alone.

The way leads on, over white crests, down into wind-swept hollows marked with ripples by the wind that rounds their curves. A shell, a bit of driftwood, the skeleton of a bird exposed and lonely on the smooth white floor, shows that the winds may disinter as well as bury. The beach-grass lengthens its roots in vain, striving to hold the slopes in place. So high are the ridges, so deep are the valleys, that it is not until the furthest crest is under foot that we catch more than a glimpse of the ocean. But at last, with sudden and unbroken vision, here is the wonder of the deep. Beneath us curves the long beach strewn with broken reeds and driftwood, not in heaps, as the wind scatters them, but in far-stretching curves and lines that mark the limits of the incoming and receding waves.

The tide laps gently on the wave-marked slope. A schooner bound for the river's mouth works past with frequent tacks, while every noise on deck is clear to our ears across the water. She passes by around the point, and, suddenly, the sea is as empty of all tokens of man's presence as the cloudless sky. This is the meeting-place where God has set his bounds. Here is enough, at last, for eye and thought, restful and satisfying and illimitable. Here rest is sweet, and the picture of it goes with us on our homeward way, more lasting in memory than the sunset on the meadows or the lingering light across the silent stream.



"THE HEAD OF THE INLET"

Awarded Third Prize in The Outlook's "Vacation Experiences" Contest

Footprints of St. Francis

By Vida D. Scudder

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

GHOSTLY sadness envelops a sensitive spirit in the presence of "the grandeur that was Rome." Might in decay is all around one; the soft Roman air is thick with phantoms. Great things have been—but they have vanished, and their ruins mock our dreams of the worth of human endeavor. Traveling from the city northward, past the broken aqueducts on the Campagna, for a while the creeping oppression endures. But presently the burden is lifted; the spirit of a sudden finds itself buoyant, free, and glad. And why? we wonder. Close to us, on the lower slopes of the Apennines, the ancient oaks are gleaming, it may be with the evanescent freshness of spring; in the plain below, myriad baby vine-leaves glow like wee translucent flames of green. Ah! we understand our mood, for this is Umbria. In a few hours we have shaken off the weight of centuries, and left antiquity behind. We have reached a Christian country, where horizons have opened even to far spiritual regions before the gaze of saintly eyes.

We are moving through a landscape of Perugino; his wide pure spaces filled with azure light surround us, his white oxen, absurdly devout of countenance, plod their gentle way through the fields; surely a rapt upward-gazing saint stands hidden by yonder chapel wall. Do you question, missing somewhat from Perugino's world? Wait, and you shall find it. Leaving the train—intrusive but convenient unreality!—one of his little hill towns rises in bodily form before us, and slowly, in a mediæval dream, we wind our way up to Assisi, the palace of the Cæsars forgotten.

From the high balcony of the pleasant inn we see the country better—a wide, sweet country, a great sweep of plain, fading from glimmering green and silver to softest violets, dotted by town-capped hills, and engirdled with Apennines on which the snows still linger. The ruins of Rome are a series of vast epic fragments; this Umbrian land affects one like a lyric, breathing in all its exquisite beauty one intimate emotion:

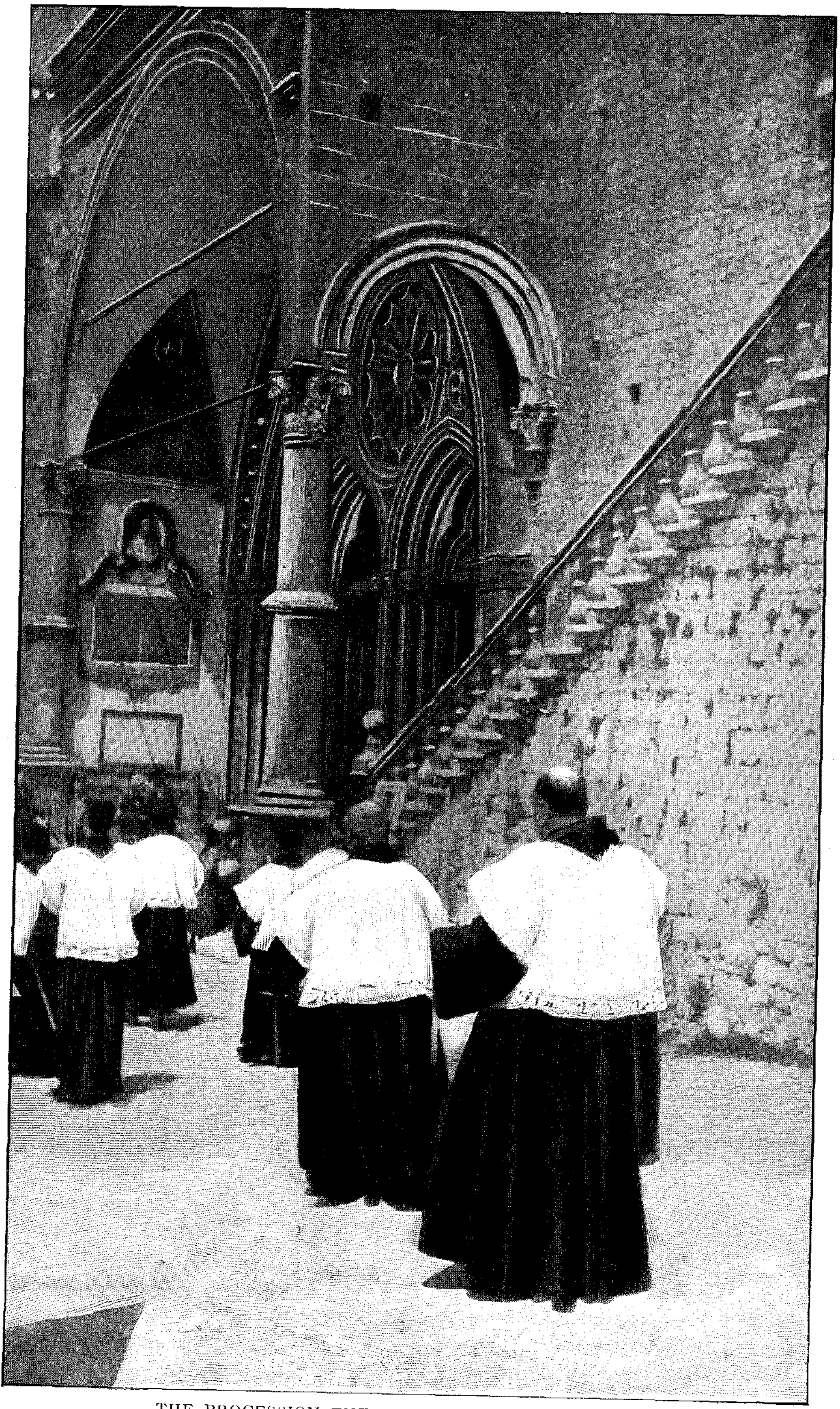
Thou art a holy poem, sweet Umbrian plain,
  Forever sung to the angelic ear:
  Thy tender vines beneath thy hills austere,
Thy shining poppies and thy springing grain,
All murmur softly one melodious strain,
  While Brother Wind breathes low that he
    may hear,
  And bending o'er thy far horizons clear
Our Sister Clouds hearken the glad refrain.

A poem of love remembered; day by day,
  Here with some chosen brother of his band,
God's Little Poor One wandered, lorn and
    gay,—
Weeping, yet singing on his homeless way
  Lauds of the Creatures; and the lovely land
  Still holds his voice for those who under-
    stand.

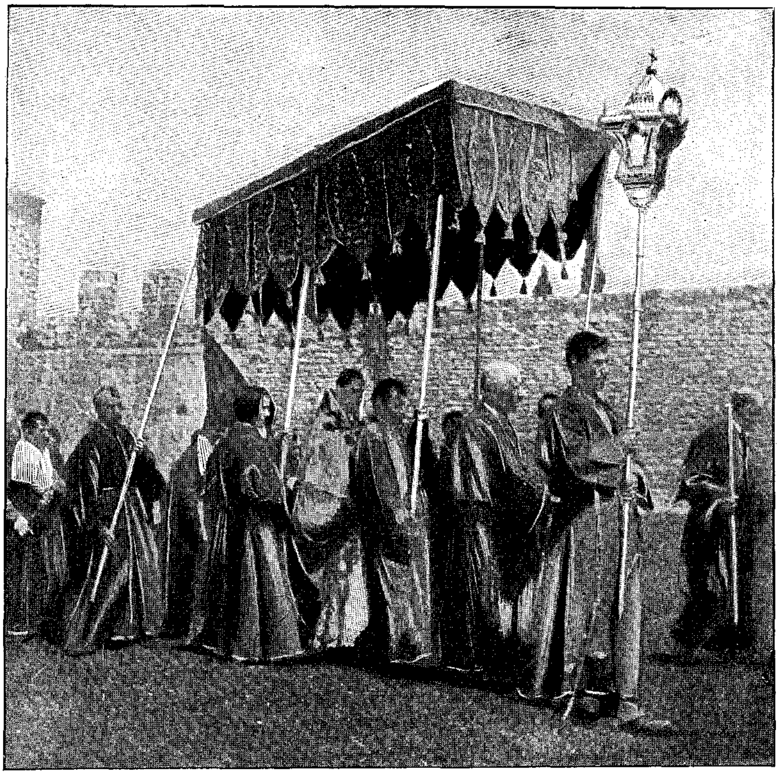
We are looking over the country consecrated by the feet of St. Francis; through all its happy years it sings to the overarching heavens his Canticle of the Sun.

Why is it that different landscapes seem to possess distinctive spiritual qualities? There could be no better witness to the indubitable fact than Umbria. The region doubtless existed in pre-Christian times, but it came to its own only when Christian souls made it their abiding-place. As early as the fourth century, were not four holy men from Palestine, desirous of a tranquil retreat wherein to pray, directed by Pope Liberius to the Spoletan valley? There, led by some inner light, they settled as hermits in the plain immediately below Assisi. The aspect of the country must have been very different then from what we see to-day; forests and marshes met the eye instead of pleasant cultivated fields; but then, as later, it was evidently a land recognized as in some peculiar sense fit for devotion.

Twice since the days of the old Orient-



THE PROCESSION ENTERING THE LOWER CHURCH



BEARING THE HOST

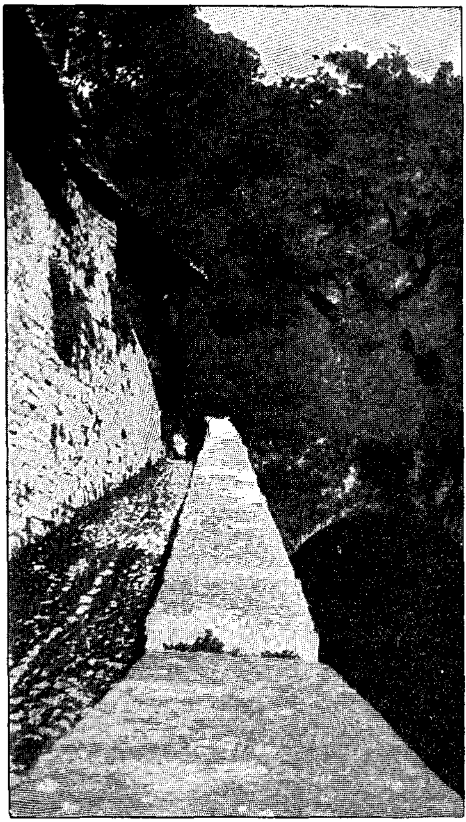
als has the country blossomed into spiritual expressiveness; once in the lovely life of St. Francis and his first companions, and again, three hundred years later, in the no less lovely art of the Umbrian school. In vain do we read grim stories of bitter mediæval feuds among the little towns—Perugia, Assisi, Spello, Spoleto, Montefalco—that sit on their respective hills peaceful as saints in a Santa Conversazione. These things were, but they were shadows. In the souls of Francis and Bernard and Leo and Egidio, in the pictures of Niccolo da Foligno, of Francesco Melanzio, of Tiberio d'Assisi and their comrades, the landscape of Umbria, with its peculiar purity and luminous peace, found true and abiding reflection.

The paintings are dear to us, and he is privileged who, lingering in Umbria through joyful weeks, may explore in the neglected chapels and remote convents scattered through the land hidden treasures of paling frescoes, kindred in grace of form and charm of color to the smiling landscape without. But dearer still to most people are the memories of the first Franciscans. Thanks to the work of modern scholars—among whom the most sympathetic of all, often to be found at Assisi, is unsparingly generous in help to the modern pilgrim—we may identify a surprising number of landmarks, and enjoy the country with intelligence as well as with sentiment.

Leaning from the balcony of the Hotel Subasio, all but the whole scene of the Franciscan drama is before us. The Church of St. Mary of the Angels, most striking object in the plain below, rears its haughty dome over the rough chapel of the Portiuncula, founded by the hermits from Palestine if legend speak true, rebuilt by St. Benedict in the sixth century, and sanctified forever by the labors of the hands of Francis. Following the lines of poplars to the left, we find the site of Rivo Torto, for here, where two small chapels in the fields, an ancient holy well, and a few farm buildings emphasize rather than interrupt the country hush, was in the thirteenth century the abode of concentrated anguish—the leper settlement toward which the Assisan youth of fastidious instincts betook him with his first companions, here to live in bitter want, tending the outcasts in whom they saw their Lord. Where in Europe is holier ground? If, musing, you allow your eyes to be drawn upward to the noble slopes of the Apennines, you may find, high above the plain, the site of the ancestral castle of the Schifi family, where must have been passed many of the youthful days of the radiant, vigorous girl whom the world knows as Santa Chiara. Do not turn your glance at once again to the immediate surroundings of Assisi; search out rather the shadow that marks, still on the mountain-side, a heavily wooded ravine. Here is the Carceri, the high uplifted hermitage whither Francis betook him when the need for that fellowship with God in nature which we call solitude possessed him.

Would you visit the Carceri? Nothing is more easy. On the back of Brother Ass or on foot we climb upward, first over a traveled road that leads through a pleasant country of farms and oak woods, later over a track on the bare mountain-side. Monte Subasio, gray and stern, rises above us; all Umbria, amethystine-fair, is spread out below. At last a lonely cross of stone, a wall, a gate, and we enter a green wilderness of ilex-trees, carpeted with ivy, violet, and rosy cyclamen. So deep-cut is the ravine that only a narrow vista of distant blue can be seen between the descending woods. Peering over the gulf, like a nest in the tree-tops, hang the little gray buildings of St. Francis's hermitage, enlarged, with slight loss to their simplicity, by San Bernardino. The ancient live-oaks across the bridge are the successors of those in which the Saint held joyous converse with his little sisters whose nests were near his own.

A STREET AT ASSISI



THE CARCERI

It was once our good fortune to climb to the Carceri in company with three Spanish Franciscans. Spanish friars are not in good odor with us to-day, but these were honest men and pilgrims true. Speaking no Italian, they showed by gesture all along the way their religious fervor and their reverence for the sacred ground of their order; the wordless greeting between them and the Italian friars living in the little Retreat recalled pleasant passages in the Fioretti. The Brothers at the Carceri appear to be of a more spiritual type than those whom one meets in the monasteries of the fat plain below; and, indeed, though the draughty caves where once the Brethren lived are abandoned to the ivy, life in these bleak and unwarmed buildings has plenty of hardships still. A true Franciscan surely is Fra Benedetto—the peaceful giant of pure and candid countenance, who showed us the memorials of the place with loving eagerness to turn the occasion to our religious profit. "Poverino," we murmured, seeing the stone bed, short and narrow, on which the Saint was wont to rest—"povero San Francesco!" "Non, non," responded Fra Benedetto, rebuking with rapt look our shallow speech, "beatissimo San Francesco; poveri noi!" "Happy St. Francis! Poor are we!"

But we have wandered far from our balcony, where there is much to see. Down that near hill beyond the town we divine San Damiano, where Clara lived her years in company with her nuns; yonder, where the olives lie in a mist on the way to Perugia, is the site of the convent whither Francis led the ardent girl after the great night in which, fleeing secretly from home, she had vowed herself at the Portiuncula to the service of Lady Poverty. Further on upon the hillside, near the lofty towers of Perugia, was the hermitage of Brother Egidio—finest intellect his among the companions, light, swift, and subtle, rising easily into the rarest atmosphere of contemplative ecstasy. He was visited in this hermitage by a cardinal and his sumptuous train. To compliments on his holiness Egidio replied that all his guests were far more saintly than himself. Somewhat surprised—the Brother having a reputation for truthfulness—the Cardinal entered a polite disclaimer; but the Franciscan continued to this effect: "Ay, of a surety; for I, living in this rough hermitage, and constantly mortifying the body, hardly dare to hope that I shall win heaven at the last; but you, on the other hand, who do not fear to dress so magnificently and live so softly—you must be conscious of great inward holiness to venture such things."

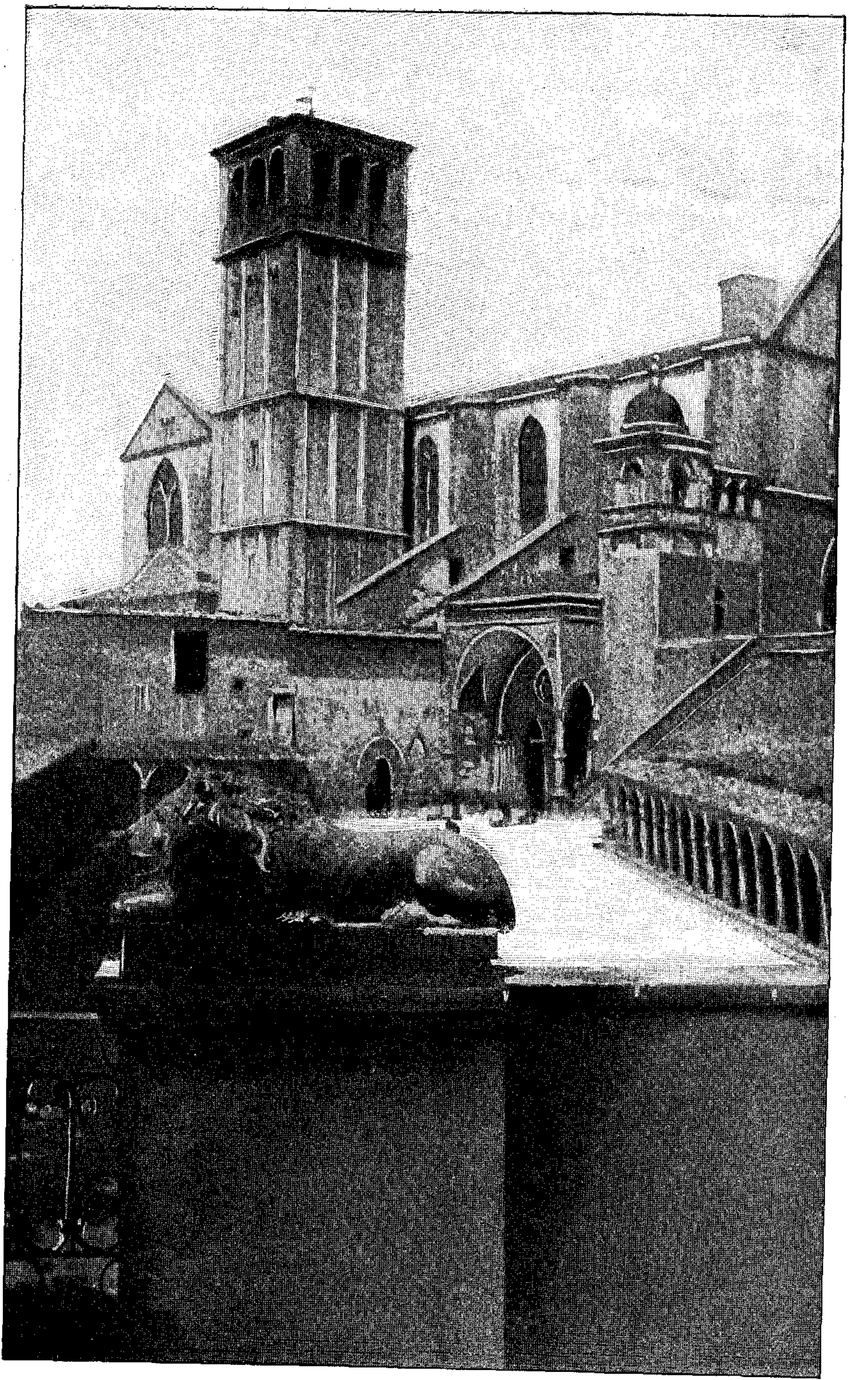
A PROCESSION LEAVING THE UPPER CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO, ASSISI

To gaze over this country is much, and is all that most travelers pause for; but better far to wander through it at will in the long spring days. Assisi itself, with the great churches erected in honor of Francis and Clara, bears an aspect that would be strange to these simple holy ones, yet even here many features remain unchanged. One may stand in the square where the Saint threw his garments in his father's face, may feel his presence at one's side as one kneels in the old Cathedral of San Rufino, may wonder with what eyes he viewed the hoary columns of the Roman Temple of Minerva. His own wonderful church—shadow-haunted, glorified by the great art of Giotto, one of the noblest, surely, among the shrines of Christendom—might, indeed, be not only strange but repellent to the lover of rudest wayside shrines; but the processions, white robed and gray, that issue from its doors to bear the Blessed Sacrament over the hillsides, are even as in his day. One can get nearer to Francis, however, than beside the church dedicated to his honor; the wide country under the open heavens was the home of the Little Poor Men, and this abides. Through the old city gate that Francis knew we may tread in his very footsteps, following the ancient road to the Portiuncula, worn by his feet and sanctified by his last journey:

O happy road and holy, trod by the blessed feet
Of God's own Poverello, between thy hedgerows sweet!
Here angels walked beside him, in converse loving-wise,
And deemed in that fair fellowship they moved in Paradise.

. . . .

The traffic and the travelers no longer by thee pass—



SAN FRANCESCO, ASSISI

A little lane thou art, and hid, half overgrown
 by grass:
But Nature still is faithful; thy banks, by men
 forgot,
Are gay with star-of-Bethlehem, and wee for-
 get-me-not:
Our sister birds still carol, still blossoms sweet
 the May,
The tender sky of Umbria embraces thee
 alway.
Dear Brother Road, God bless thee, and keep
 thee fragrant still!
May none who journey by thee ere harbor
 thought of ill!
May spiritual visions fair, and loving thoughts
 of praise,
Arise within the soul of all who chance to
 tread thy ways!

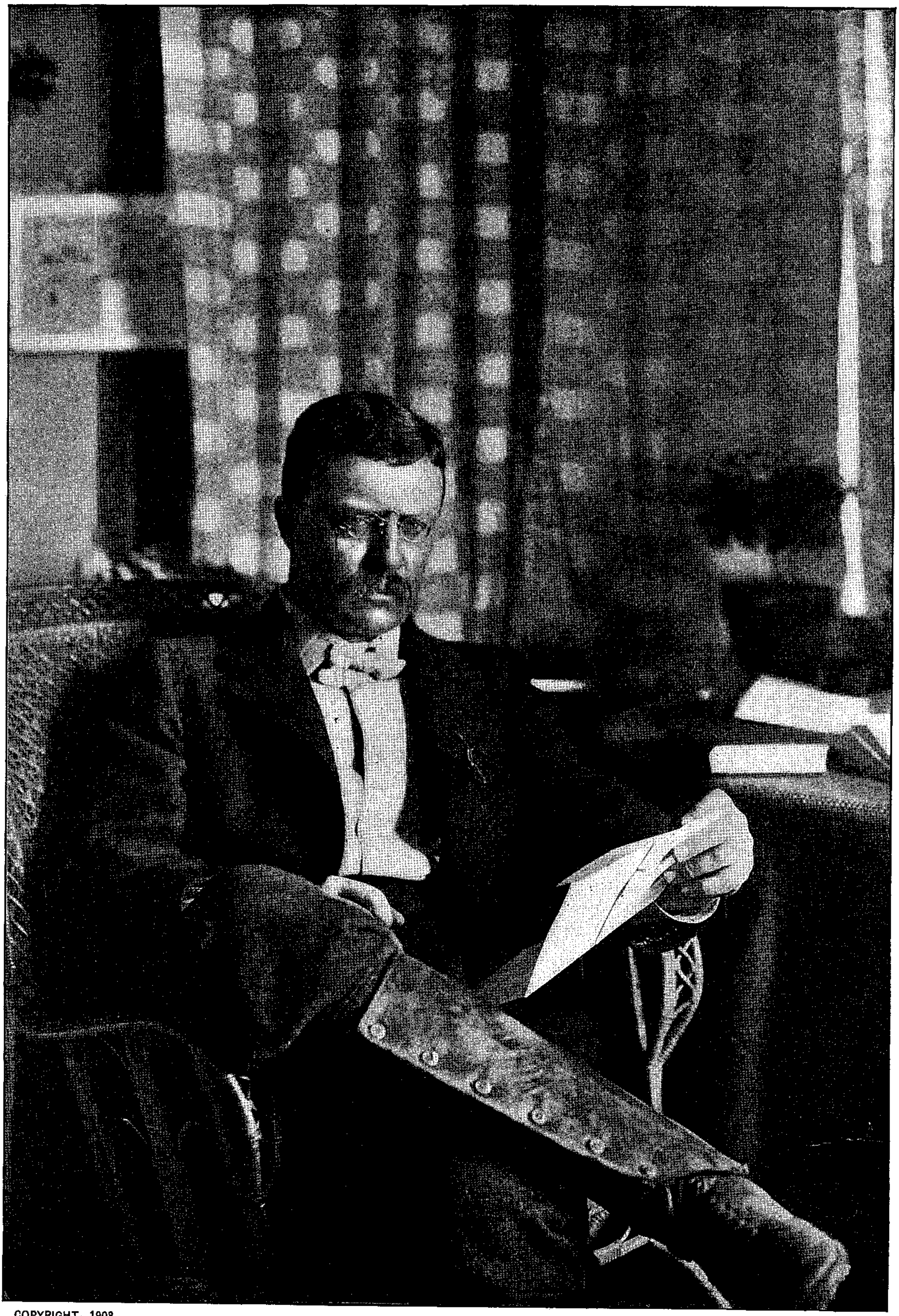
From our balcony, or, better yet, from the splendid heights around the old castle of Assisi, one sees to northward among billowy mountains a little triangular blue point. This is La Verna—not long distant by modern conveniences, but far as Francis traveled, on foot or with slow help of Brother Ass. The noble Ser Orlando presented this mountain to the Brotherhood, describing it as a "monte divotissimo"—how did he know?—and here the Saint betook himself when desire for seclusion was keenest, and sorrowing fears for the future of his Order were pressing upon his later years. We may follow, if we will, in his footsteps; but it is more easy to approach La Verna from Florence, exploring first the Casentino, a narrow valley at the base of the mountain, hidden away in the heart of the hills, and uninvaded, one is tempted to think, since the fourteenth century, except for a flight of blue and white Della Robbias, which in the early Renaissance alighted on its castle and convent walls. One drives up to La Verna through hilly pasture-land not unlike New England, till a gray cross marks the entrance to the tract of ancient forest where the monastery nestles like a cliff quickened to human expressiveness.

Here came, it is believed, the Vision of the Crucified Seraph, here the Stigmata were received. Still in these later times the hundred Brothers of the mountain retreat seek daily the chapel on the traditional spot of the Vision, and, after prostrating themselves to kiss the stone while litanies are chanted, suddenly with uniform gesture stretch their arms upward, as they kneel, with palms open, toward a great crucifix of the Della Robbias. Thus they remain for some moments in utter silence, holding the attitude of their spiritual father, as imaged in the first pictures of the Stigmata. Not without emotion does one see this visible memorial of the most intense mystical experience of the Middle Ages—

"Ah, Father Francis, Francis the saint,
Lend us thy faith, lest our hearts grow faint."

After a long day spent in musings among the mighty forest trees that sweep above the monastery to the crest of the mountain of La Verna, one drives homeward, toward the comforts of modern civilization, very silently in the twilight. The words of Brother Benedetto ring through one's mind: "Beatissimo San Francesco, poveri noi."

THE ROAD TO THE CARCERI



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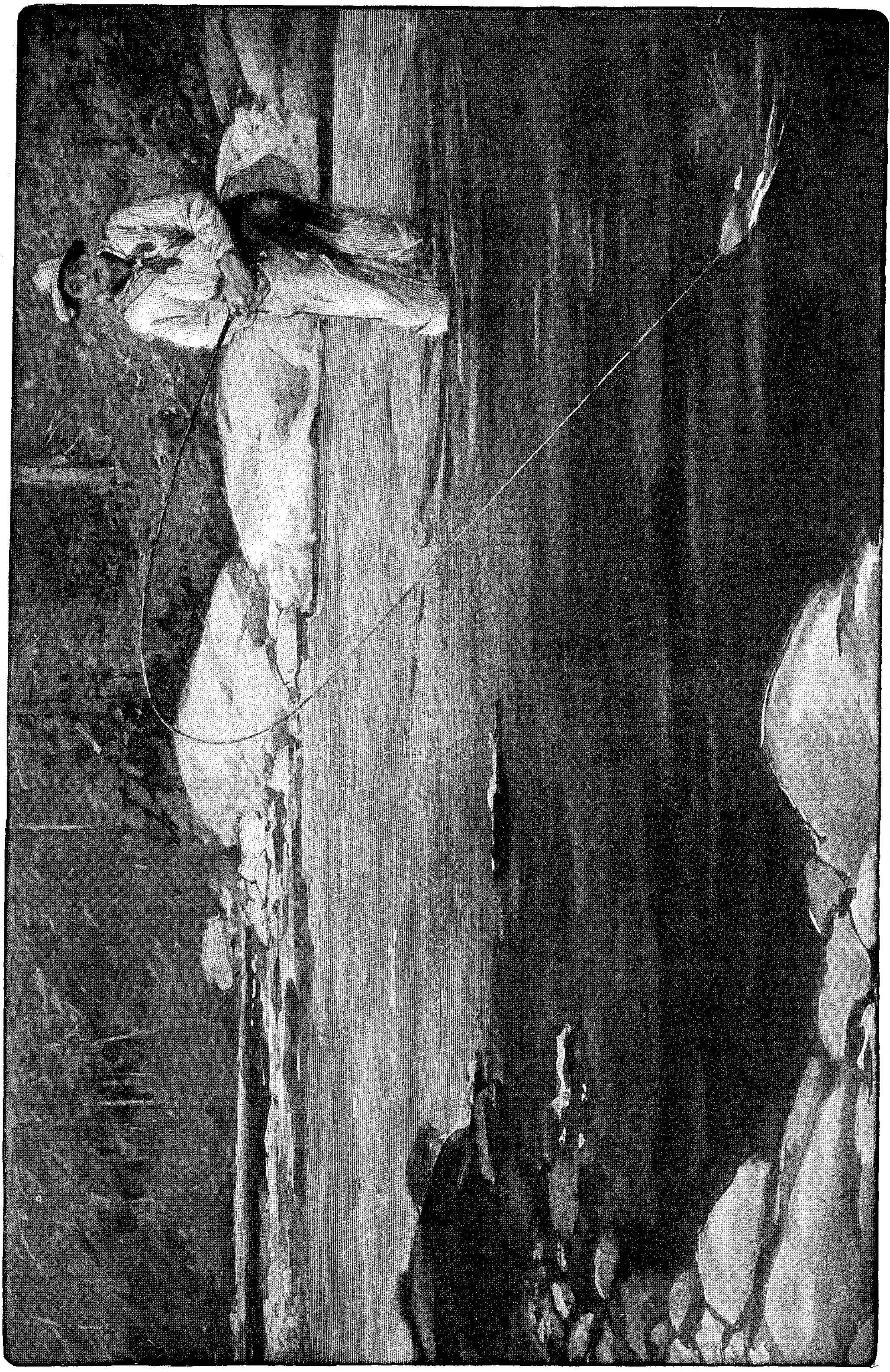
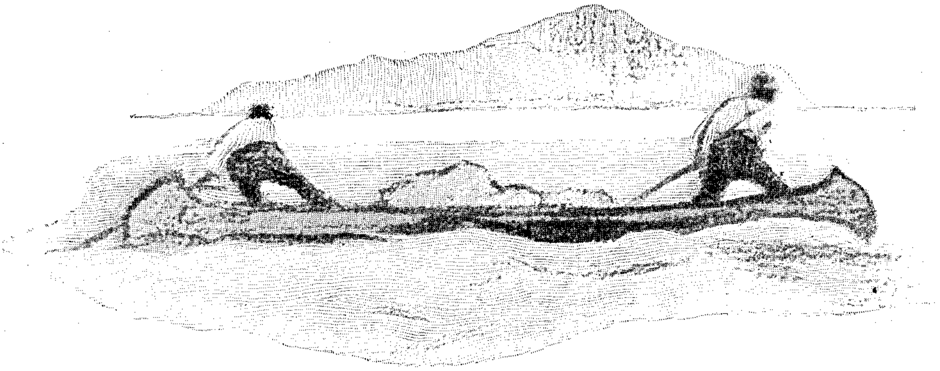
THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN RIDING COSTUME

Photographed for The Outlook at the President's summer home by Arthur Hewitt.



"THE KIND THE FISHERS OF LITTLE STREAMS DREAM OF"



THE FOREST[1]

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Author of "The Blazed Trail," "Conjuror's House," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY

Chapter XII.—The River

AT a certain spot on the North Shore—I am not going to tell you where—you board one of the two or three fishing steamers that collect from the different stations the big ice-boxes of Lake Superior whitefish. After a certain number of hours—I am not going to tell you how many—your craft will turn in toward a semicircle of bold, beautiful hills, that seem at first to be many less miles distant than the reality, and at the last to be many more miles remote than is the fact. From the prow you will make out first a uniform velvet green; then the differentiation of many shades; then the dull neutrals of rocks and crags; finally the narrow white of a pebble beach against which the waves utter continually a rattling undertone. The steamer pushes boldly in. The cool green of the water underneath changes to gray. Suddenly you make out the bottom, as through a thick green glass, and the big suckers and catfish idling over its riffled sands, inconceivably far down through the unbelievably clear liquid. So absorbed are you in this marvelous clarity that a slight grinding jar alone brings you to yourself. The steamer's nose is actually touching the white strip of pebbles!

Now you can do one of a number of things. The forest slants down to your feet in dwindling scrub, which half conceals an abandoned log structure. This latter is the old Hudson's Bay post. Behind it is the Fur Trail, and the Fur Trail will take you three miles to Burned Rock Pool, where are spring water and mighty trout. But again, half a mile to the left, is the mouth of the River. And the River meanders charmingly through the woods of the flat country over numberless riffles and rapids, beneath various steep gravel banks, until it sweeps boldly under the cliff of the first high hill. There a rugged precipice rises sheer and jagged and damp-dark to overhanging trees clinging to the shoulder of the mountain. And precisely at that spot is a bend where the water hits square, to divide right and left in whiteness, to swirl into convolutions of foam, to lurk darkly for a moment on the edge of tumult before racing away. And there you can stand hip-deep, and just reach the eddy foam with a cast tied craftily of Royal Coachman, Parmachenee, Belle, and Montreal.

From that point you are with the hills. They draw back to leave wide forest, but always they return to the River—as you would return season after season were I to tell you how—throwing across your woods-progress a sheer cliff forty or fifty feet high, shouldering you incontinently into the necessity of fording to the other

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[1] Copyright, 1903, by the Outlook Company.

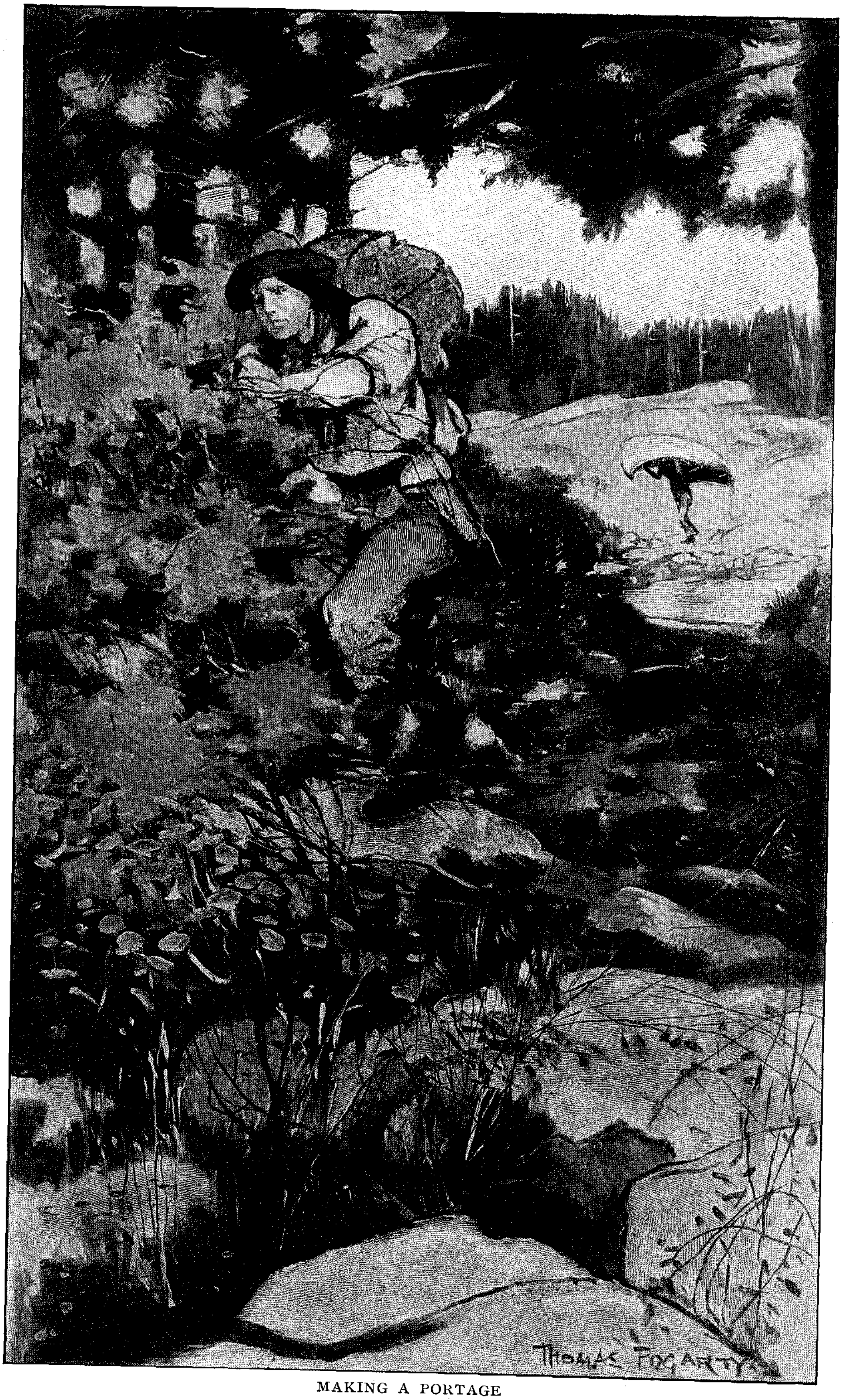
side. More and more jealous they become as you penetrate, until at the Big Falls they close in entirely, warning you that here they take the wilderness to themselves. At the Big Falls anglers make their last camp. About the fire they may discuss idly various academic questions—as to whether the great inaccessible pool below the Falls really contains the legendary Biggest Trout; what direction the River takes above; whether it really becomes nothing but a series of stagnant pools connected by sluggish water-reaches; whether there are any trout above the Falls; and so on.

These questions, as I have said, are merely academic. Your true angler is a philosopher. Enough is to him worth fifteen courses, and if the finite mind of man could imagine anything to be desired as an addition to his present possessions on the River, he at least knows nothing of it. Already he commands ten miles of water—swift, clear water—running over stone, through a freshet bed so many hundreds of feet wide that he has forgotten what it means to guard his back cast. It is to be waded in the riffles, so that he can cross from one shore to the other as the mood suits him. One bank is apt to be precipitous, the other to stretch away in a mile or so of the coolest, greenest, stillest primeval forest to be imagined. Thus he can cut across the wide bends of the River, should he so desire, and should haste be necessary to make camp before dark. And, last, but not least by any manner of means, there are trout.

I mean real trout—big fellows, the kind the fishers of little streams dream of but awake to call Morpheus a liar, just as they are too polite to call you a liar when you are so indiscreet as to tell them a few plain facts. I have one solemnly attested and witnessed record of twenty-nine inches, caught in running water. I saw a friend land on one cast three whose aggregate weight was four and one-half pounds. I witnessed, and partly shared, an exciting struggle in which three fish on three rods were played in the same pool at the same time. They weighed just fourteen pounds. One pool, a backset, was known as the Idiot's Delight, because any one could catch fish there. I have lain on my stomach at the Burned Rock pool and seen the great fish lying so close together as nearly to cover the bottom, rank after rank of them, and the smallest not under a half pound. As to the largest—well, every true fisherman knows him!

So it came about for many years that the natural barrier interposed by the Big Falls successfully turned the idle tide of angler's exploration. Beyond them lay an unknown country, but you had to climb cruelly to see it, and you couldn't gain above what you already had in any case. The nearest settlement was nearly sixty miles away, so even added isolation had not its usual quickening effect on camper's effort. The River is visited by few, anyway. An occasional adventurous steam yacht pauses at the mouth, fishes a few little ones from the shallow pools there, or a few big ones from the reefs, and pushes on. It never dreams of sending an expedition to the interior. Our own people, and two other parties, are all I know of who visit the River regularly. Our camp-sites alone break the forest; our blazes alone continue the initial short cut of the Fur Trail; our names alone distinguish the various pools. We had always been satisfied to compromise with the frowning Hills. In return for the delicious necks and points and forest areas through which our clipped trails ran, we had tacitly respected the mystery of the upper reaches.

This year, however, a number of unusual conditions changed our spirit. I have perhaps neglected to state that our trip up to now had been a rather singularly damp one. Of the first fourteen days twelve had been rainy. This was only a slightly exaggerated sample for the rest of the time. As a consequence we found the River filled even to the limit of its freshet banks. The broad borders of stone beach between the stream's edge and the bushes had quite disappeared; the riffles had become rapids, and the rapids roaring torrents; the bends boiled angrily with a smashing eddy that sucked air into pirouetting cavities inches in depth. Plainly, fly-fishing was out of the question. No self-respecting trout would rise to the surface of such a moil, or abandon for syllabubs of tinsel the magnificent solidities of ground bait such a freshet would bring down from the hills. Also the River was unfordable.


THOMAS FOGARTY

MAKING A PORTAGE

We made camp at the mouth and consulted together. Billy, the half-breed who had joined us for the labor of a permanent camp, shook his head.

"I t'ink one week, ten day," he vouchsafed. "P'rhaps she go down den. We mus' wait."

We did not want to wait; the idleness of a permanent camp is the most deadly in the world.

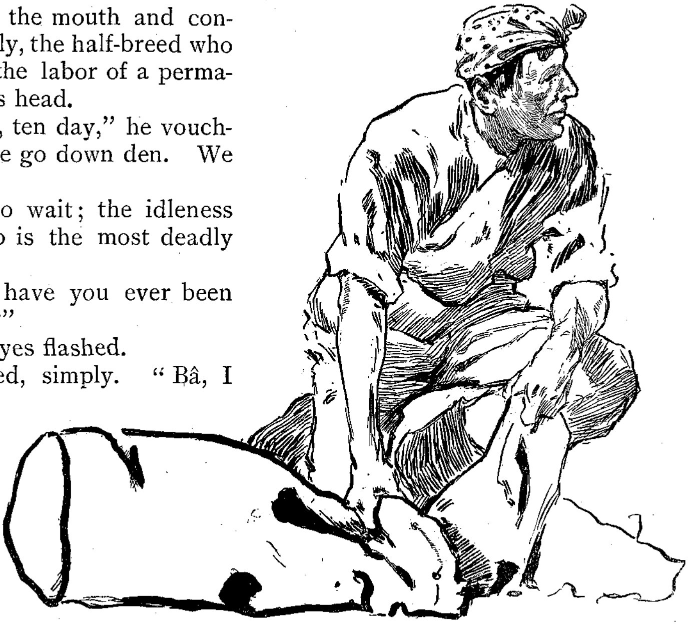
"Billy," said I, "have you ever been above the Big Falls?"

The half-breed's eyes flashed.

"Non," he replied, simply. "Bâ, I lak' mak' heem firs' rate."

"All right, Billy; we'll do it."

The next day it rained, and the river went up two inches. The morning following was fair enough, but so cold you could see your breath. We began to experiment.



BILLY

Now, this expedition had become a fishing vacation, so we had all the comforts of home with us. When said comforts of home were laden into the canoe, there remained forward and aft just about one square foot of space for Billy and me, and not over two inches of freeboard for the River. We could not stand up and pole; tracking with a towline was out of the question, because there existed no banks on which to walk; the current was too swift for paddling. So we knelt and poled. We knew it before, but we had to be convinced by trial that two inches of freeboard will dip under the most gingerly effort. It did so. We groaned, stepped out into ice-water up to our waists, and so began the day's journey with fleeting reference to Dante's nethermost hell.

Next the shore the water was most of the time a little above our knees, but the swirl of a rushing current brought an apron of foam to our hips. Billy took the bow and pulled; I took the stern and pushed. In places our combined efforts could but just counterbalance the strength of the current. Then Billy had to hang on until I could get my shoulder against the stern for a mighty heave, the few inches gain of which he would guard as jealously as possible, until I could get into position for another shove. At other places we were in nearly to our armpits, but close under the banks where we could help ourselves by seizing bushes. Sometimes I lost my footing entirely and trailed out behind like a streamer; sometimes Billy would be swept away, the canoe's bow would swing down stream, and I would have to dig my heels and hang on until he had floundered upright. Fortunately for our provisions, this never happened to both at the same time. The difficulties were still further complicated by the fact that our feet speedily became so numb from the cold that we could not feel the bottom, and so were much inclined to aimless stumblings. By and by we got out and kicked trees to start the circulation. In the meantime the sun had retired behind thick leaden clouds.

At the First Bend we were forced to carry some fifty feet. There the River rushed down in a smooth apron straight against the cliff, where its force actually raised the mass of water a good three feet higher than the level of the surrounding pool. I tied on a bait-hook, and two cartridges for sinkers, and in fifteen minutes had caught three trout, one of which weighed three pounds, and the others two pounds and a pound and a half respectively. At this point Dick and

Deuce, who had been paralleling through the woods, joined us. We broiled the trout, and boiled tea, and shivered as near the fire as we could. That afternoon, by dint of labor and labor, and yet more labor, we made Burned Rock, and there we camped for the night, utterly beaten out by about as hard a day's travel as a man would want to undertake.

The following day was even worse, for as the natural bed of the River narrowed, we found less and less footing and swifter and swifter water. The journey to Burned Rock had been a matter of dogged hard work; this was an affair of alertness, of taking advantage of every little eddy, of breathless suspense during long seconds while the question of supremacy between our strength and the stream's was being debated. And the thermometer must have registered well towards freezing. Three times we were forced to cross the River in order to get even precarious footing. Those were the really doubtful moments. We had to get in carefully, to sit craftily, and to paddle gingerly and firmly, without attempting to counteract the downward sweep of the current. All our energies and care were given to preventing those miserable curling little waves from overtopping our precious two inches, and that miserable little canoe from departing even by a hair's breadth from the exactly level keel. Where we were going did not matter. After an interminable interval the tail of our eyes would catch the sway of bushes near at hand.

"Now!" Billy would mutter abstractedly.

With one accord we would arise from six inches of wet and step swiftly into the River. The lightened canoe would strain back; we would brace our legs. The traverse was accomplished.

Being thus under the other bank, I would hold the canoe while Billy, astraddle the other end for the purpose of depressing the water to within reach of his hand, would bail away the consequences of our crossing. Then we would make up the quarter of a mile we had lost.

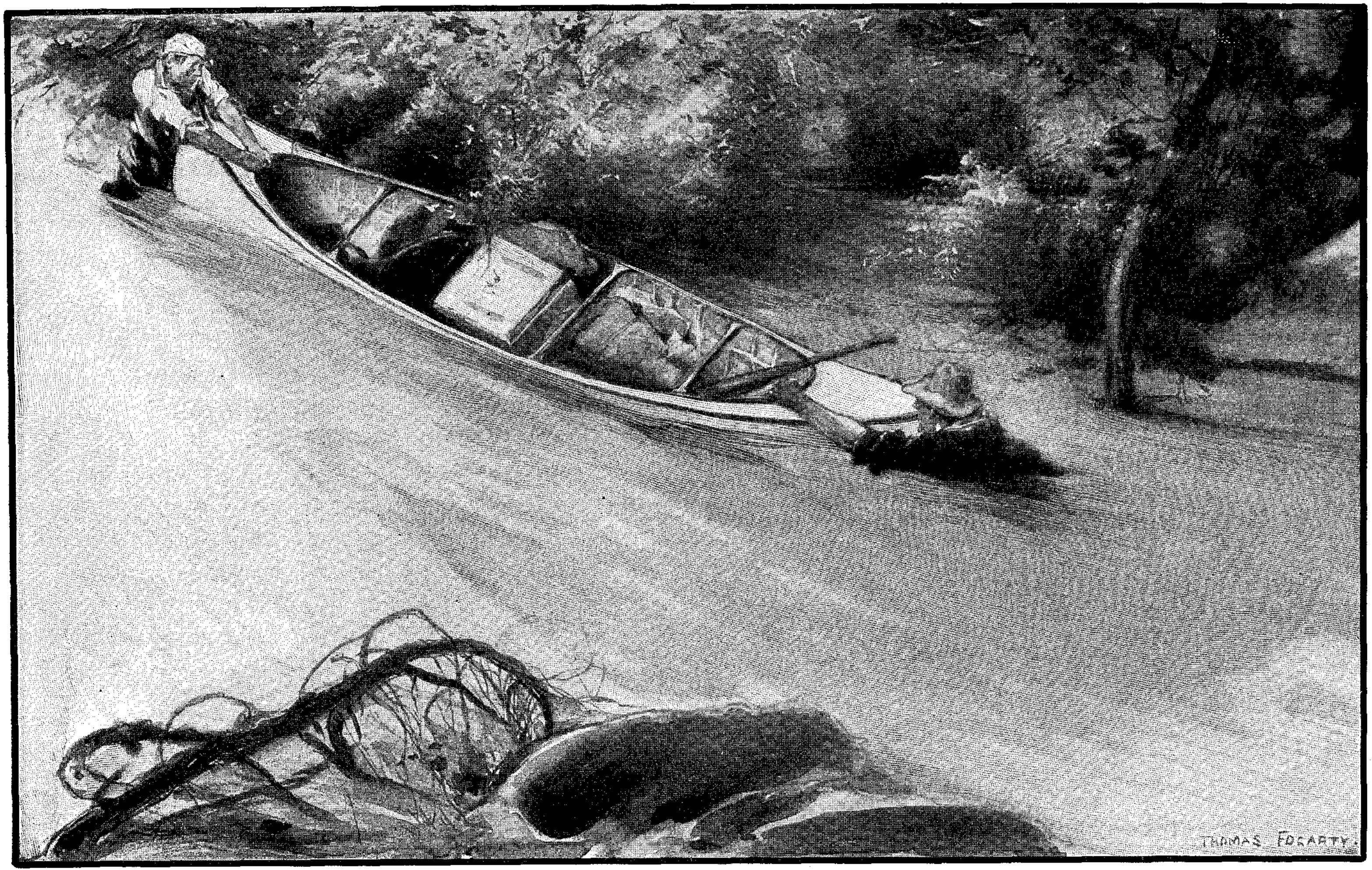
We quit at the Organ Pool about three o'clock of the afternoon. Not much was said that evening.

The day following we tied into it again. This time we put Dick and Deuce on an old Indian trail that promised a short cut, with instructions to wait at the end of it. In the joyous anticipation of another wet day we forgot they had never before followed an Indian trail. Let us now turn aside to the adventures of Dick and Deuce.

Be it premised here that Dick is a regular Indian of taciturnity when it becomes a question of his own experience, so that for a long time we knew of what follows but the single explanatory monosyllable which you shall read in due time. But Dick has a beloved uncle. In moments of expansion to this relative after his return he held forth as to the happenings of that morning.

Dick and the setter managed the Indian trail for about twenty rods. They thought they managed it for perhaps twice that distance. Then it became borne in on

DEUCE
From a Photograph taken by the Author.


THOMAS FOGARTY.

"SOMETIMES I LOST MY FOOTING ENTIRELY AND TRAILED OUT BEHIND LIKE A STREAMER" them that the bushes bent back, the faint knife-clippings, and the half weather-browned brush-cuttings that alone constitute an Indian trail had taken another direction, and that they had now their own way to make through the forest. Dick knew the direction well enough, so he broke ahead confidently. After a half-hour's walk he crossed a tiny streamlet. After another half-hour's walk he came to another. It was flowing the wrong way.

Dick did not understand this. He had never known of little streams flowing away from rivers and towards eight-hundred-foot hills. This might be a loop, of course. He resolved to follow it up-stream far enough to settle the point. The following brought him in time to a soggy little thicket with three areas of moss-covered mud and two round, pellucid pools of water about a foot in diameter. As the little stream had wound and twisted, Dick had by now lost entirely his sense of direction. He fished out his compass and set it on a rock. The River flows nearly northeast to the Big Falls, and Dick knew himself to be somewhere east of the River. The compass appeared to be wrong. Dick was a youth of sense, so he did not quarrel with the compass; he merely became doubtful as to which was the north end of the needle—the white or the black. After a few moments' puzzling he was quite at sea, and could no more remember how he had been taught as to this than you can clinch the spelling of a doubtful word after you have tried on paper a dozen variations. But, being a youth of sense, he did not desert the streamlet.

After a short half-mile of stumbling the apparent wrong direction in the brook's bed, he came to the River. The River was also flowing the wrong way, and up hill. Dick sat down and covered his eyes with his hands, as I had told him to do in like instance, and so managed to swing the country around where it belonged.

Now here was the River—and Dick resolved to desert it for no more short cuts—but where was the canoe?

This point remained unsettled in Dick's mind, or rather it was alternately settled in two ways. Sometimes the boy concluded we must be still below him, so he would sit on a rock to wait. Then, after a few moments, inactivity would bring him panic. The canoe must have passed this point long since, and every second he wasted stupidly sitting on that stone separated him farther from his friends and from food. Then he would tear madly through the forest. Deuce enjoyed this game, but Dick did not.

In time Dick found his further progress along the banks cut off by a hill. The hill ended abruptly at the water's edge in a sheer rock cliff thirty feet high. This was in reality the end of the Indian trail short-cut—the point where Dick was to meet us—but he did not know it. He happened for the moment to be obsessed by one of his canoe-up-stream panics, so he turned inland to a spot where the hill appeared climbable, and started in to surmount the obstruction.

This was comparatively easy at first. Then the shoulder of the cliff intervened. Dick mounted still a little higher up the hill, then higher, then still higher. Far down to his left, through the trees, broiled the River. The slope of the hill to it had become steeper than a roof, and at the edge of the eaves came a cliff drop of thirty feet. Dick picked his way gingerly over curving moss-beds, assisting his balance by a number of little cedar-trees. Then something happened.

Dick says the side of the hill slid out from under him. The fact of the matter is, probably, the skin-moss over loose rounded stones gave way. Dick sat down and began slowly to bump down the slant of the roof. He never really lost his equilibrium, nor until the last ten feet did he abandon the hope of checking his descent. Sometimes he did actually succeed in stopping himself for a moment; but on his attempting to follow up the advantage, the moss always slipped or the sapling let go a tenuous hold and he continued on down. At last the River flashed out below him. He saw the sheer drop. He saw the boiling eddies of the Half-way Pool, capable of sucking down a saw-log. Then, with a final rush of loose round stones, he shot the chutes feet first into space.

In the meantime Billy and I repeated our experience of the two previous days, with a few variations caused by the necessity of passing two exceptionally ugly rapids whose banks left little footing. We did this precariously, with a rope. The cold water was beginning to tell on our vitality, so that twice we went ashore and made hot tea. Just below the Half-way Pool we began to do a little figuring ahead, which is a bad thing. The Half-way Pool meant much inevitable labor, with its two swift rapids and its swirling eddies, as sedulously to be avoided as so many steel bear-traps. Then there were a dozen others, and the three miles of riffles, and all the rest of it. At our present rate it would take us a week to make the Falls.

Below the Half-way Pool we looked for Dick. He was not to be seen. This made us cross. At the Half-way Pool we intended to unload for portage, and also to ferry over Dick and the setter in the lightened canoe. The tardiness of Dick delayed the game.

However, we drew ashore to the little clearing of the Half-way Camp, made the year before, and wearily discharged our cargo. Suddenly, upstream, and apparently up in the air, we heard distinctly the excited yap of a dog. Billy and I looked at each other. Then we looked upstream.

Close under the perpendicular wall of rock and fifty feet from the end of it, waist deep in water that swirled angrily about him, stood Dick.

I knew well enough what he was standing on—a little ledge of shale not over five or six feet in length and two feet wide—for in lower water I had often from its advantage cast a fly down below the big boulder. But I knew it to be surrounded by water fifteen feet deep. It was impossible to wade to the spot; impossible to swim to it. And why in the name of all the woods gods should a man want to wade or swim to it if he could? The affair, to our cold-benumbed intellects, was simply incomprehensible.

Billy and I spoke no word. We silently, perhaps a little fearfully, launched the empty canoe. Then we went into a space of water whose treading proved us no angels. From the slack water under the cliff we took another look. It was indeed Dick. He carried a rod-case in one hand. His fish-creel lay against his hip. His broad hat sat accurately level on his head. His face was imperturbable. Above, Deuce agonized, afraid to leap into the stream, but convinced that his duty required him to do so.

We steadied the canoe while Dick climbed in. You would have thought he was embarking at the regularly appointed rendezvous. In silence we shot the rapids, and collected Deuce from the end of the trail, whither he followed us. In silence we worked our way across to where our duffel lay scattered. In silence we disembarked.

"In Heaven's name, Dick," I demanded at last, "how did you get *there*?"

"Fell," said he, succinctly. And that was all.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

* * *

After Rain

By Annie Catharine Muirhead

The sky is heavy with cloud, and brown with gloom;
 The sultry air is still, as if in dread
To watch the hot world smolder to its doom;
 And lurid falls the light from overhead.
When, sudden, something stirs the murky air:
 Then comes the welcome sound of rushing rain,
And very soon the sky grows blue and fair—
 The world is cool and fresh and sweet again!
So when despair upon the heart grips tight
 And clogs the brain—there seems no help at all!—
The pathos of a word, or thought, or sight,
 Sets free the tears that clear the stagnant soul:
Hope colors the horizon as of yore,
And it is good to live and love once more!

COR. OT'S MORNING AND EVENING

WHAT lover of art goes to that exquisite Paris suburb, Ville d'Avray, without in fancy seeing the boy Corot at his parents' modest summer home, the beautiful place where he first learned to love nature and where, later, he immortalized for us well-nigh every pool and lane and tree? Who goes to Barbizon without remembering that there, deep in Fontainebleau forest, Corot found food for the full flower of his genius, just as did Millet, Rousseau, and Troyon? And as we see the present scenes at Ville d'Avray and Barbizon, corresponding so exactly to the poetic power of the Corot canvases, it seems to us as if the man and the artist must be still alive. If so to us, how much more to Corot's hosts of friends who had to mourn his loss a quarter of a century ago! They tell us how kind, frank, generous, open-handed was his nature; it is no wonder that such a personality as well as such art influenced the painters of France. If, strangely enough, his works made their way to fame but slowly, Corot had the satisfaction before his death of knowing that he was not only one of the most popular of men but one of the most popular of painters. We fancy that a chief reason for this was because he put into his pictures a personality as rare and as enchanting as ever found expression in art.

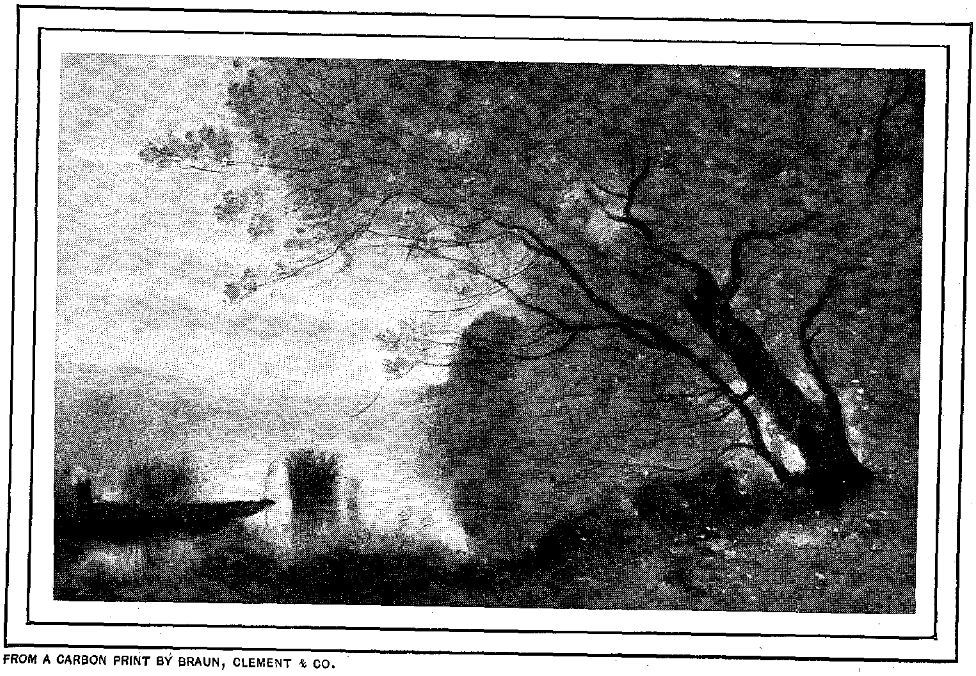
Corot was also typical of the best Frenchmen. Whether in society or art, the classicalism and conventions upon which he and they turned their backs were largely importations. Wooden traditions in politics, religion, art, and letters had become incrusted upon the Gallic nature—a nature which, as every one should know, is in its essence spontaneous, buoyant, vivacious, keen-sighted, normal. The life as well as the art of Corot represented to his friends and to the world at large immortal youth, a large outlook on life, a return to truth and nature, an intolerance of restraint and injustice, and even a greediness and hunger to display his poetic emotion and insight to other men. Corot's technique shows that his inspiration was native, was truly French, and that his knowledge of reality was as deep and genuine as his exposition of it was rich and notable.

Other painters have exceeded Corot both in variety of subjects and in extended range of vision and effect, but no painter, save perhaps Turner, ever exceeded him in a union of breadth and delicacy as rare as it is delightful. In the storm and stress period of the last century many other artists besides Corot were gladly giving their attention no longer to outworn creeds and formulas, but were endeavoring to interpret nature anew and spontaneously. For instance, Daubigny sought to give expression to his interpretation by means of almost harsh naturalism; Diaz, by a startling profusion of color. With another kind of penetration than that possessed by these distinguished painters, Corot discarded classicalism and conventions to plunge into a romanticism which never approached the unrestful, lurid, or eccentric. He entered upon his career at the very juncture when French landscape-painting was mined with decay. To-day French landscape art is aglow with freshness, novelty, completeness, introduced first of all by a man who, in the interpretation of nature, had a well-nigh feminine faculty of instinctive and apparently unerring intuition. His seems the truest poetic interpretation, his the real unity of effect, his the reproduction of actual atmosphere, for he painted, as Jules Dupré said of him, with wings in his back. Thus, beyond any painter in any age, Corot succeeded in the delineation of those aspects of nature which we now often call "Corot effects," with vaporous pools and shimmering tree-tops, with misty morning and tender evening. The descriptions that accompany the Morning and Evening pictures here reproduced are from a letter written by Corot to a fellow-artist.

I.—MORNING

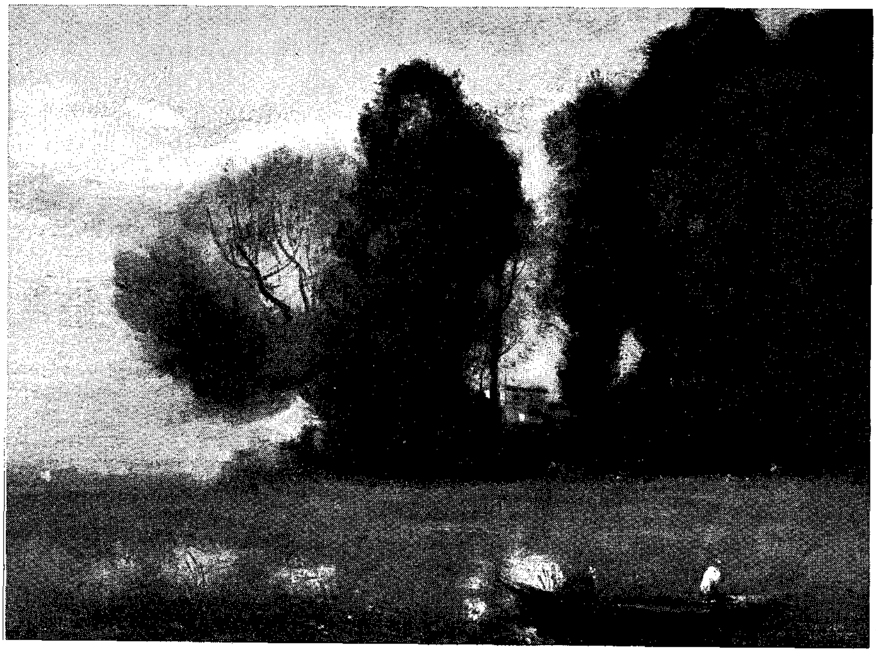
ONE rises early, at three in the morning, before the sun; one goes and seats one's self at the foot of a tree. One watches and waits. There is not much to be seen at first. Nature resembles a whitish canvas upon which the profiles of certain masses are vaguely sketched; all is fragrant, all thrills under the freshening breath of the dawn.

Bing! the sun is becoming clear—the sun has not yet rent the gauze behind which hide the meadow, the valley, the hills of the horizon. The vapors of night still creep like silvery tufts over the cold green grass. Bing! bing! a first ray of the sun! a second ray of the sun! The tiny flowers seem to awake, joyous; each one has its drop of trembling dew; the leaves, sensitive to the cold, move to and fro in the morning air. Under the foliage the birds sing unseen. It seems as if it were the flowers saying their prayers. The loves, on wings of butterflies, descend upon the meadow and make the tall grasses sway to and fro. One sees nothing—everything is there—the landscape is all there behind the transparent gauze of the mist, which rises, rises, rises, inhaled by the sun, and discloses in rising the river scaled with silver, the meadows, the trees, the cottages, the vanishing distance. One distinguishes at last that which one divined at first.



FROM A CARBON PRINT BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO.

MORNING



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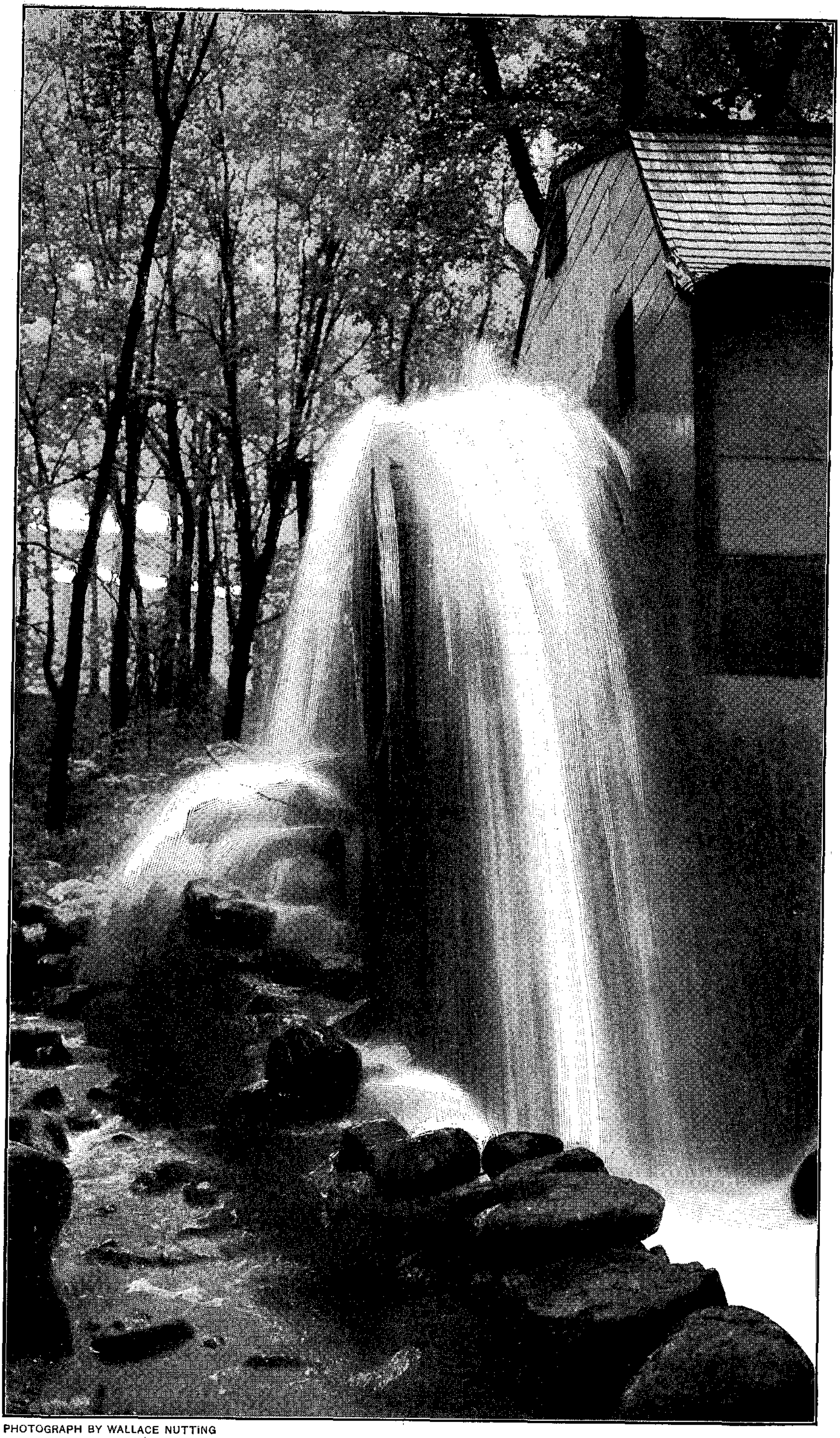
EVENING

II.—EVENING

THE sun has disappeared. There remains in the softened sky only a vaporous tint of pale lemon, the last reflection of that charlatan of a sun which melts into the deep blue of night in passing through the greenest shades of pale turquoise, of a fineness unheard of, a delicacy fluid and intangible. The fields lose their color, the trees form only brown or gray masses, the darkened waters reflect the soft tones of the sky. One begins to see nothing more—one feels that everything is there. All is vague, confused. Nature is falling asleep. Yet the fresh air of the evening sighs among the leaves; the birds, those voices of the flowers, repeat the evening prayer. The dew strews with pearls the velvet of the lawn. The nymphs flee, hide themselves, and desire to be seen.

Bing! a star of heaven plunges head foremost into the pond. Charming star, whose scintillation the trembling of the water increases; you are looking at me—you are smiling at me and winking too. Bing! a second star appears in the water, a second eye opens. Welcome, fresh and smiling stars. Bing! bing! bing! three, six, twenty stars, all the stars of heaven, have given each other a tryst in that blessed pond. All grows still darker. Only the pond scintillates. It is a swarming of stars. The illusion is produced. The sun having hidden itself, the inner sun of the soul, the sun of art, arises. *Bon!* There is my picture finished!



PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLACE NUTTING

THE OLD MILL

The Old Mill

By Laura Winnington

Stream that hastens from the hill,
Tarry here to turn the mill.

Rainbow drops the seedlings knew
In the shower and the dew,

Once again your magic lend,
Life into the mill-wheel send.

Nature, the all-bounteous mother,
Beast and bird, and man their brother,

Through the spring and summer weather
Steadily have worked together.

E'en the earthworms in the soil
Gave their share of patient toil.

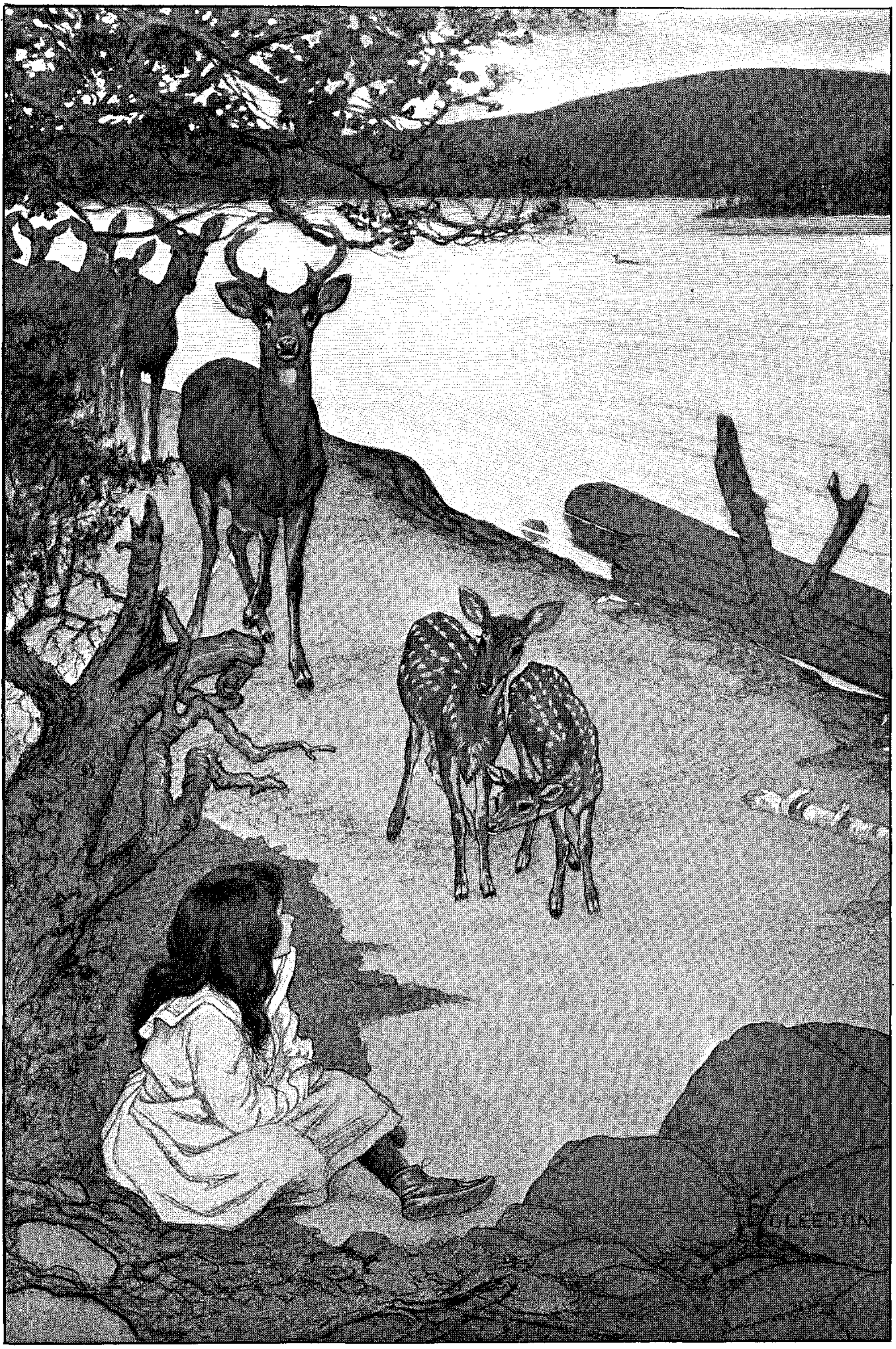
Sturdy oxen drew the plow
Where the stubble standeth now.

Horse and farmer reaped the grain
From the sunned and watered plain.

Now upon the old mill's floor
Lies the yellow harvest store,

Till the all-transforming wheel
Turn the kernels into meal.

All have helped to give the bread
Over which the grace is said.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH W. GLEESON

"TWO LITTLE SPOTTED FAWNS WERE ALREADY CIRCLING ABOUT HER PLAYFULLY"

Wild Animals at Home

By William J. Long

With Pictures by Joseph W. Gleeson and E. W. Deming

THE man who hunts with gun or camera has his reward. He has also his labors, vexations, and failures; and these are the price he pays for his success. The man who hunts without either gun or camera has, it seems to me, a much greater reward, and has it without price. Of him, more than any other Nimrod, may be said what a returned missionary from Africa said of his first congregation: "They are a contented folk, clothed with the sunlight and fed by gravitation." Hunting without a gun is, therefore, the sport of a peaceful man, a man who goes to the woods for rest and for letting his soul grow, and who, after a year of worry and work, is glad to get along without either for a little season. As he glides over the waterways in his canoe, or loafs leisurely along the trail, he carries no weight of gun or tripod or extra plates. Glad to be alive himself, he has no pleasure in the death of the wild things. Content just to see and hear and understand, he has no fret or sweat to get the sun just right and calculate his exact thirty-foot distance, and then to fume and swear, as I have heard good men do, because the game fidgets, or the clouds obscure the sun, or the plates are not quick enough, or—beginning of sorrows!—because he finds after the game has fled that the film he has just used on a bull moose had all its good qualities already pre-empted by a landscape and a passing canoe.

I have no desire to decry any kind of legitimate hunting, for I have tried them all, and the rewards are good. I simply like hunting without a gun or camera better than all other forms of hunting, for three good reasons: first, because it is lazy and satisfying, perfect for summer weather; second, because it has no troubles, no vexations, no disappointments, and so is good for a man who has wrestled long enough with these things; and, third, because it lets you into the life and individuality of the wild animals as no other hunting can possibly do, since you approach them with a mind at ease, and, having no excitement about you, they dare to show themselves natural and unconcerned, and even a bit curious about you to know who you are and what you are doing. It has its thrills and excitements, too, as much or as little as you like. To creep up through the brulé to where the bear and her cubs are gathering blueberries in their greedy, funny ways; to paddle silently upon a big moose while his head is under water and only his broad antlers show; to lie at ease beside the trail flecked with sunlight and shadow and have the squirrels scamper across your legs, or the wild bird perch inquisitively upon your toe, or—rarest sight in the woods in the early morning—to have a fisher twist by you in intense, weasel-like excitement, puzzling out the trail of the hare or grouse that passed you an hour ago; to steal along the waterways alone on a still, dark night, and open your jack silently upon ducks or moose or mother deer and her fawns—there is joy and tingle enough in all these things to satisfy any lover of the woods. There is also wisdom to be found, especially when you remember that these are individual animals that no human eyes have ever before looked upon, that they are different every one, and that at any moment they may reveal some queer trick or trait of animal life that no naturalist has ever before seen.

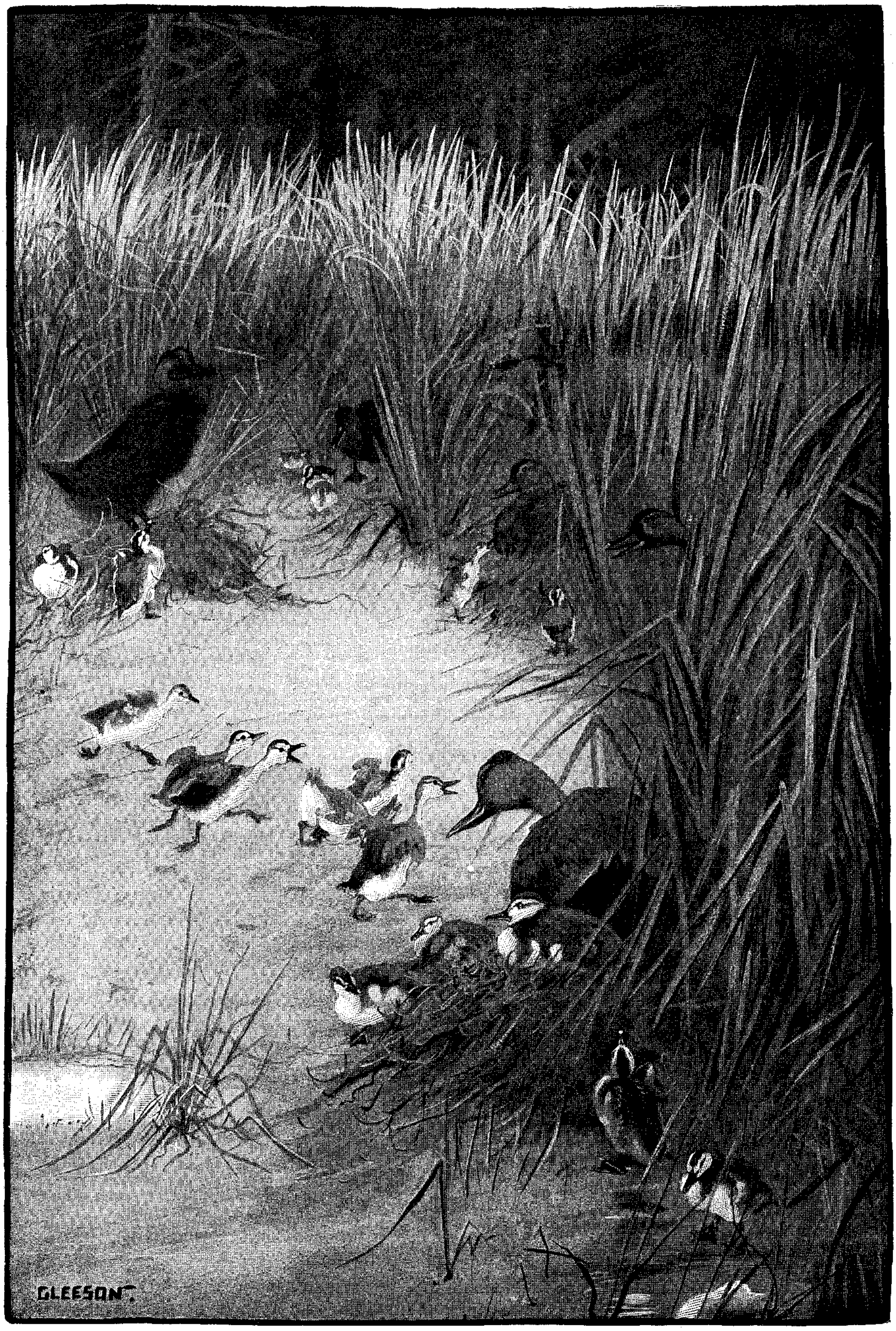
Last summer, just below my camp on Matagammon was a little beach between two points, surrounded by dense woods, that the deer seemed to love better than any other spot on the whole lake. When we first arrived, the deer were close about our camp. From the door we could sometimes see them on the lake shore, and every evening at twilight they would steal up shyly to eat the potato and apple parings. Gradually the noises of camp drove them far back on the ridges, though on stormy nights they would come back when the camp was still and all lights out. From my tent I would hear cautious rustlings, or the crack of a twig above the drip and pour of raindrops on my tent-fly, and, stealing out in the darkness, would find two or three deer, generally a doe and her fawns, standing under the split-roof of our woodshed to escape the pelting rain.

The little beach was farther away, across an arm of the lake and out of sight and sound of our camp, so the deer never deserted it, though we watched them there every day. Just why they liked it I could never discover. A score of beaches on the lake were larger and smoother, and a dozen at least offered better feeding; but the deer came here in greater numbers than anywhere else. Near by was a great wild meadow, with dense hiding-places on the slopes beyond, where deer were numerous. Before the evening feeding began in the wild meadow they would come out to this little beach and play for an hour or so; and I have no doubt the place was a regular playground, such as rabbits and foxes and crows, and indeed most wild animals, choose for their hours of fun.

Once, at early twilight, I lay in hiding among some old roots at the end of this little beach watching a curious game. Eight or ten deer, does and fawns and young spike bucks, had come out into the open and were now running rapidly in three circles, arranged in a line, so o◯o. In the middle was a big circle, some fifteen feet in diameter, and at opposite sides were two smaller circles, less than half the diameter of the first, as I found afterwards by measuring from the tracks. Around one of these small circles the deer ran from right to left invariably, around the other they ran from left to right, and around the big middle circle they ran either way, though when two or three were running this circle together, while the others bounded about the ends, they all ran the same way. As they played, all the rings were in use at once, the two small end rings being much more used than the big one. The individual deer passed rapidly from one ring to the others, but—and here is the queerest part of it all—I did not see a single deer, not even one of the fawns, cut across the big circle from one end ring to the other. After they were gone the rings showed clearly in the sand, but not a single track led across any of the circles.

The object of the play was simple enough. Aside from the fun, the young deer were being taught to twist and double quickly; but what the rules of the game were, and whether they ran in opposite circles to avoid getting dizzy, was more than I could discover, though the deer were never more than thirty yards away from me, and I could watch every move clearly without my field-glasses. That the game (and some definite way of playing it) was well understood by the deer, no one could doubt who watched this wonderful play for five minutes. Though they ran swiftly, with astonishing lightness and grace, there was no confusion. Every now and then one of the does would leap forward and head off one of her fawns as he headed into the big ring, when, like a flash, he would whirl in his tracks, and away with a *bl-r-r-t!* of triumph or dissatisfaction. Once a spike buck, and again a doe with two well-grown fawns, trotted out of the woods, and, after watching the dizzy play for a moment, leaped into it as if they understood perfectly what was expected. They played this game for only a few minutes at a time; then they would scatter, and move up and down the shore leisurely, and nose the water. Soon one or two would come back, and in a moment the game would be in full swing again, the others joining it swiftly as the little creatures whirled about the rings, exercising every muscle, and learning how to control their graceful bodies perfectly, though they had no idea that older heads had planned the game for them with a purpose.

Watching them thus at their play, the meaning of a curious bit of deer anatomy became clear. A deer's shoulder is not attached to the skeleton at all; it lies loosely inside the skin, with only a bit of delicate, elastic tissue joining it to the muscles of the body. When a deer was headed suddenly, and braced himself in his tracks, the body would lunge forward till the fore legs seemed hung almost in the middle of his belly. Again, when he kicked up his heels they would seem to be supporting his neck, far forward of where they properly belonged. This free action of the shoulder is what gives the wonderful flexibility and grace to a deer's movements, just as it takes and softens



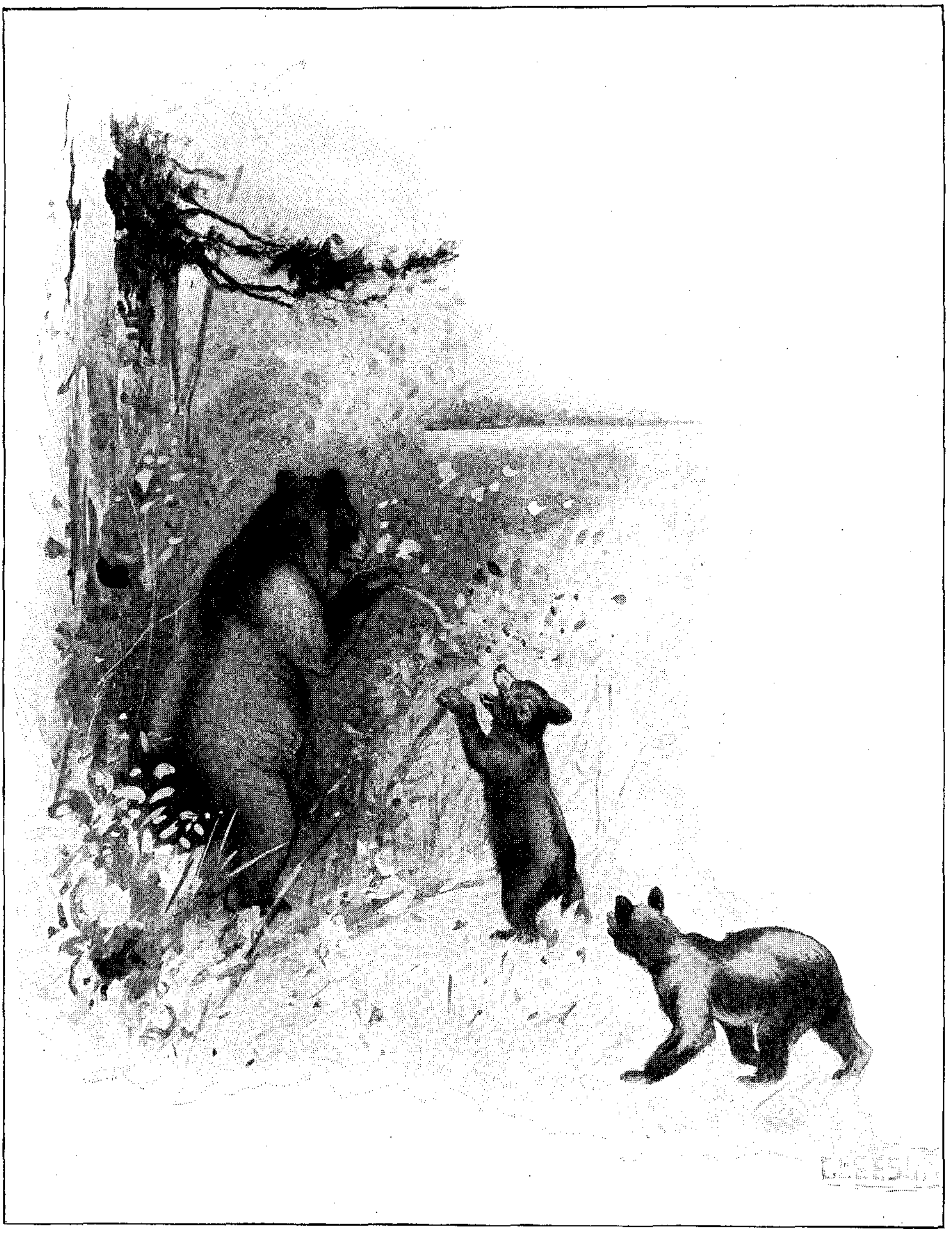
"NOW THEY WERE ALL GATHERED ON A DRY MUD FLAT" all the shock of falling in his high-jumping run among the rocks and over the endless windfalls of the wilderness.

In the midst of the play, and after I had watched it for a full half-hour, there was a swift rustle in the woods on my right, and I caught my breath sharply at sight of a magnificent buck standing half hid in the underbrush. There were two or three big bucks, with splendid antlers, that lived lazily on the slopes above this part of the lake, and that I had been watching and following for several weeks. Unlike the does and fawns and young bucks, they were wild as hawks and selfish as cats. They rarely showed themselves in the open, and if surprised there with other deer they bounded away at the first sight or sniff of danger. Does or little fawns, when they saw you, would instantly stamp and whistle to warn the other deer before they had taken the first step to save themselves or investigate the danger; but the big bucks would bound or glide away, according to the method of your approach, and, in saving their own skins, as they thought, would have absolutely no concern for the safety of the herd feeding near by. And that is the reason why, in a natural state, deer rarely allow the bucks and bulls to lead them.

The summer laziness was still upon those big bucks; the wild fall-running had not seized them. Once I saw a curious and canny bit of their laziness. I had gone off with a guide to try the trout at a distant lake. While I watched a porcupine and tried to win his confidence with sweet chocolate—a bad shot, by the way—the guide went on far ahead. As he climbed a ridge, busy with thoughts of the dim blazed trail he was following, I noticed a faint stir in some bushes on one side, and through my glass I made out the head of a big buck that was watching the guide keenly from his hiding. It was in the late forenoon, when deer are mostly resting, and the lazy buck was debating, probably, whether it were necessary to run or not. The guide passed rapidly; then, to my astonishment, the head disappeared as the buck lay down where he was. Keeping my eyes on the spot, I followed on the guide's trail. There was no sign of life in the thicket as I passed, though beyond a doubt the wary old buck was watching my every motion keenly. When I had gone well past and still the thicket remained all quiet, I turned gradually and walked towards it. There was a slight rustle as the buck rose to his feet again. He had evidently planned for me to follow the steps of the other man, and had not thought it worth while to stand up. Another slow step or two on my part, then another rustle and a faint motion of underbrush—so faint that had there been a wind blowing my eye would scarcely have noticed it—told me where the buck had glided away silently to another covert, where he turned and stood to find out whether I had discovered him, or whether my change of direction had any other motive than the natural wandering of a man lost in the woods.

That was back on the ridges, where most of the big bucks loaf and hide, each one by himself, during the summer. Down at the lake, however, there were two or three that for some reason occasionally showed themselves with the other deer, but were so shy and wild that hunting them without a gun was almost impossible. It was one of these big fellows that now stood half hid in the underbrush within twenty yards of me, watching the deer's game impatiently.

A stamp of his foot and a low snort stopped the play instantly, and the big buck moved out on the shore in full view. He looked out over the lake, where he had so often seen the canoes of men moving; his nose tried the wind up shore; eyes and ears searched below, where I was lying; then he scanned the lake again keenly. Perhaps he had seen my canoe upturned among the water grasses far away; more probably it was the unknown sense or *feel* of an enemy, which they who hunt with or without a gun find so often among the larger wild animals, that made him restless and suspicious. While he watched and searched the lake and the shores, not a deer stirred from his tracks. Some command was in the air which I myself seemed to feel in my hiding. Suddenly the big buck turned and glided away into the woods, and every deer on the shore followed instantly, without question or hesitation. Even the little fawns, never so heedless as to miss a signal, felt something in the buck's attitude deeper than their play, something perhaps



DRAWN BY JOSEPH W. GLEESON

A BEAR AND HER CUBS GATHERING BLUEBERRIES

in the air that was not noticed before, and trotted after their mothers, fading away at last like shadows into the darkening woods.

On another lake, years before, when hunting in the same way without a gun, I saw another curious bit of deer wisdom. It must be remembered that deer are born apparently without any fear of man. The fawns when found very young in the woods are generally full of playfulness and curiosity. When they see you for the first time, no matter how old or young they are, they approach cautiously, if you do not terrify them by sudden motions, and in twenty pretty ways try to find out what you are. Like most wild animals that have a keen sense of smell, and especially like the bear and caribou, they trust only their noses at first. When they scent man for the first time, they generally run away, not because they know what it means, but for precisely the opposite reason—namely, because there is in the air a strong scent that they do not know and that they have not been taught by their mothers how to meet. When in doubt, run away—that is the rule of nose which seems to be impressed by their mothers upon all timid wild things; though they act in almost the opposite way when sight or hearing is in question.

All this is well known to hunters; but now comes the curious exception. After I had been watching the deer for some weeks at one of their playgrounds, a guide came into camp with his wife and little child. They were on their way in to their own camp for the hunting season. To please the little one, who was fond of all animals, I took her with me to show her the deer playing. As they were running about on the shore, I sent her out of our hiding, in a sudden spirit of curiosity, to see what they would do. True to her instructions, the little one walked out very slowly into the midst of them. They started at first; two of the old deer circled down instantly to wind her; but even after getting her scent, the suspicious man-scent that most of them had been taught to fear, they approached fearlessly, their ears set forward and their expressive tails down without any of the nervous wiggling that is so manifest whenever their owners catch the first suspicious smell in the air. The child meanwhile sat on the shore, watching the pretty creatures with wide-eyed curiosity, but obeying my first whispered instructions like a little hero and keeping still as a hunted rabbit. Two little spotted fawns were already circling about her playfully, but the third went straight up to her, stretching his nose and ears forward to show his friendliness, and then drawing back to stamp his little fore foot prettily to make the silent child move or speak, and perhaps also to show her in deer-fashion that, though friendly, he was not at all afraid.

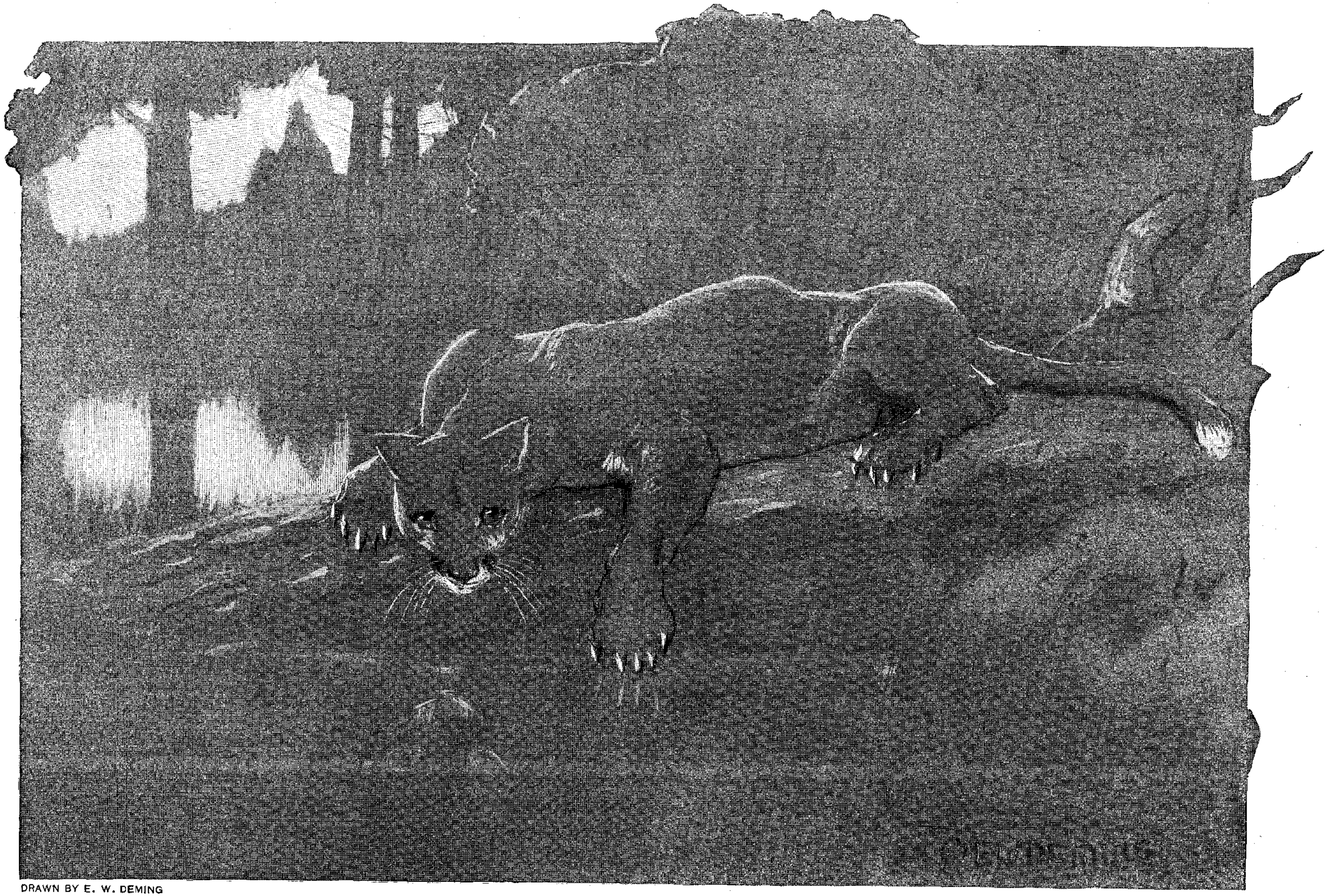
There was one buck in the group, a three-year-old with promising antlers. At first he was the only deer that showed any fear of the little visitor; and his fear seemed to me to be largely a matter of suspicion, or of irritation that anything should take away the herd's attention from himself. The fall wildness was coming upon him, and he showed it by restless fidgeting, by frequent proddings of the does with his antlers, and by driving them about roughly and unreasonably. Now he approached the child with a shake of his antlers, not to threaten her, it seemed to me, but rather to show the other deer that he was still master, the Great Mogul who must be consulted upon all occasions. For the first time the little girl started nervously at the threatening motion. I called softly to her to keep still and not be afraid, at the same time rising up quietly from my hiding-place. Instantly the little comedy changed, as the deer whirled in my direction. They had seen men before, and knew what it meant. The white flags flew up over the startled backs, and the air fairly bristled with whistling *h-e-e-e-yeu*, *he-u's*, as deer and fawns rose over the nearest windfalls like a flock of frightened partridges and plunged away into the shelter of the friendly woods.

There are those who claim that the life of an animal is a mere matter of blind instinct and habit. Here on the shore before my eyes was a scene that requires a somewhat different explanation.

Though deer are the most numerous and the most interesting animals to be hunted without a gun, they are by no means the only game to fill the hunter's heart full and make him glad that his game-bag is empty. Moose are to be found on the same waters; and in the summer season, if approached very slowly and quietly, especially in a canoe, they show little fear of man. Last summer, as I stole down the thoroughfare into Matagammon, a cow moose and her calf loomed up before me in the narrow stream. I watched her a while silently, noting her curious way of feeding—now pulling up a bite of lush water-grass, now stretching her neck and her great muffle to sweep off a hatful of water-maple leaves, first one, then the other, like a boy with two apples, while the calf nosed along the shore and paid no attention to the canoe, which he saw perfectly but which his mother did not see. After watching them a few minutes, I edged across to the opposite bank and drifted down, to see if it were possible to pass without disturbing them. The calf was busy with something on the bank, the mother deep in the water-grass as I drifted by, sitting low in the canoe. She saw me when abreast of her, and, after watching me a moment in astonishment, turned again to her feeding. Then I turned the canoe slowly and lay to leeward of them, within ten yards, watching every significant motion. The calf was nearer to me now, and the mother by a silent command brought him back and put him on the side away from me; but the little fellow's curiosity was aroused by the prohibition, and he kept peeking under his mother's belly, or twisting his head around over her hocks, to see who I was and what I was doing. But there was no fear manifest, and I backed away slowly at last and left them feeding just where I had found them.

In curious contrast was the next meeting. It was on the little beaver stream below Hay Lake, a spot as wild as any dream of Doré, and a famous feeding-ground for moose and deer. I was fishing for trout, when a mother moose came up stream among the bilberry bushes. I had stopped casting and sat low in my canoe, and she did not see me until abreast of me within twenty feet. Then she swung her huge head in my direction carelessly, and went on as if I were of no more account than one of the beaver-houses on the shore. Ten steps behind her came a calf. The bushes had closed on her flanks when he put his head out of the leaves and came plump upon me. With a squeal and a jump like a startled deer, he plunged away through the bushes, and I heard the mother swing round in a crashing circle to find him and to know what had frightened him. Ten minutes later, as I sat very still in the same spot, a huge head was thrust out of the bushes where the calf had disappeared. Below it, pressing close against his mother's side, was the head of the little one, looking out again at the thing that had frightened him, and asking plainly, *What is it, mother? What is it?* though there was no sound uttered. Had he been close beside her at first, he would have done as she did and paid no attention to me; but having been alone and startled, he had run away promptly and was now bringing his mother back to show her the thing and find out all about it. And there they stayed for a full minute, while none of us moved a muscle, before they drew back silently and disappeared, leaving only a double line of waving, wiggling bush-tops, like the trail of a huge snake, to tell me where they had gone.

On the same stream I got the famous bull of the expedition. I was paddling along silently when I turned a bend, and a huge dark bulk loomed out of the water dead ahead of the canoe. In front of the dark bulk two great antlers, the biggest I ever saw in Maine, reached up and out. The rest of his head was under water groping for lily-roots, and my first exultant thought was that one might drive the canoe between the tips of those great antlers without touching them, so big and wide were they. Instead, I sent the canoe swiftly forward till his head began to come up, when I crouched low and watched him, so near that every changing expression of his huge face and keen little eyes was seen perfectly without my glasses. He saw me instantly and dropped the root he had pulled up, and his lower jaw remained hanging in his intense wonder. Not so much who I was, but how on earth I got there so silently, seemed to be the cause of his wonder. He took a slow step or two in my direction, his ears set forward stiffly and his eyes shining as he watched me keenly for the slightest motion. Then he waded out leisurely, climbed the bank, which was here steep, and disappeared in the woods. As he vanished, I followed him close behind and watched his way of carrying his huge antlers and lifting his legs with a high step, like a Shanghai rooster, over the windfalls. Of all the moose that I have ever followed, this was the only one whose head seemed too heavy for comfort. He carried it low, and nursed his wide antlers tenderly among the tree-trunks and alder-stems. They were still in the velvet, and no doubt the rude scraping of the rough branches made him wince unless he went softly. At last, finding that I was close at his heels, he turned for another look at me; but I slipped behind a friendly tree until I heard him move on, when I followed him again. Some suspicion of the thing that was on his trail, or it may be some faint eddy of air with the danger smell in it, reached him then; he laid his



DRAWN BY E. W. DEMING

"THE GRAY OUTLINES OF A GREAT BEAST STRETCHED OUT ON A LOG" great antlers back on his shoulders, moose fashion, and lunged away at a terrific pace through the woods. I could fancy his teeth gritting and his eyes at squint as some snapping branch whacked his sensitive antlers and made him grunt.

It was that same night, I think, that I had another bit of this hunting, which fills one's soul with peace and gives him a curious sense of understanding the thoughts and motives of the Wood Folk. I was gliding along in my canoe in the late twilight over still water, in the shadow of the wild, high meadow-grass, when a low quacking and talking of wild ducks came to my ears. I pushed the canoe silently into the first open bogan in the direction of the sounds, till I was so near that I dared not go another foot, when I rose up cautiously and peered over the grass tops. There were perhaps thirty or forty of the splendid birds—four or five broods at least, and each brood led by its mother. For two or three days I had noticed them flying about, exercising their wings in preparation for the long autumn flights. Now they were all gathered on a dry mud flat surrounded by tall grass, playing together and evidently getting acquainted. In the middle of the flat were two or three tussocks, on which the grass had been trampled and torn down. There was always a duck on each of these tussocks, and below him were four or five more that were plainly trying to get up; but the top was small and had room for but one, and there was a deal of quacking and good-natured scrambling for the place of vantage. Other birds scampered in pairs from one side of the flat to the other, and there was one curious procession, or race—five or six birds that started abreast, and very slowly, and ended with a rush and a headlong dive into the grasses of the opposite shore. Here and there about the edges of the playground an old mother bird sat on a tussock, and looked down on the wild, unconscious play, wiggling her tail in satisfaction and anon stretching her neck to look and listen watchfully. The voices of the playing birds were curiously low and subdued, reminding me strongly of some Indian children that I had once seen playing. At times the quacking had a faint, ventriloquous effect, seeming to come from far away; and again it ceased absolutely at a sign from some watchful mother, though the play went steadily on, as if even in their play they must be mindful of the enemies that were watching and listening everywhere to catch them.

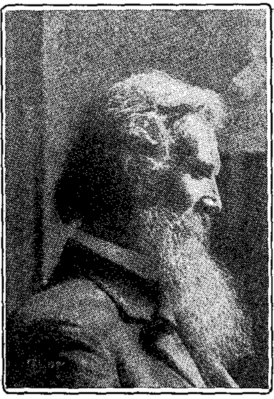
As I rose a bit higher to see some birds that were very near me but screened by the meadow-grass, my foot touched a paddle and rattled it slightly. A single quack, different from all others, followed instantly, and every bird stopped just where he was and stretched his neck high to listen. One mother bird saw me, though I could not tell which one it was until she slipped down from her bog and waddled bravely across in my direction. Then a curious thing happened, which I have often seen and wondered at among gregarious birds and animals. A signal was given, but without any sound that my ears could detect in the intense twilight stillness. It was as if a sudden impulse had been sent out like an electric shock to every bird in the large flock. At the same instant every duck crouched and sprang; the wings struck down sharply; the flock rose together as if flung up from a pigeon-trap, and disappeared with a rush of wings and a hoarse tumult of quacking that told every other bird on the great marsh that danger was afoot. Wings flapped loudly here and there; bitterns squawked; herons croaked; a spike buck whistled and jumped close at hand; a passing musquash went down with a slap of his tail and a plunge like a falling rock. Then silence settled over the marsh again, and there was not a sound to tell what Wood Folk were abroad in the still night, nor what business or pleasure occupied them.

Formerly caribou might be found on these same waterways, and they are the most curious and interesting game that can be hunted without a gun; but years ago a grub destroyed all the larches, on which the wandering woodland caribou depend largely for food. The deer, which are already as many as the country can support in winter, take care of the rest of the good browse, so that there was nothing left for the caribou but to cross over the line into New Brunswick, where larches are plenty and where there is an abundance of the barren-moss that can be dug up out of the snow. Better still, if one is after caribou, is the great wilderness of northern Newfoundland, where the caribou spend the summer and where from a mountain top one may count hundreds of the splendid animals scattered over the country below in every direction. And hunting them so, with the object of finding out the secrets of their curious lives—why, for instance, each herd often chooses its own burying-ground, or why a bull caribou loves to pound a hollow stump for hours at a time—this is, to my mind, infinitely better sport than the hunt for a head.

Once in a lifetime, perhaps, if you haunt the wildest spots in the northern forests, you may regret that you have no firearms with you, for a cold chill of fear in your back makes the cold chill of a rifle-barrel in your hand a very welcome sensation. There are those who say that the panther is extinct in the East, and who laugh at the idea of your meeting him; but once, in the Little Southwest in New Brunswick, I found where something had recently killed a caribou and dragged it away. Following the trail, I came upon a den and a mother panther with her kitten. Once also, when fishing on another very wild stream, I noticed a nervous movement among some logs on the shore just beyond where my fly had fallen. It was a tail, the tip end that cannot long be quiet, and from this nervous flipping and curling I made out suddenly the gray outlines of a great beast stretched out on a log watching me steadily with fierce eyes that seemed to look through and through me at my fishing. There was a swift moment when I longed for the rifle that was far away in camp; but the instant the creature knew he was discovered he vanished like a shadow of the woods. For the panther, if you ever do stumble upon one of the rare survivors in the deepest wilderness, has learned long ago that man is a creature to be let severely alone; and your rifle, like most of the medicines you carry, is not necessary at all except for the mental comfort of having it along.

To the hunter without a gun there is no close season on any game, and a doe and her fawns are better hunting than a ten-point buck. By land or water he is always ready; there are no labors for effects, except what he chooses to impose upon himself; no disappointments are possible, for whether his game be still or on the jump, shy as a wilderness raven or full of curiosity as a blue jay, he always finds something to stow away on his heart in the place where he keeps things that he loves to remember. Now it is the water-spiders—skaters the boys call them—that play a curious game among the grass stems. Now it is an otter and her cubs playing on the surface, that sink when they see you and suddenly come up near your canoe, like a log shot up on end, and, with half their bodies out of water to see better, say *w-h-e-e-e-yew!* like a baby seal, to express their wonder at such a queer thing in the water. Now it is a mother loon taking her young on her back as they leave the eggs, and carrying them around the lake awhile to dry them thoroughly in the sun before she dives from under them and wets them for the first time; and you must follow a long while before you find out why. Now it is a bear and her cubs—I watched three of them for an hour or more, one afternoon, as they gathered blueberries. At first they champed them from the bushes, stems, leaves, and all, just as they grew. Again, when they found a good bush, a little one with lots of berries, they would bite it off close to the ground, or tear it up by the roots, and then, taking it by the stem with both paws, would pull it through their mouths from one side to the other, stripping off every berry and throwing the useless bush away. Again they would strike the bushes with their paws, knocking off a shower of the ripest berries, and then scrape them all together into a pile very carefully and gobble them down at a single mouthful. And whenever, in wandering about after a good bush, one of the cubs spied the other busy at an unusually good find, it gave one a curious remembrance of his own boyhood to see the little fellow rush up whimpering to get his share before all the bushes should be stripped clean by the other.

That was good hunting. It made one glad to let even this rare prowler of the woods go in peace. And that suggests the very best thing that can be said for the hunter without a gun—"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for him," for something of the gentle spirit of Saint Francis comes with him, and when he goes he leaves no pain nor death nor fear of man behind him.



JOHN MUIR

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

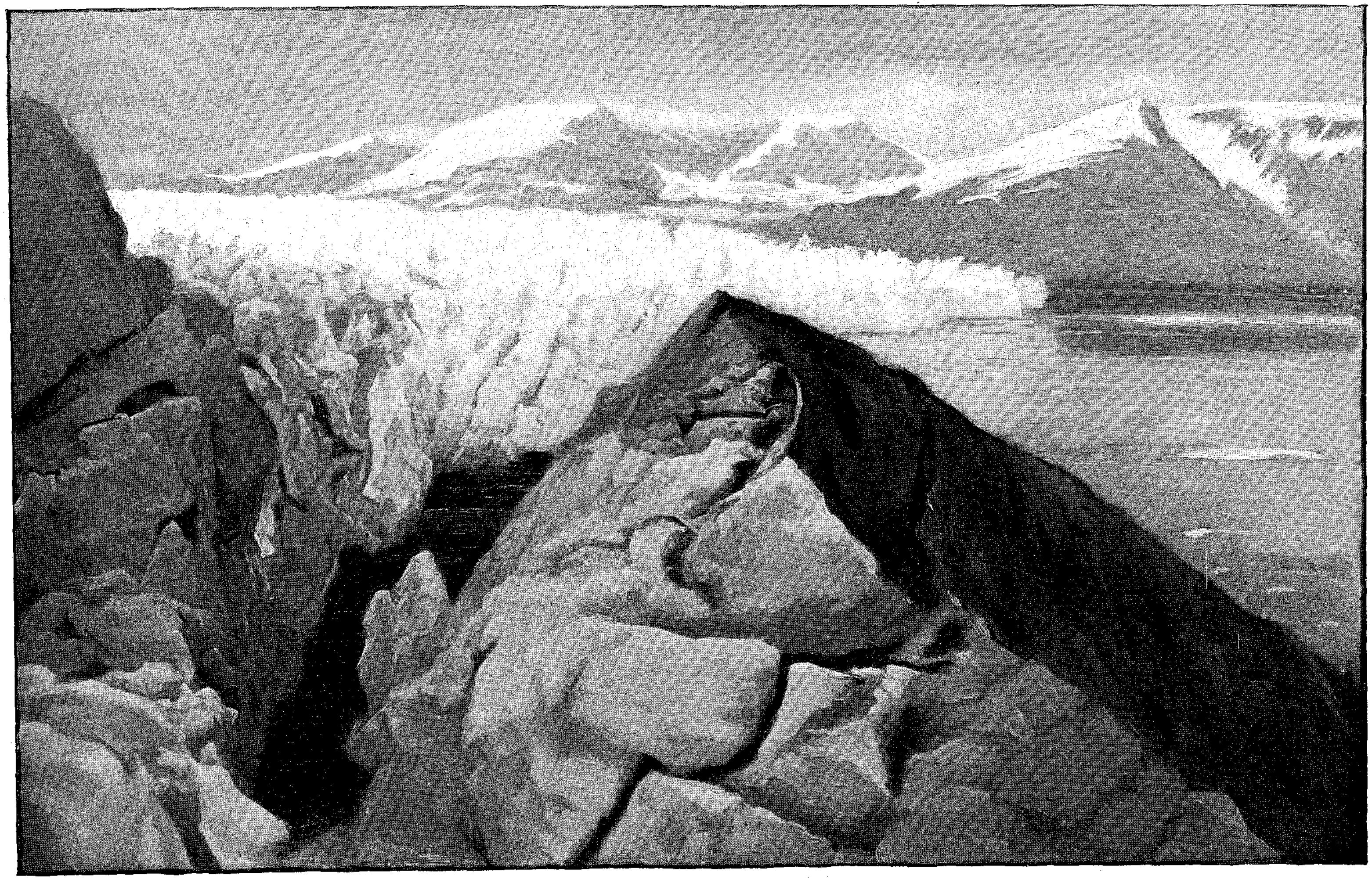
"Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves."—JOHN MUIR.

A DICTIONARY of biography, in giving us John Muir, "geologist, botanist, and lover of Nature," illustrated the futility of attempting to define a man of genius with mere names. For when his various eminences have been set down one after another, fairly and exactly, we discover that the man, after all, is not there. Geologist John Muir certainly is, for no man is more eminently an authority than he on the work performed by glaciers in sculpturing the mountain landscape. One of the greatest of Alaskan glaciers, first explored by him, bears the name Muir Glacier; and no scientist is better informed than he on the geological wonders of the great valleys and mountains of Western North America—the "grand side of the continent," he calls it. Botanist he is, too, the recognized authority on the flora of the Sierras, especially the pines, to which he has devoted years of study. Two universities have attested with honorary degrees the value of his work in these branches of science. And, truly, John Muir is a lover of Nature. Emerson said of him, "He is more wonderful than Thoreau." Few men, indeed, have ever given themselves to Nature so freely as John Muir.

Still other names might be added to those of the dictionary of biography. John Muir is also an author, who has written with rare literary and poetic charm of his mountains and glaciers and trees; he is a traveler, a "wanderer," he would call it, for he has explored the jungles of Cuba and Central America, the glaciers of Alaska, Siberia, Norway, and Switzerland, the deserts of Utah, the forests of Canada, and, best of all, he knows the valleys and peaks of his own Sierras; he is an inventor, having won his earliest successes in devising curious and ingenious mechanical devices; and, finally, he is a rancher, the master of a fruitful valley in central California, with wide-spreading vineyards and orchards and a house set on a hill.

But even these added names, though they indicate some of the diverse activities of a remarkable man, fail in giving us John Muir. We are interested, not so much in what John Muir has done, though he has done much, as in what he is—the man of rare personal charm, of ripe philosophy, of gentle humor, of deep, even mystical, appreciation of natural beauty, the friend of the wild things of the woods, the poet of trees and waterfalls.

John Muir's life appeals to us because



DRAWN BY SIGISMOND IVANOWSKI AFTER A COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY E. H. HARRIMAN

THE MUIR GLACIER. DISCOVERED BY JOHN MUIR it is a complete expression of a deep human instinct which we have often felt, and throttled—the instinct which urges us to throw off our besieging restraints and complexities, to climb the hills and lie down under the trees, to be simple and natural. John Muir not only felt that impulse, but he really escaped. "Going to the mountains," he believed, "is going home." And the fact that he dared to follow his impulse, and that now, after a long life devoted with singular fidelity of purpose to winning the loving confidences of mountain and glacier, forest and flower, the ardor of the impulse is in no wise dimmed, gives us a sense of completeness, shows us in projection, worked out with joy, an instinct of our own. And we want to know more of John Muir, and to hear some of the new and strange things he must have to tell us.

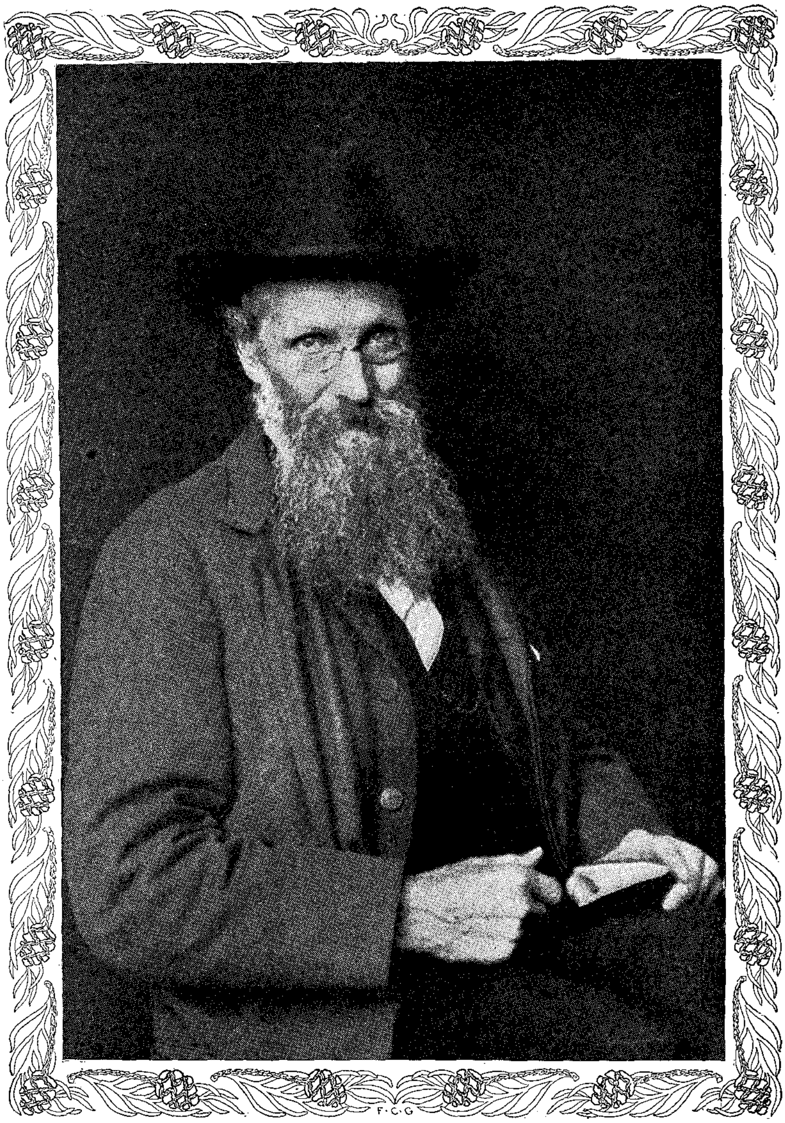
John Muir's career may be said to have had its beginning on the day that he set forth, a raw country boy, to conquer the world, hope in his heart and an odd bundle of whittled wooden machinery on his shoulder. He had made a thermometer out of the end rod of his father's wagon, so fastening it to the side of the house that the expansion of the iron in varying degrees of heat was indicated on a large dial. He had invented and built an automatic sawmill, and several wooden clocks, one of them in the form of a scythe hung on a burr-oak sapling, representing the scythe of old Father Time—a good timekeeper, indicating the days of the week and month, and having attachments for other inventions—for lighting fires and lamps, a bedstead that set the sleeper on his feet at any desired time, and so on. He had also invented an automatic arrangement for feeding horses, a bathing-machine, barometer, pyrometer, hydrometer, safety locks, etc., all original, even the clocks, he never at that time having seen the works of any sort of timekeeper. For he had grown up on a backwoods farm in what was then the wilderness of Wisconsin, near Fox River, twelve miles from Fort Winnebago. His father was a sturdy, hard-working Scotchman of the old school, deeply and sincerely religious, with stern notions concerning the training of his boys and girls. Daniel Muir had been a grain merchant in Dunbar, on the Frith of Forth, Scotland, where John was born (April 21, 1838) and spent the first eleven years of his life, and he had come to America that he might own land and make a place for himself in the world. It was pioneer work of the hardest kind—chopping trees, clearing land, and building barns—and the hours were long, so that when supper was eaten and the Bible read it was time for bed. But one of the boys of the Muir family was ambitious, often taking his mathematical problems with him to the fields and working them out on chips from the trees that he felled; and though he knew that his father's rules were like those of the Medes and Persians, never changeable, and that he could not hope for more time to read in the evening, he was finally told that he might get up as early as he liked in the morning. Though accustomed to sleep ten hours every night, he now broke off sharply to five hours by sheer force of will.

"It was winter," he said; "a boy sleeps soundly after chopping and fence-building all day in frosty air and snow; therefore I feared I would not be able to take any advantage of the granted permission. For I was always asleep at six o'clock when father called, the early-rising machine was not then made, and there was no one to awake me. Going to bed wondering whether I could compel myself to awake before the regular hour and determined to try, I was delighted next morning to find myself early called by will, the power of which over sleep I then for the first time discovered. Throwing myself out of bed and lighting a candle, eager to learn how much time had been gained, I found it was only one o'clock, leaving five hours all my own before the work of the farm began. At this same hour all winter long my will, like a good angel, awoke me, and never did time seem more gloriously precious and rich. Fire was not allowed, so to escape the frost I went down cellar, and there read some favorite book or marked out some invention that haunted me."

And in those long, quiet hours, robbed of sleep, he not only invented machines but he read many books—all he could buy or borrow from neighbors, the best of them, after the Bible and Shakespeare, being "Pilgrim's Progress," "Plutarch's Lives," Josephus, Milton, Burns's poems, Hugh Miller's works, and Scott's novels. The novels were forbidden and most of the others frowned on as leading away from the Bible. Daniel Muir believed that the Bible and the Latin grammar should be the chief if not the only books in the library, and before he was eleven years old John had learned in the hard yet effectual school of the birch switch to recite from memory the entire New Testament and the greater part of the Old; and at that age he knew the Latin and French grammars almost as well. All this seemed hard training to a boy fond of the fields, but in later years it was a precious possession, for there is no school in literary style to equal King James's Bible. John Muir tells with delightful humor how his father frowned on these early risings, but that, having once given his word, Scotch-like, he would not go back on it, even though he felt that his permission had been interpreted quite too faithfully according to the letter. How he trembled lest his father should discover his inventions and deem it his duty to burn them up! After the spare hours and minutes of a year or more had been spent in secret on the construction of one of his curious clocks, his sister came to him whispering, "Feyther kens what yer doin', John." But, fortunately, Daniel Muir had not the heart to destroy the invention, satisfying his conscience by solemnly condemning the wicked waste of time on nonsense which should be given to study of God's Word. Nevertheless, when the great machine for getting up in the morning was finally completed and set to ticking in the parlor, Daniel Muir stepped in quietly, watch in hand, when he thought he was alone, to see if the wooden clock struck exactly on the second.

In 1860 John Muir's neighbors, who regarded him as a great genius, advised him to take some of the most portable of his inventions to a State fair about to be held in Madison, assuring him that they would enable him to enter any sort of machine-shop he liked. But surely, he objected, among such grand machinery as will be there nobody will look at my poor wooden things. Yes, they will, said his encouraging friends, because they are original; there's nothing like them. Go ahead and don't be afraid; a Marquette County farm is no place for you, you're dead sure to get on in the world and be whatever you like.

Since coming to Wisconsin he seldom had been more than a dozen miles from his father's farm, and yet he started out with barely six dollars in his pocket, full of vague hope and innocent ignorance, never expecting that anything wonderful would be seen in any of his whittled machines, and he was greatly surprised to find that they opened all doors to him. When the train that was to carry him to Madison came in, the conductor showed so much interest in his curious bundle that he was emboldened to ask permission to ride on the engine, although he had not been on a railroad train since coming from Scotland. He did not know that it was against the rules; he was completely fascinated in the locomotive as a marvelous mechanism; and, astonishing as it may seem, a momentary glance at his strange bundle so interested the conductor and the engineer that he was actually allowed to ride on the tender, except when nearing stations, all the way to Madison. Next to a trip on a mountain avalanche, which he took quite involuntarily years later, he says it was the most exciting ride he ever had. When he reached the Fair grounds, he found the superintendent only too pleased at the prospect of exhibiting such marvels, and they soon occupied a prominent place in the fine arts hall, where young Muir, too shy to pose as the inventor, mingled with the crowd and heard the admiring comments of the spectators. Though suddenly finding himself a celebrity, he refused, quaintly enough, to read the accounts of his inventions which appeared in the newspapers, because his father had always warned him of the deadly poison of praise. After various adventures in Madison and Prairie du Chien, studying mathematics, drawing, pattern-making, etc., he learned from a student he chanced to meet that he could attend the State University at a cost of a dollar a week or even less; and for four years he was a student, supporting himself largely by working in the harvest-fields, by teaching school, and doing all manner of odd jobs. He was especially interested in mathematics, geology, chemistry, and botany, taking the same course in chemistry year after year, and spending much time besides in exper-

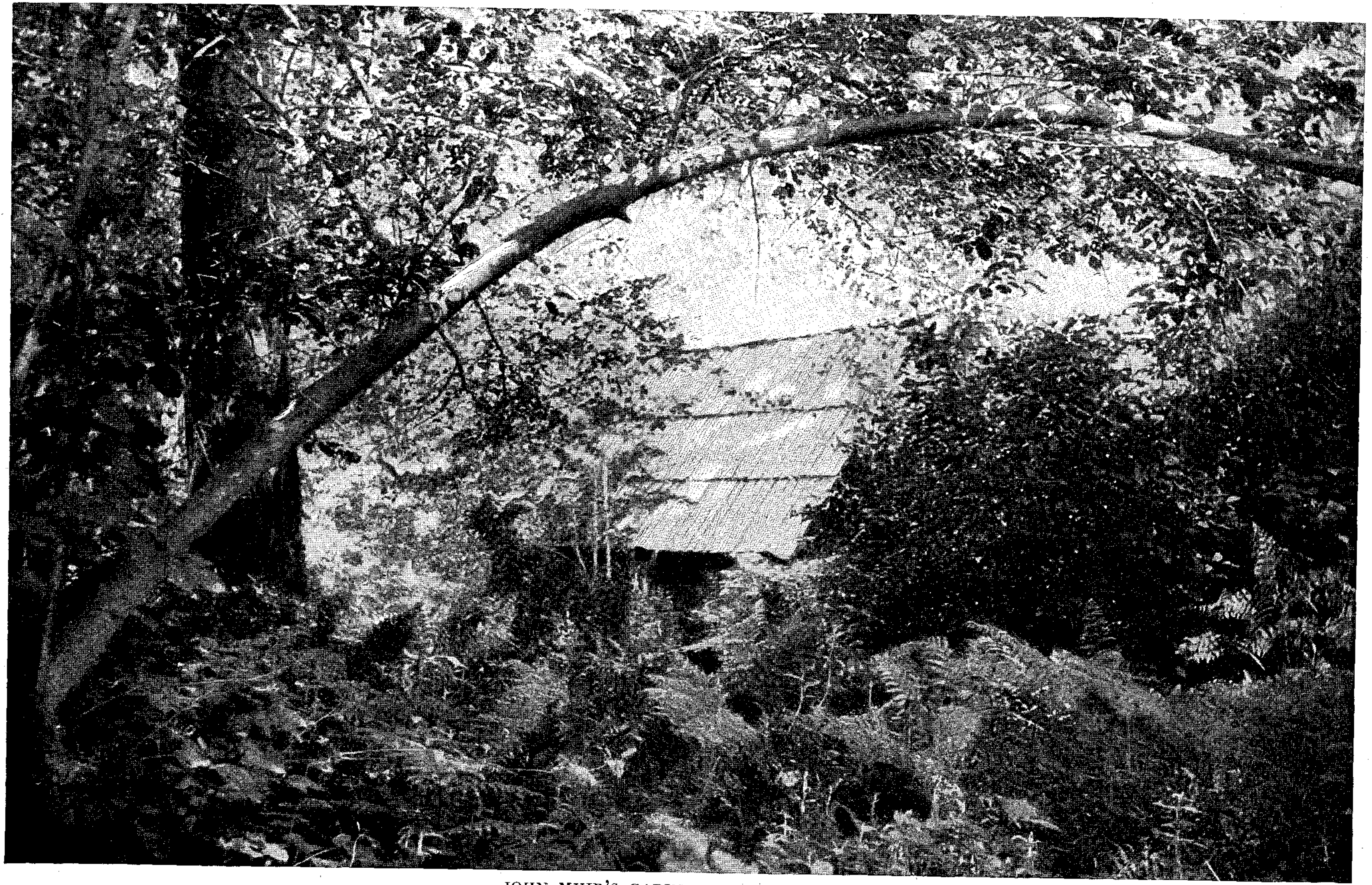


PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER

JOHN MUIR

iments, caring comparatively little for the languages, or for the usual rewards of a college career. At the end of his irregular four years' course he departed, without a diploma, though years later his Alma Mater felt honored in making him a doctor of laws and Harvard University conferred on him the degree of Master of Science.

Though he found himself becoming more and more interested in the natural sciences, he did not lose his enthusiasm as an inventor. His room at the University must have been a place of wonders. Besides the getting-up machine, young Muir built a desk so operated by clockwork that it brought his books before him, each in its turn, and exactly at the time when he should begin its study. After the time-arangements had been made at the beginning of the term for each study, the machine continued to operate whether he was on hand or not. Another invention registered the growth of plant stems during each of the twenty-four hours. It is related that where he once taught school he fitted up a machine which lighted the fire for him every morning, so



JOHN MUIR'S CABIN IN THE YOSEMITE

that he did not have to reach the schoolhouse so early.

It was during his college course that his deep love for wandering afield and studying out-of-door life first began to manifest itself in botanical rambles around the Madison lakes. After leaving the University he vanished in the northern wilderness about the Great Lakes to study the plants and rocks. When his bread-money was spent, he worked on a farm, and again in a mill on the Georgian Bay, where hand-rakes, broom and pitchfork handles were manufactured, and where he invented an entirely new set of automatic machinery, which saved about half the labor formerly involved; he spent all his spare hours in the adjacent woods. But he was not ready yet to give himself fully to outdoor scientific work, which, in those days especially, would not have yielded him bread, to say nothing of butter. Next he went to Indianapolis, where he found employment for a time in a carriage-material factory, and where an unfortunate, or perhaps fortunate, accident deprived him for a time of the sight of one eye, and probably changed the course of his whole career. Writing of this accident to his friend Mrs. Carr, the wife of one of his professors at Madison, he said:

"I felt neither pain nor faintness, the thought was so tremendous that my right eye was gone, that I should never look at a flower again." Escaping from his dark room, he set out on yet longer walks, determined to lay in as great a store as possible while light lasted.

In 1867 he started from Louisville, with a plant-press on his back, a small bag, and three books—the New Testament, Burns's poems, and Milton's "Paradise Lost." Thus free and glad, he made his way, afoot and alone, over a thousand miles to Florida, where he reveled for a time in the deep flowery swamps and jungles, crossing then to Cuba. During most of this journey he slept on the ground out-of-doors, both by preference and because he had no money to pay for other lodgings. He did not avoid human habitation, nor did he seek it, finding his deepest pleasure in winning the secrets of the woods. Even at this early day he revealed the rare sensitiveness toward what may be called the personality of trees and flowers, which finds such delicate and poetic expression everywhere in his later writings. He writes to Mrs. Carr:

"The dear little conservative green mosses have elevated their smooth shining shafts and stand side by side, every cowl properly plaited and drawn down just far enough, every hood with its dainty slant, their fashions unchanging because perfect."

Though originally intending to explore the Amazon River from its highest source to the sea, Muir found himself so racked with fever contracted in the Florida swamps that he departed for California by way of the Isthmus of Panama. It is significant of his great love for the mountains that he should have remained just one day in San Francisco, though it must have been at that time, April, 1863, a most fascinating city, brilliant with the color of the new Western life. He set his face eastward, where the white Sierra, which he was soon to know so well, rose in the distance. In his accounts of this trip on foot through the wonderful San Joaquin valley, then in its virgin glory of plant and flower, mostly untouched as yet by plows and "hoofed locusts," one is conscious in every line of a fine note of exultation. He was free in a pure wilderness; he had escaped.

"Sauntering in any direction," he writes, "hundreds of these happy sun-plants brushed against my feet at every step, and closed over them as if I were wading in liquid gold. The air was sweet with fragrance, the larks sang their blessed songs, rising on the wing as I advanced, then sinking out of sight in the polleny sod, while myriads of wild bees stirred the lower air with their monotonous hum—monotonous, yet forever fresh and sweet as every-day sunshine. Hares and spermophiles showed themselves in considerable numbers in shallow places, and small bands of antelopes were almost constantly in sight, gazing curiously from some slight elevation and then bounding swiftly away with unrivaled grace of motion.

"The great yellow days circled by uncounted, while I drifted toward the north, observing the countless forms of life thronging about me, lying down almost anywhere at the approach of night. And what glorious botanical beds I had! Oftentimes on awakening I would find several new species leaning over me and looking me full in the face, so that my studies would begin before rising."

A few months after leaving San Francisco Muir reached the Yosemite Valley, and there, in the midst of all that was glorious in nature, he decided to renounce all his inventions and devote his life to the study of the inventions of God. Though he could live on little enough—he has said fifty cents a week—that little was necessary, and one season he herded sheep, and then he made his mechanical knowledge serviceable in building a small sawmill in Yosemite, to be used for cutting fallen trees. The hotel-keeper who employed him was somewhat doubtful of his ability, for Muir had earned the title of "one of them botany fellers," but, business having called the owner away for a few months, he was glad on his return to find the mill running. Out over the water-wheel Muir built himself a little cubby of a den, hanging like a swallow's nest to the gable of the building, with one window opening to the grandeur of the valley. It was approached by a steep, narrow plank ladder, making it rather difficult of access to careless visitors. Here he kept his treasures, his collections of cones and plants, here he filled some of his voluminous note-books with sketches and closely written memoranda, and here he entertained Emerson, though he must have trembled when he saw the tall, angular, awkward form of the poet climbing his perilous ladder. Undoubtedly he showed Emerson his treasures with the same unconscious enthusiasm with which he exhibits them to-day. "Man," he says, with a quaint bit of Scotch in his voice, "but that's a grand tree," or, "Isn't that an awful queer muggins of a cone!" Anyway, we know that Emerson enjoyed Muir, and insisted on seeing much of him, and that when he returned he told Asa Gray about him, and when Gray visited the Sierras he searched Muir out and made a friend of him. Muir paid his highest compliment to Emerson by comparing him with the grandest of trees. "He is the Sequoia of the human race." Afterwards other botanists besides Asa Gray came to the Yosemite—the famous Torrey, Sir Joseph Hooker, and others—and they all sought out Muir, not only for his extraordinary knowledge of the plant-forms of his valley, but for himself, his quaint philosophy, and his abundant humor. More than once Muir was tempted by his friends to quit his life in the mountains, which they looked upon as a hardship, but he with joy, and take up a professorship somewhere in the East; but he replied that there were plenty of professors in the colleges and few observers in the wilderness. Nothing, indeed, has ever tempted him far from the mountains.

In order to see something of the deserts and mountain ranges of the Great Basin, Muir joined the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey in 1876 and worked for three years, mostly in Nevada and Utah. He tells with humor of his experiences with the Mormon pioneers of what was then an almost undiscovered country; for Muir, though most deeply interested in mountains, glaciers, and trees, was never a recluse, never unsociable; his sympathies were broad enough to include the human species, and his vision seems all the clearer for his having come to men fresh from the hills. His writings abound in nice bits of characterization of miners, pioneers, Indians, bee-hunters, and others of the wandering sort whom he met on his travels. Having completed his work with the Geodetic Survey, Muir set out for Alaska in 1879 to study the work of glaciers; and there he discovered Glacier Bay and the magnificent river of ice which has since borne his name—Muir Glacier. Indeed, he traversed vast stretches of the ice-country between the coast and the head-waters of the Yukon and McKenzie Rivers, nearly always alone or with a few Indians as his sole companions, braving dangers and difficulties and enduring hardships which to an ordinary man must seem wholly insuperable. In 1881, as a member of the Arctic relief expedition which sailed in the Corwin to search for De Long and the lost Jeannette, he was able to extend his study of glaciers far up in the Behring Sea and along the coast of Siberia. No scientist, indeed, was ever better informed on the world's glaciers than John Muir. After exploring the most notable ice-rivers of North America and the action of ancient glaciers about the coast of Behring Sea and the adjacent Arctic regions, Muir was able in 1893 to gratify a long-cherished scheme of visiting Norway and Switzerland and seeing for himself the fiords and mountains already famous to science, so that he could compare them with those of western America that he knew most intimately, and draw with more certainty the great conclusions which his studies now suggested.

To Muir, a glacier, indeed, is almost a living and toiling presence, a mighty world-force which in the hand of God has fashioned the mountains, carved out the valleys and lake basins, and given us most of that which is beautiful in new mountain landscapes. He tells of going forth to "see God making landscapes," and explains how the "features of the mountains" were developed and polished into beauty by the patient action of the ice-river. Indeed, one who talks long with John Muir cannot help feeling the very personal presence of the mountains. He speaks of the "landscape countenance" and the "expressive outspokenness of the cañon rocks" as he might speak of the countenance or the voice of a friend. Before Muir's time science declared that the great valley of the Yosemite and other similar gorges were formed by terrific cataclysms of nature during which a portion of the earth sank in, leaving behind awful chasms and gulches; but Muir discovered that these glorious mountain temples and palaces were the result of the slow, orderly, grinding action of glaciers working through thousands of years on rocks of peculiar physical structure. He traced out the courses of scores of these ancient glaciers, and, what was more, he discovered no fewer than sixty-five small residual glaciers in the high Sierras, where some of the best-informed scientists asserted with confidence that no glaciers existed. So enthusiastic was he in his studies that he once braved the sublime and awful spectacle of an earthquake in Yosemite Valley, which shook down, with solemn thunder, from cliff and precipice, uncounted thousands of tons of rock, in order to assure himself that the talus or rocky refuse at the sides of that great valley was the result of earthquakes. It is significant of Muir's absorption of interest in these great natural wonders that when he first heard the rumblings of the earthquake, waking him from sleep, his scientific enthusiasm should instantly have risen uppermost, and that, instead of flying in terror for safety, he ran out exclaiming, "A noble earthquake!" and sought the spot where he could best behold the awful spectacle of the falling rocks. Muir has himself written a graphic account of this extraordinary experience.

While John Muir's greatest interest has always been centered in glaciers, and it is on this subject that he has added most to the world's knowledge, he has lost no opportunity to study the trees, flowers, squirrels, and birds of his mountains, nor to take account of the varying rock formations, so that he has contributed to many departments of scientific knowledge. Without Muir the splendid Sierras would still be comparatively little known to the world.

John Muir's methods of exploration are characteristic of his peculiar genius. Had his interest in the mountains been merely the dry curiosity of the scientist in quest of facts, many of his most notable expeditions would never have been made. While he possessed a voracious appetite for everything of scientific significance, he was forever drawn and thrilled by the beauties and splendors of forest and chasm. He would climb as far for the magnificent spectacle of a wind-storm in the tops of a noble forest, or to behold a rare sunset, or a snow-storm, as he would to discover a new glacier. Indeed, it was always the poet who led and the scientist who followed. "A perfectly poetic appreciation of nature," says Walter Bagehot, "contains two elements—a knowledge of facts and a sensibility to charms. Everybody who may have to speak to some naturalists may be well aware how widely the two may be separated. He will have seen that a man may study butterflies and forget that they are beautiful, or be perfect in the 'lunar theory' without knowing what people mean by the moon." Both of these elements of poetic appreciation are united in John Muir, and he shows us nature "tinged by the prismatic rays of the human spirit."

So Muir has always gone forth seeking beauty as well as knowledge, and ordinarily he has gone alone, not only because this method best suited his purposes, but because few men could endure the hardship and fatigue which were his daily portion. A wiry man, of slight build, all muscle and sinew, he was able to traverse great distances on foot, climb precipices and the walls of glaciers with steady nerves, subsist on the smallest possible allowances of food, and sleep where night found him, with no covering but the light clothing which he had worn during the heat of the day. His needs were of the smallest—a bag of bread, a little sack of tea, and a cup in which to steep it—that was the only outfit he carried, beyond his note-book and his four scientific instruments—a thermometer, a barometer, a clinometer, and a watch. Sometimes, when he had nearly reached the top of a mountain and expected to return the same way, he would leave his bag of food and trust to finding it on his return. No matter how wild and rough the country, nor how far he had gone, nor how stormy the weather, he never lost his way, nor failed to find the particular gorge among a thousand where the bread-bag was hidden. Sometimes he missed three or four or even a greater number of meals without special inconvenience. And it was always something of a cross to him to be compelled, when the bag was empty, to return from his heights to what he called the "bread line." He has himself described one of his camping-places in the high Sierras:

"I chose a camping-ground on the brink of one of the lakes, where a thicket of hemlock spruce sheltered me from the night wind. Then, after making a tin cupful of tea, I sat by my camp-fire reflecting on the grandeur and significance of the glacial records I had seen. As the night advanced, the mighty rock-walls of my mountain mansion seemed to come nearer, while the starry sky in glorious brightness stretched across like a ceiling from wall to wall, and fitted closely down into all the spiky irregularities of the summits. Then, after a long fireside rest, and a glance at my note-book, I cut a few leafy branches for a bed, and fell into the clear, death-like sleep of the tired mountaineer."

The hardships, indeed the adventures, of his work seem to have left comparatively little impression upon him. Adventure, he says, is usually misadventure, and a skilled mountaineer is too careful to have many misadventures. Seemingly he became so absorbed in the wonders which were constantly opening before his vision that he was unconscious of his own discomfort and danger. All his writings are singularly and charmingly free from any evidence of self-consciousness in the matter of hardships, though here and there a remark, dropped as if by accident, gives one a glimpse of the tremendous difficulties which he was constantly surmounting. It is a source of humorous mystery to him how one of his friends, a well-known Western explorer, could write so voluminously on his experiences.

"Why," he said, "he had one chapter on how he went up a mountain and another on how he came down again."

And yet it has fallen to the lot of few men to have had more thrilling, and often terrible, experiences than John Muir. At one time, owing to his desire to complete some important observations for the Government, he was caught in a tremendous wind and snow storm on the summit of Mount Shasta, where he lay for seventeen hours in his shirt-sleeves over the jets of sulphur steam from fissures beneath the ice and snow, with the thermometer below zero. Dry, mealy snow, driven by a fierce wind, hissed over him, sifting under his clothing, and yet he escaped from what must have been death to one less hardy than he with nothing more than a few frost-bites. At another time his endurance and will-power saved a surveying party which was traversing the great desert in Utah from perishing by thirst on the sand. Once he became exhausted in attempting to scale a fearful precipice, once he was carried down a mountain-side on an avalanche, and once—and it was one of the few times when he varied his rule of making solitary expeditions—a companion fell on a crumbling spire of a mountain summit, dislocating both arms, and it was only with the most fearful exertion that Muir was able to effect his rescue. But he has himself told the story of what was perhaps the most remarkable of all his experiences. With his little dog Stikeen he was caught one stormy evening on one of the great unexplored glaciers of Alaska, and in returning to camp he found it necessary to cross a crevasse on a narrow and dangerous bridge of ice. The account not only thrills with adventure, but it is one of the most charming of dog stories, showing Muir's rare insight into dog character.

To his own danger in those expeditions

he never seemed to give a thought. Death he looked upon with calmness. "I never have had contempt of death," he writes, "though in the course of my explorations I oftentimes felt that to meet one's fate on a mountain, in a grand cañon, or in the heart of a crystal glacier, would be blessed as compared with death from disease, a mean accident in a street, or from a sniff of sewer gas."

Though his expeditions carried him constantly among the haunts of wild creatures, Muir was never a hunter, not even killing for food, nor does he believe in fishing.

"Hunting," he once said, "is a healthy natural instinct, but one should outgrow it."

He would almost as soon think of killing a friend as he would of killing the wild things of the woods. A visitor once asked him why he did not kill the butcher-birds around his home.

"Why should I kill them?" he asked. "They are not my birds."

Of snakes he says, "Poor creatures, loved only by their Maker." To him all the woods are full of friends. "How many hearts with warm red blood in them," he writes, "are beating under cover of the woods, and how many teeth and eyes are shining! A multitude of animal people, intimately related to us, but of whose lives we know almost nothing, are as busy about their own affairs as we are about ours. Beavers are building and mending dams and huts for winter, and storing them with food; bears are studying winter quarters as they stand thoughtful in open spaces, while the gentle breezes ruffle the long hair on their backs; elk and deer, assembling on the heights, are considering cold pastures where they will be farthest away from the wolves; squirrels and marmots are busily laying up provisions and lining their nests against coming frost and snow foreseen; and countless thousands of birds are forming parties and gathering their young about them for flight to the southlands; while butterflies and bees, apparently with no thought of hard times to come, are hovering above the late-blooming goldenrods, and, with countless other insect folk, are dancing and humming right merrily in the sunbeams and shaking all the air into music."

No more beautiful tribute was ever paid to a bird than his chapter on the "Water Ouzel," in the closing lines of which he suggests how clearly these birds of cataract and storm interpret, "throughout the whole of their beautiful lives," "all that we, in our unbelief, call terrible, in the utterances of torrents and storms, as only varied expressions of God's eternal love." Out of sheer joy of friendship we find him singing and whistling merrily to his friend the Douglas squirrel, which he calls "a bright chip of nature:"

"I sang or whistled 'Bonnie Doon,' 'Lass o' Gowrie,' 'O'er the Water to Charlie,' 'Bonnie Woods o' Craigie Lea,' etc., all of which seemed to be listened to with bright interest, my first Douglas sitting patiently through it all, with his telling eyes fixed upon me, until I ventured to give the 'Old Hundredth,' when he screamed his Indian name, Pillilloveet, turned tail, and darted with ludicrous haste up the tree out of sight, his voice and actions in the case leaving a somewhat profane impression, as if he had said, 'I'll be hanged if you get me to hear anything so solemn and unpiny.'"

Though never a moralizer, John Muir is thus constantly teaching gentleness and sympathy. Indeed, he is by nature too sensitive to the personality of all living things to be less than friendly. He is a very poet for personifying. Coming once on a somewhat rare and bright-colored insect-devouring plant in the woods, he started back, exclaiming: "Hello, who are you? snake, I guess." Similarly, the familiar pepper-tree of California, with its green-yellow foliage, is to him a threatening and unpleasant personality, as the pines are noble or beautiful personalities.

Muir's attitude toward Nature is that of one who stands with bared head. Speaking of him who goes to Nature, Muir once said: "He must be humble and patient, and give his life for light; he must not try to force Nature to reveal her secrets, saying proudly, 'I'm a great man. Trot out your wonders; I'm in a hurry.'" Muir is not one of the scientists who first forms a theory, and then, falling in love with it, reads all nature as its proof, but, recording every detail of fact, storing it up, and "letting the blood circulate around it," he awaits the slow coming of his conclusions. Scores of note-books filled with careful drawings and notes put down in the most painstaking manner indicate the thoroughness of his method. And yet he is no idolater of minute details, believing that science has a much wider sphere than the discovery and tabulation of isolated facts. "Dry words and dry facts," he says, "will not fire hearts. . . . In drying plants, botanists often dry themselves."

To him the details are the A B C's from which the great words and sentences of science are to be formed. Thus he is no believer in the painfully fine distinctions with which science sometimes dallies, much less in those controversies which have their rise in scientific jealousy over priority of discovery, nomenclature, and so on. Having so much beauty to see and so many sweet sounds to hear, the poet in him says we have not time here for controversies and jealousies. "While we are disagreeing over the final letter in a name," he said, "we are possibly forgetting that the tree is beautiful, and that it is here for us to enjoy."

At one time our conversation turned to the subject of evolution, particularly with reference to the views of Professor Haeckel, with whom I had recently been talking. His comment was, firmly: "Some scientists think that because they know how a thing is made, that therefore the Lord had nothing to do with making it. They have proved the chain of development, but the Lord made the chain and is making it." Speaking at another time, he said: "We sometimes hear the Lord spoken of as if He were a little, cranky, old-fashioned being, fastened and sealed in by well-established rules, and that the parsons are on confidential terms with him and know just what he intends." And yet, though brought up in the strict Scotch faith, he said: "I would go down on my knees and barefoot to learn something more about how the Lord works." All through Muir's writings, indeed, one feels the mood of reverence toward the great things of nature, the pervading presence of a powerful and loving Creator.

In the course of his long life John Muir has written much, mostly for the best American periodicals, and he has published two books, "The Mountains of California" and "Our National Parks." Authorship was not among the ambitions of his earlier years, his first published article being a letter which he wrote to a friend. Later, he conceived the idea of earning a little money to pay the small expenses of his expeditions, and he wrote a long series of letters for the San Francisco "Bulletin," including twenty-one articles during his trip to the Arctic in the ship Corwin. He also wrote for the "Overland Monthly," and for a time he edited and wrote extensively for "Picturesque California." He was always deeply interested in the preservation of the wild beauty of the West in parks and forest reservations, and through the influence of Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson, of the "Century," who made an expedition with him in the Yosemite country, he began writing for the "Century," and some years later for the "Atlantic," on the need of governmental protection for our forests—a work of love which has borne rich fruit. "Wildness," he wrote, "is a necessity," and "soon we may have to go further than Nansen to find a good sound solitude;" and that this "wildness" is being preserved to the country by a wise Government is due in no small degree to Muir's efforts.

Muir writes with rare charm and simplicity, his descriptions of natural beauty abounding in delicate sentiment and poetic feeling. He will tell you that writing is the most difficult of his tasks. He composes slowly, often recasting his sentences, rewriting and polishing, seeking always to reach the height of his taste and yet never quite doing it to his own satisfaction. Indeed, he has always more than half begrudged the time spent in writing, feeling that while he was tied to his desk fine things were being done outdoors.

John Muir was married in 1879, the year of his first Alaskan trip, to the daughter of Dr. John Strentzel, of California, and for a time he devoted much of his energy to the management of an extensive vineyard and fruit ranch inherited by his wife. He has two daughters, who are his constant companions and friends. His home, a large, comfortable wooden house, set on a knoll, is in a beautiful valley among the Contra Costa hills, some thirty miles east of San Francisco. A station on the railroad a few hundred yards from his house is named after him. Here, surrounded by his extensive vineyards and, nearer at hand, by some of the wild trees and flowers that he cherishes, he lives and works; and yet he will tell you, "This is a good place to be housed in during stormy weather, to write in, and to raise children in, but it is not my home. Up there is my home"—pointing toward the Sierras. He works in a little upper front room, surrounded by a busy litter of books, pictures, and botanical specimens, cones each of which has a history, twigs of pine yet fragrant of the forest, though dry and brown. Now past sixty-four years old, he is still full of vigor and enthusiasm, a fascinating talker and story-teller, interested in the great outside world of men and yet having no desire to touch it more closely. It is very rarely indeed that he is persuaded to leave his home, and he has an especial dread of attending any sort of "function" where he may be called upon to speak. He has been President since its organization of the Sierra Club, and in the summer of 1901 he went for a trip to the Yosemite with a party of its members. Of late years he has not done so much mountain-climbing, though he is still a great traveler; as a companion of the Forest Commission of the American Academy of Sciences, with Professor Sargent, of Harvard, and others, he traversed much of the mountain country of the coast and visited Yellowstone Park, and later, as a member of the Harriman exploring expedition of 1899, he returned once more to the scene of his discoveries in Alaska. And it was only a few years ago that he had the pleasure of visiting his old home in Scotland. It is now his purpose to give the world as much as possible of the results of his long years of exploration, drawing upon the riches of his note-books, and to that end he is confining himself much to his desk.

A rare man, poet and scientist, we have to be thankful that John Muir stands out, though almost alone in a world of money-makers, a quiet exemplar of the simpler life.

The Age of Abel

By Alice Ward Bailey

"KI-YI-YI, wow-wow!" The yelp of anguish became a bark of defiance. Aunt Phebe hurriedly opened the front door. "If you touch my cat, Sandy Griswold—" she began indignantly, adding, "I should thought you'd known better than to ha' brought him, Lois."

"I didn't bring him," protested the small, bent old lady, in a mourning veil, who followed the dog and did her gentle best to restrain him. "He would come in spite of me."

"Well, if I couldn't manage a *dog*—" cried her sister, scornfully. "Come, Tom, he sha'n't touch ye." The large tiger cat, blown up to twice his natural size by fear and anger, stiffly allowed himself to be lifted to his mistress's shoulder, where he clung and glared at his enemy from a position of safety. "You'll have to shut him up in the woodshed chamber," persisted Phebe; "I won't have Tom tormented."

Lois agreed, but there was a tenseness about her meek little mouth, as she stooped to pat her companion before locking him in, which did not relax while she removed her bonnet and shawl.

"I hear Silas an' his wife are goin' to spend the summer on the old place," suggested Phebe, dropping Tom and his quarrel, but Lois made no reply. "They say he's made consid'able money out West and is goin' to fix up the homestead for Eliza to be comfortable in the rest of her days," pursued Phebe.

"He's goin' to do more 'n that," exclaimed Lois, beguiled in spite of herself by this opening for the display of superior knowledge. "I was over to Eliza's yesterday."

"Did you see Silas?"

"That's what I went for. They come for me; they wanted to see me about something partic'ler."

It was Phebe's turn to be silent now, but her attitude was one of close attention.

"Silas is goin' to make over the meetin'-

house and put in an organ, and he is goin' to have a brass plate set into the wall in memory of his father an' mother "— here Lois hurried a little. "He knew I had the Family Bible, and he wanted to ask me how old Abel was when he died."

She did not lift her eyes from her knitting, but she knew that Phebe's dark orbs, bright still and piercing in spite of her seventy years, flashed a glance like the gleam of a sword in her direction.

"Do you mean to say," demanded the deep, determined voice which she feared more than anything else in the world yet always dared and defied, "do you mean to tell me that you would let a lie be nailed up in the house of God?"

"'Tain't a lie," returned Lois, doggedly.

"It is, and you know it. Don't that Family Record say you're sixty and I know you're sixty-one? Wa'n't I there with old Mis' Drew till the doctor come? And she said I was handy as a woman, if I wa'n't but nine years old," finished Phebe, proudly.

"I didn't tell him nothin' about you nor me," returned Lois. "All he wanted to know was how old Abel was when he died."

"You've said enough," exclaimed Phebe, with the air of a judge dismissing a criminal. "If we hadn't had this thing over and over, and up and down, there'd be some excuse; but you know as well as I do that there ain't one word of truth in that old Family Record from beginning to end."

"Why, Phebe Allen," protested her sister in awestruck tones. "Your own mother's Bible!"

"I don't care if it was my grandmother's!" exclaimed Phebe. "I know how we come; me an' Nathan an' Abel a year an' a half apart—"

"Two years," corrected Lois.

"I said a year an' a half, an' I stand to it," cried Phebe, raising herself in her chair. Her long, bony fingers trembled as they grasped the wooden arms, her ample bosom rose and fell stormily under her black gown.

The little woman in the rocking-chair before her turned pale, and her downcast eyelids fluttered; but she did not falter in the defense of Authority against Tradition. Silence fell between them like a veil, and through it pierced and rang a cry like that of the fatal Banshee.

"I'll have to go," murmured Lois, moving towards her bonnet and shawl. "Sandy'll keep that up till I do."

"Ain't you goin' to stop to dinner?" queried her sister, feeling stirrings of hospitality.

"Not to-day," replied Lois, spearing her back hair with the pin which was to hold her bonnet on. "Shall you be over next week?" she inquired, politely.

"I dunno. I've been havin' rheumatism along back, I can't walk fur," returned Phebe, finding it as difficult as any prevaricator to apply her theories to the social problem.

"Well, come when you can," sighed Lois. "Good-day."

"Good-day," responded Phebe, and watched the bent little black figure unfasten the woodshed door and follow the obstreperous Sandy to the gate. "Lois grows old," she mused, and something twitched at her heartstrings. "I've half a mind to call her back—if it warn't for that great, gallopin' hound—no, I won't, neither!" She resolutely laid the table for one, and ate with an assumed relish the spice-cake and custards she had prepared for Lois.

It was some days before Silas and his wife called. Silas had been out of town, he said, but Phebe felt the lack of sympathy in his manner and hardened her heart anew against her younger sister. Silas's wife did her amicable best to smooth the situation, but it bristled with difficulties. "Why do you treat Aunt Phebe so?" she asked her husband as they drove homeward.

"I can't bear her domineering ways," he answered, impatiently flicking with his whip the grass by the roadside. "She fairly abuses Aunt Lois because Aunt Lois happens to have the Family Bible and some other treasures."

"I don't think it's that!" exclaimed his wife. "Excuse me, dear, but—Aunt Phebe seems so sure—and you haven't proved yet that those old records are correct."

He turned and looked at her. "Do you think for a moment that my pious ancestors would put anything between the leaves of that Book which they could not swear to?"

"They might."

"O you Western heretic! It is evident that you were brought up on the Stock

Exchange. You are in New England now. We may have cheated the Indians and burned the witches, but we are a God-fearing, truth-telling—"

"I know you are, none of you more so than Aunt Phebe," interrupted his wife. "I wish you'd drive over to Hardwick and look up those town records."

"Perhaps I will," said Silas, carelessly. But he did not go.

Meanwhile the meeting-house went on accumulating stained-glass windows and a new pulpit, electric lights and pew-cushions, lifted a wing here to let in an organ and there to make room for a choir, until one would hardly recognize the place.

After all, Silas did not see it completed. He was called home by business complications and his wife went with him.

Every one else attended the memorial service. The small edifice was packed. When Aunt Phebe appeared, leaning heavily upon her cane, her own pew was filled and she was ushered to a seat far up in front, face to face with the tablet.

It was so near that she did not at first espy it. All at once it flashed upon her, full in the midday light. A mischief-making sunbeam waltzed roguishly across it and picked out, letter by letter, figure by figure, the line which stated Abel Allen's age at the time of his demise to have been sixty-seven years.

Her dark skin grew mahogany-color. She glanced about for Lois, the minister, some one, any one whom she could hold responsible for the affront. But Lois was hidden away among the Griswolds; the minister was thinking over the impressive words he meant to say. She stood up deliberately, and stretched out her long right arm, pointing a tremulous finger at the shining plate. "It's a *lie*," she said distinctly; then, gathering up her cane, her hymn-book, and her sprig of fennel, she hobbled out.

Deacon Tupper, who was helping the sexton seat the people that day, hurried after her. "What's the matter with ye, Miss Allen?" he whispered. "Be ye faint?"

"No, I ain't faint," she answered aloud. "But I've had all the *memorial* I want. I'm goin' home." And go she did, hearing behind her as she climbed the hill,

"I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,"

sung by choir and congregation, all standing.

Early the next morning the minister made his way to Phebe Allen's house. He was a young man and this was his first parish. He was small and spare, very much in earnest, very sure of his opinions. Aunt Phebe met him at the door and scanned him up and down. "Come in," she said briefly.

"I am deeply pained and surprised," he began, seating himself in the chair she placed for him.

He paused.

She waited for him to continue.

"Miss Allen," he began again, more earnestly, "how can you, now, when our little church for the first time sees prosperity before her, when for the first time she takes her stand among the largest and most respectable churches in this vicinity, how can you bring discord and unhappiness into our midst, merely because of one uncertain figure?"

"I guess you'd think one figger was consid'able, if anybody was owin' ye," returned Miss Phebe with acidity: "an' 'tain't uncertain; I know what it is, an' I keep a-tellin' 'em, but there won't nobody listen to me."

"I am convinced," the minister went on; "I have thought the matter over, and I am convinced that no one would put a false statement into a Family Bible Record."

"You believe the whale swallowed Jonah, don't ye?" returned Miss Phebe, irrelevantly. "Well, I don't."

For full thirty seconds neither spoke. Conversation was past recovery. The call came to an abrupt close.

Deacon Tupper was the next to try his hand at a reconciliation. "Oh, come now, Miss Allen, whether Abel was sixty-seven or sixty-eight, we've got to have peace an' harmony," he said, airily. "You act as if we'd been shortenin' his days while he had 'em; 'tain't goin' to hurt him now—allowin' that they be shortened."

Aunt Phebe fixed her great black eyes on his small, watery blue ones. "Ye think it's dretful funny, don't ye," she said with scorn, "to see an old woman like me all worked up over nothin'? Well, 'tain't nothin' to me; it's a good deal. An' I hain't ben treated right."

More than one of the neighbors said

that; they said Aunt Phebe ought to have been consulted as long as she was one of the family; "it was enough to mad anybody to be set aside that way."

But when they attempted to say this to Aunt Phebe herself, they were sent promptly about their business. She was not of those who discuss family troubles wlth outsiders. "I can manage my own quarrel," she told them. She could and did.

When the Griswolds came over, escorting Lois, she met them with an exasperating smile, and the elaborate manner in which she performed the rites of hospitality drove them precipitately home; nor did they appear again. Lois came once alone, having taken precautions to leave Sandy, yelping discomfiture, in the clutch of the Griswold children. She rapped timidly at the front door, but received no answer. She tried it; it was locked. Phebe had intrenched herself in the little gray house with her cat and her patchwork, and only the milkman and the butcher saw her after that.

Winter passed, and spring. Summer came, bringing Silas Allen back to the scene of his benefactions.

"How is everything, mother?" he inquired at the tea-table less than a half-hour after his arrival. "How's the little church?"

Eliza shook her head. "Phebe ain't set foot inside the door since the day of the memorial service," she said, sorrowfully. "What's more, she won't let none of us go near her, and I know there's times when she needs her own folks."

Silas gave a low whistle and looked at his wife. Her answering glance was too full of distress to find room for recrimination.

"What can I do?" he asked, helplessly, when they two were alone.

"Do?" she cried. "You can do just what I wanted you to do in the first place; you can go over to Hardwick and prove that tablet right or wrong."

"What if it's right?"

"Aunt Phebe will be the first to acknowledge a mistake."

"You think so?"

"I know it. Dear, let's go to-morrow."

"Will you go?"

"Of course."

They set off in the early morning, a big lunch-basket before them and a bag of oats in behind for the horse. Before they were out of the yard Eliza came running after them.

"If I's you," she panted, "I'd see Phineas Fletcher—the old gentleman—Young Phineas is his son. He's a sort of second cousin of mine. He lives in Hardwick—or did—right on the Green. He knew your father, and used to visit Gran'pa and Gran'ma Allen. Ask him about the old Bible. He may know who wrote up the records. 'Twa'n't any of the Allens; they couldn't write that fine, copperplate hand."

"All right, mother. Anything more?" inquired Silas, gathering up the reins.

"No, I guess not. Hope you'll have a nice day." She ran back to the house, and the travelers drove on. A beautiful road lay before them, through fragrant pine forests, skirting lovely meadows, and over hills which afforded glimpses of distant mountain and valley between the clustering trees.

"Our errand seems very insignificant," sighed Elizabeth, "in the face of granite rocks and giant spruces"—

"But not in the face of Aunt Phebe," finished Silas, with a laugh. "I wonder what she'll say when we prove to her the correctness of those records."

Elizabeth gave him a quick glance. To her the problem was capable of another solution.

The first boy they met could tell them where Phineas Fletcher, "the old gentleman," lived, and it was "on the Green," as Eliza had said, in a large, square white house, with cornices over the front door and the windows. They tied the horse, and rang a loose-jointed bell, which rang crazily for several seconds after they pulled it.

The young girl who opened the door said "Gramper" hadn't been feeling well lately, but she guessed he'd be glad to see them.

He was. He shook hands vigorously first with one, then the other, and exclaimed with delight over Silas. "Abel Allen's boy, wal, I declare; it don't seem possible! I heard you's 'round, last summer, fixin' up the old meetin'-house. Fixed it up 'most too much for your Aunt Phebe, didn't ye? He-he-he!"

"That's why I'm here," rejoined Silas,

with equal heartiness. "My mother thinks you can help us out of this scrape. Do tell me if that record in the old Family Bible is correct—if you know."

"Know? I guess I do," chuckled Phineas. "Warn't I there? An' didn't I hear Uncle Joseph Morton explainin' his figgers to Mis' Allen?"

"Explaining his figures?" repeated Silas and Elizabeth in a breath.

"Ya-as," drawled Phineas, stroking his long gray beard, and enjoying to the full the sensation his words produced. "Tried to tell her how her children was born two years apart 'stead of a year an' a half, as she s'posed. Whether 'twas easier for him to figger that way, or he thought they looked better so, he's bound to have it they's born two years apart. I had to laugh when I heard what a row it had raised 'tween Phebe an' Lois."

"Then Aunt Phebe was right!" exclaimed Elizabeth, solemnly.

"Ya-as," repeated Phineas, still stroking his beard. "You'll find it on the books over to the town clerk's house."

"Where is the town clerk's house?" demanded Silas. He would not look at his wife.

"Jes' 'crosst the Green. You can see it, that yaller house, sets back from the street."

"Will you wait here?" asked Silas of Elizabeth, and still their eyes did not meet.

"Let her stay, let her stay," clamored Phineas. "An' you might's well put up your horse. Tea'll be ready soon's you get back—won't it, mother?"

He appealed to the chubby-cheeked old lady entering the door. She had delayed to put on her "t'other gown," and was flustered into a fine color by the haste with which she had "shifted." The young girl who met them at the door was close behind. The fragrance of fresh bread came in with her from the kitchen.

"Oh yes, tea'll be ready right away," chirped the old lady, and the young girl smiled hospitably.

Silas was gone but a few minutes. He entered without a word, and gravely hung his hat on a peg in the hall.

"Well?" exclaimed Elizabeth, interrogatively.

"Warn't it jest as I said?" inquired Phineas.

"Yes, it was just as you said," responded Silas, gloomily.

"You don't seem over an' above pleased," commented Phineas, jocosely.

"I'm not," was the laconic reply.

"What sort of a man was Uncle Joseph Morton?" put in Elizabeth, quickly.

"You saw them records?" returned Phineas. "Wal, they look just like him, proper an' pre-cise—*an' jus' as soon lie as not!*" The heat of an old grudge was in his words, but before he could say more "tea" was announced, and, confronted by its magnificent proportions, Uncle Joseph Morton's mendacity, with all the trouble it had wrought, became a matter of secondary importance.

Silas's gravity remained, however. His wife rallied him upon it, gayly, as they drove towards home, the next day. "I don't see why you are so down-hearted," she said, "now that everything is settled."

"Settled!" he cried, "settled! Everything is *un*-settled. I wish I had never touched that tablet!"

"I don't see why," she returned, obtusely.

"You don't?" he almost shouted. "Here I've got to go and haul down that tablet after it has been consecrated and memorialized and what-not and have it made over and stuck up again! I've got to tell Aunt Lois her Bible Records are full of lies—she'll think *that's* Infidelity and Higher Criticism!"

"Fudge!" cried Elizabeth. "You make too much of it. Just go there quietly and take the tablet down. Such a slight alteration can be made in no time. I'll attend to Aunt Lois."

"You don't know these people as well as I do," was all that Silas would say.

Nevertheless, he set off bravely as soon as he had let her out of the buggy, and returned an hour later with the tablet lying on the seat beside him, face down.

Elizabeth ran to meet him. "It wasn't so bad, after all, was it, now?" she demanded.

He smiled. "There was a special interposition of Providence," he said, lightheartedly. "The parson had 'gone to Conference,' and the parson's wife was entertaining callers in the parlor. Their youngest son showed me where the key to the church hung, on a nail in the hall, with instructions to 'put it back when I was through with it.' He ran back to his game of 'Hi Spy,' and has forgotten all about the key, as long as I returned it. I borrowed a screw-driver of the heretics on the back street behind the church, who have never heard of the tablet, or, if they have, don't care."

Elizabeth clapped her hands. "Then we'll pack this off to New York by the first express," she said, "and after supper we'll settle the aunties. How you will sleep to-night!"

After supper she organized her expedition; the surrey with two horses, Eliza on the back seat, herself and Silas on the front seat. "To the Griswold Farm, first," she directed.

Lois came out, bareheaded, to greet them, followed by three of the Griswold children and the dog Sandy. "Get right out," she cried, hospitably. "I've been wonderin' all day if you wouldn't be over to-night."

"You get right *in*," responded Elizabeth, "as soon as you've put on your bonnet and shawl. Children, run and get Grandma's bonnet and shawl!" Away scampered the trio, with Sandy at their heels.

"We're going to take you for a little drive," explained Eliza. "It's such a nice evenin'."

"So 'tis," agreed Lois. "But I dunno; how 'm I goin' to dress, right here side the road?" She managed to get into the wrappings, however, when they came, and had clambered to her place beside Eliza before Silas could spring to her assistance.

"You're spry as a girl, Auntie," he exclaimed admiringly, and Lois drew up her bent little figure with a heroic effort to make it straight. She did not notice where they were going until the horses' hoofs rang out on the flinty road her feet had so often trod, over the hill to Phebe's. Then she clutched Eliza's arm. "Where be you takin' me?" she gasped.

"Over to see Aunt Phebe," called Silas over his shoulder, before his mother could reply. "Don't you want to go?"

"She don't wanter see me," faltered Lois. "I wish she did."

"How much would you give, Auntie?" asked Elizabeth, turning around and laying a caressing hand on Lois's knee.

"'Most anythin'," answered Lois, with emotion.

"Would you give the old Bible Records?" pursued Elizabeth.

"What d'ye mean, child?" ejaculated Lois.

"Tell her," said Elizabeth to her husband.

"Tell her yourself," he responded.

"Auntie," she exclaimed, giving the knee an affectionate squeeze, "we've been over to Hardwick to look at the town records, and, do you know, that old Bible Record isn't right! Aren't you glad? There was no other way to make up with Aunt Phebe, and you never did care as much as she did!"

Oh, wily Elizabeth! Before the horses trotted up to the little gray house where Phebe lived, Lois really believed she was as glad as Elizabeth said she was.

There was no sign of life about the place, but the front door was not locked, as when Lois last approached it. "I'm sca't," she muttered, her hand trembling on the latch. "She wouldn't be gone this time o' day!"

"Who's there?" called an imperious voice.

"Thank the Lord!" breathed Lois, and they hurried in.

"You'll have to wait on yourself," continued the voice. "I've turned my ankle. Why, Lois, 's that you? and Silas's folks! I declare, I ain't fit to see company—an' the kitchen fire's out—an' the breakfast dishes ain't done!"

No one replied. Lois was down on the floor beside her, removing shoe and stocking from the injured foot. "Bring me some cold water, s' long as there ain't any hot," she commanded.

"I'll have some hot in a minute," called Silas, making a rush for the kitchen. Eliza followed him. Elizabeth tucked a cushion between Aunt Phebe's back and the ribs of the chair, and drew her little shawl over her shoulders.

"How long you ben settin' here?" demanded Lois, sharply.

"Since eight o'clock this mornin'," was the reply.

Lois groaned.

"Go tell 'em to make her a cup o' tea," she said to Elizabeth, "an' cook her an egg on toast." Elizabeth flew.

"Bring me a basin of water as soon as it's het," Lois called after her, "an 'make me a bandage—there's old linen in the chist in the attic chamber. Sakes alive!" she murmured, "since eight o'clock!" Her bonnet with the mourning veil had tumbled off, her small, anxious face was a network of wrinkles, there was not a trace of her ordinary shrinking manner. She ordered Elizabeth about and hastened the movements of Silas and his mother. In an incredibly short time the ankle had been bathed and bandaged and the tea and the egg on toast were ready.

Phebe glanced from one to another of the four standing about her. "Can't ye find a place to set down, any of ye?" she inquired, humorously. "Anybody 'd s'pose I was of consid'able consequence. Makes me think"—she turned to Silas—"of the time your father spraint his ankle. You wouldn't remember it, Lois; you weren't but three. I was twelve an' Abel was nine." She paused, but no one challenged her figures. On the contrary, Silas, with a deference he had never shown this aunt before, drew a chair beside her and seated himself very near.

"You must remember just how he looked," he said, confidentially.

"Remember? I guess I do! Little freckle-face boy!" There was a wealth of tenderness in her tone.

Lois softly withdrew to the kitchen. Eliza went, too. Elizabeth hesitated a moment, then drew her chair to the other side of the big, motherly figure. "I know Silas wants you to tell about his father when he was a little boy," she said, caressingly, "and I'd like to hear it, too."

"'Tain't no great of a story," disclaimed Phebe. "'Cep' to those who are interested; 'course I like to go over it, here by myself, as I do, a great many times a day." With this prelude she began. Story after story fell from her lips; small, uneventful happenings, of consequence, as she had said, only to those who held their subject dear, tender trifles, whimsical personalities, until the form of the little lad stood before them distinct and real and living, from the torn brim of his straw hat where he "peeked through" to the soles of his bare brown feet.

The twilight fell and found them so, the listeners bending ever nearer, ever more absorbed and touched, the speaker gathering confidence as she proceeded. Lois came in with the lamp, at last, and fidgeted about.

"Are we letting her talk too much?" inquired Elizabeth.

"We was sayin'," said Eliza, also returning from the kitchen, "that somebody ought to stay with her—"

"*I* shall stay," interrupted Lois, promptly.

"Oh yes, Lois'll stay," agreed Phebe, good-humoredly. "Silas, if you'll come over some day I'll show you those little things I spoke of. You'll have 'em when I'm gone, but I'll keep 'em for the present."

"I'll be over to-morrow," said Silas.

"We all will," said Elizabeth. And then they drove away and left the sisters together.

"Phebe," said Lois, timorously, "they've been over to Hardwick to the town clerk's house, an' our old Bible Records ain't right."

"Course not; never were," returned Phebe. "Lois, do you remember when Uncle 'Lisha pulled Abel's tooth—the first he ever had pulled? He led him out to the barn, and rolled open the big door. Then he moved all the carts and kerridges. Then he got a broom, an' swep' up clean, an' *then* he sat down in the middle of the floor, and took Abel's head atween his knees."

Phebe laughed softly to herself. "I've jus' been tellin' Silas about it."

"Should ha' thought 'twould ha' sca't Abel 'most to death!" exclaimed Lois.

"Not much!" returned Phebe. "He took it all in. He warn't nobody's fool, Abel warn't." She laughed again, and rubbed her hands.

Lois tiptoed gingerly about, straightening the familiar chairs and tables. Everything was unchanged since that last visit more than a year ago. She bethought herself of one thing which might be different. "Phebe," she asked, with sudden interest, "did you ever do any more on that shell-pattern quilt?"

"Got it done!" cried Phebe, triumphantly. "It's all laid out in the best chamber. Go and see how nice it looks."

Lois obeyed. The Old Family Bible Record was as if it had not been. The next Sunday the corrected tablet was in its place, and not many weeks afterwards Phebe was in hers.

A Little Memory of a Swiss Adventure

By William Frederick Dix

RECENTLY, while standing on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue, waiting for a downtown car, there happened to be a temporary lull in the street noises, a brief cessation of rumbling wagons, and as I became gradually conscious of the unusual stillness, suddenly a bewitching glimpse of Switzerland came into my mind. I seemed caught away from the sordid, unlovely New York street corner to the idyllic peace and beauty of the Rhone Valley. I saw the little paved square before the Hotel de la Post in the village of Brieg. The cream and russet walls of the houses surrounded me, the great six-horse diligence which had just come down from the Simplon Pass was beside me, and gray-clad, hobnail-booted hostlers were leading away the horses, while from the opposite side of the little square came a half-dozen sleek cows jangling their bells as they slowly stumbled along in the dusk to the stone watering-trough.

Jangling their bells! Ah! that was the fairy call that lured me so quickly off to Switzerland. Coming down Eighth Avenue was a ragman's cart, unpainted and creaking and with a string of discordant bells strung between two short posts at the back. They produced just the medley of sound of a drove of Swiss cattle! I shut my eyes, and, letting two downtown cars go by unheeded, was, as I listened, whisked back again to the little cobblestone square and the entrance of the Hotel de la Post.

All the way downtown I dreamed of Switzerland. I did not see the conductor as I mechanically paid my fare, and I forgot to ask for a transfer. I breathed the air of the Alps, and stamped into the Hotel de la Post demanding a hot supper and preparing for it in a dainty little bedroom *au deuxième*, with white tidies on the chairs. What a day it had been! The most adventurous of many. And here I was safe in Switzerland with my bicycle, and the diligence authorities outwitted!

The day before I had set out, with a light heart, on the last and more difficult part of my bicycle trip. I had ridden from Florence across the Apennines to Bologna, thence up the smiling Lombardy plain to Milan and the Italian Lakes, and, leaving Pallanza, on Lake Maggiore, about mid-afternoon, I rode the twenty-five miles of level macadam road, reaching Domo Dossola, at the foot of the great mountain wall that separated me from Switzerland, at dusk. It was in early April, and as I looked across to the mountains, I noted how low the snow line was, and realized that I could not cross the pass on foot. Halting at the dismal hostlery opposite the diligence office, I secured a brick-paved, severely furnished room for the night and strolled across to the office.

To the man at the little window I made my request for a seat in the coupé.

"Perfectly, monsieur. What luggage have you?"

"Only a knapsack and a bicycle."

"Ah! a bicycle! I am sorry, monsieur, but the law does not allow us to take bicycles on the diligence."

"No bicycles!" I cried, aghast; "but I am traveling by bicycle! How can I get across?"

In reply, one of those detestable French shrugs by which one throws off all responsibility in the matter and leaves you helpless.

"I am living in the Rhone Valley at present," I explained, "and I have come from Florence on my bicycle. I must cross the Simplon to-morrow. How can I go, if not by the diligence?"

It was growing dark, and the post agent was anxious to close the business.

"Monsieur," he said, firmly and coldly, "many voyageurs have come hither *en bicyclette*, and they have all had to enter Switzerland by some other route. There are fifteen feet of snow on the pass at this season, and five hours of the journey are in open sledges. How, then, can a bicycle be transported? Besides," and he rose to close the window, "the law forbids. Good-night."

And I stood alone, looking blankly into the dark square across which were the lights of the inn. I walked angrily back, summoned the landlord, and demanded that he come to my rescue. It began to rain, and the evening was chilly. I had been looking forward for days to my return to my beloved Switzerland, and here, at the very threshold, the door was suddenly shut in my face. To go to Lake Geneva by some other route meant by either the Mont Cenis tunnel via Turin and Geneva, or the St. Gothard via Lucerne, either route necessitating three or four additional days. My landlord stolidly verified the remarks of the agent, and said that frequently *messieurs les voyageurs* were thus disappointed.

"But," I persisted, "why cannot I go by extra post?"

A genial, full-bearded fellow-guest, a Dutch gentleman who had been listening to our conversation, here joined in, raising his hat with charming grace to me, in apology for the intrusion.

"Certainly," he said in excellent English, though we had been talking in French—a trick which most foreigners have when they recognize the American. "I and my two daughters go to-morrow by extra post; I should be glad to offer the fourth seat to monsieur, if—"

I was about to express my gratitude when mine host explained that the extra post was just as much under government control as the diligence, and "the law did not allow bicycles."

"Then," I exclaimed in desperation, "I will hire a private conveyance."

The landlord smiled. "Impossible," he said. "That would require a relay of horses, and relays are a government monopoly." As we three stared in silence for a moment at each other there in the damp little courtyard, suddenly an idea smote me.

"Landlord," I said, "have you any meal-bags?"

"Meal-bags, Monsieur?"

"Yes; four large, strong meal-bags. Send for them quickly." I crossed to my bicycle, unstrapped the knapsack from the handle-bars, took off the tool-bag and handle-bars, and, crouching down on the pavement, by the light of a lantern, removed the saddle, chain, and wheels. In a few moments the vehicle which had borne me stoutly over a thousand miles of rough Italian roads had resolved itself into its several parts. Then an elderly peasant woman appeared with an armful of dusty burlap bags. The front wheel was popped into one, the rear one into another, the frame into the third, the handle-bars, chain, pedals, saddle, and sprocket into the fourth. The woman, quick to understand, was rapidly plying a large needle, and when I looked up from the completed work with flushed face and grimy hands, I heard a ripple of laughter, and there stood the bearded Dutch gentleman with his two daughters looking down on me from a little wooden balcony above.

We four had a merry supper together. I was again in high spirits, and we promised to sup together on the following night on the other side of the pass.

The next morning I was called at half-past five. It was dark, cold, and rainy. The brick floor of my bedroom was not comforting. I dressed rapidly and warmly, and soon presented myself at the window of the diligence office.

"Give me a ticket for a coupé seat in the diligence," I demanded, with some hauteur, of my acquaintance of the previous night. He thrust his head out of the little window, glared first at me, then at my luggage deposited at my side by the hotel porter. It consisted of one knapsack and four meal-bags, securely sewn up. For a moment there was a dramatic pause. Then he dropped the window, made out the ticket, and gave my luggage to the guard to be stored on top of the coach.

After a cheerful breakfast I took my place on the front seat of the great mediæval coach, and at seven o'clock the six horses started under a volley of whip-crackings, and the trip across the Simplon to Switzerland was commenced. And what a day of adventures! After climbing the rain-soaked roads for several hours we reached the snow-line, and changed from the coach to little wooden sledges, each drawn by one rope-harnessed horse, and carrying two passengers. I sat with a peasant man, and for five hours we toiled over the deep snow. Sometimes the horse would fall, and we would flounder out to help him up and warm our stiff limbs. Once we upset, and once, when the right trace broke, the rear part of the runners overhung a precipice. Several times, where the snow had avalanched across the road, workmen had dug tunnels, and through these treacherous holes we had to go. At the summit was the hospice, where a kindly-faced old priest gave us warm things to drink. Clouds and snow-flurries buffeted us; the great mountain peaks rose, dimly discerned, on all sides; white drifts of clouds lay below us, shutting out the valleys, and the wind whirled around the corners where the narrow road turned, striking us from unexpected quarters. A vast silence encompassed us, broken only by the creak of the sledge and the bell on the horse. At last, about three o'clock in the afternoon, we climbed, half frozen, from the wretched sledge into the shelter and comparative comfort of the diligence awaiting us at the level where the snow ceased. For two or three hours more we whirled down the zigzag road toward the green valleys of Switzerland, the storm passed, and at sunset, with a resounding clatter of hoofs, our diligence rolled into the little cobblestone square of Brieg, and the doorway of the dear little Hotel de la Post invited us in to warmth and good cheer.

I clambered, with infinite weariness but with infinite peace of mind, down from my red-cushioned seat in the coupé. My meal-bags were being taken down from the top; the horses, unhitched from the coach, were led to their stable; and across the dusk-veiled square, toward the stone watering-trough, came the cows with their jangling bells.

The Dutch gentleman and his daughters appeared at an upper window.

"Welcome to Switzerland, Monsieur!" he exclaimed, jovially. "The supper is ordered, and will be ready in half an hour! What an emotional day it has been! Never again in April will I attempt the Simplon! Monsieur, we congratulate you on bringing the first bicycle across the Pass!"

As I entered the house I looked back at the dim form of the diligence, standing silent and deserted in the square, which had carried me safely down from the snowy summits as St. Christopher had carried the pilgrims on his back. St. Christopher!

The Eighth Avenue car had halted! Christopher Street! I blinked, rose hastily from my seat, got off, and, having no transfer, walked down to the ferry.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Adventurous Quest (An): A Story of Three Boys. By Laura Scherer Copenhaver. The Lutheran Publication Society, Philadelphia. 5¼×8 in. 405 pages. $1.25.

Among Green Trees: A Guide to Pleasant and Profitable Acquaintance with Familiar Trees. By Julia Ellen Rogers. Illustrated. A. W. Mumford, Chicago. 7½×11 in. 202 pages. $3.

A thoroughly practical manual, sympathetically and interestingly written, and abundantly illustrated with half-tone and line engravings and photogravures. The latter full-page illustrations are especially fine.

Annie Laurie Mine (The). By David N. Beach. Illustrated. The Pilgrim Press, Boston.

There are to be found in this story both spiritual fervor and earnest desire for social reform. The author sets out his purpose in a preparatory way in several strongly worded sentences selected from Ralph Waldo Emerson, W. D. Howells, Senator C. K. Davis, and Bishop Henry C. Potter. These bear forcibly on the incessant conflict between the material and the moral, the infinite cruelty of industrial slavery, the spirit of modern feudalism among capitalists, and the spirit of caste as evidenced in modern social conditions. Perhaps there may be improbabilities in this fictitious history of a mine first ruined and oppressed by selfish capitalists and then conducted not only in a spirit of human helpfulness, but of literal Christian brotherhood. Perhaps, too, the dramatic situations and the religious fervor are a trifle exaggerated. Nevertheless, the story is in a true sense vital; its characters act and talk like living human beings; the situations are novel and interesting; and, above all, the purposes and feeling of the author are in a noteworthy degree helpful and inspiring.

Art of Living Long (The). By the Celebrated Venetian Centenarian Louis Cornaro. (A New and Improved English Version.) With Essays by Joseph Addison, Lord Bacon, and Sir William Temple. William F. Butler, Milwaukee. 6×9½ in. 214 pages.

A new translation of a curious old Italian treatise, together with some account of its centenarian author, and extracts on the subject of longevity from the works of Addison, Bacon, Sir William Temple, and other famous writers of English poetry and prose. The book is illustrated with full-page portraits of all of the authors named.

Autobiography of a Beggar (The). By I. K. Friedman. Illustrated. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 350 pages.

The Autobiography of a Beggar is preceded by some hundred odd pages concerning the Beggars' Club. In both chronicles we find much that is amusing, but even the picturesque "hobo" in a continuous performance of humorous adventure grows fatiguing.

Bass, Pike, Perch, and Others. By James A. Henshall, M.D. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 410 pages. $2, net.

No name arouses the fisherman's interest in this part of the country as does that of the bass. This addition to the American Sportsman's Library—of the merits of which in typography, illustration, and thorough preparation we have already spoken more than once—deals with all, or nearly all, of the game fish of the United States east of the Rockies, with the exception of the salmon and trout and some of the larger varieties already described in other volumes. The number of varieties of the bass and pike families will surprise most readers. The book not only gives in convenient form scientific information about the fish themselves, but contains elaborate and expert advice about the kind of fishing-tackle and tools to be employed, the habitat of the different fish, and a great variety of other information which will be welcome to the sportsman and the naturalist alike.

Because of Power. By Ella Stryker Mapes. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. Illustrated. 5×7½ in. 269 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Black Lion Inn (The). By Alfred Henry Lewis. Illustrated. R. H. Russell, New York. 5×7½ in. 381 pages.

Through a rather antiquated device, the author has put the tales of this volume into the mouths of certain storm-bound travelers, who enliven the period of their imprisonment at the Black Lion Inn with the cheerful art of story-telling. The tales themselves, however, are sufficiently breezy to blow quite away the somewhat musty odor that clings to the manner of their introduction. The "interludes" are equally refreshing, and the illustrations are—Remington's.

Bridge Book (The): Practical Talks about Bridge. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 228 pages. $1, net.

Composition and Rhetoric: Based on Literary Models. By Rose M. Kavana and Arthur Beatty. Illustrated. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 423 pages.

English Garner (An): A Re-issue in 12 Volumes of Professor Arber's Ingatherings from English History and Literature. Vol. IV. Voyages and Travels. (In 2 vols.) Edited by C. Raymond Beazley, F.R.G.S. **Vol. V. Social England in the Seventeenth Century, With Introduction by Andrew Lang. Vol. VI. Critical Essays and Literary Fragments.** Introduction by J. Churton Collins. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. $1.25 vol.

This reissue of Professor Arber's "Ingatherings from English History and Literature" constitutes a notable series for the careful and minute student of English life in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. The name of Professor Arber is, of course, a sufficient guarantee for the accurate collation of the text with the rare originals. The volumes already issued, as indicated above, comprise first a collection of voyages and travels mainly by Elizabethan Englishmen, next a collection of seventeenth-century tracts edited by Mr. Andrew Lang—who calls them "Ancient Journalism," for to-day they would be put forth as articles in newspapers and magazines; finally, an edition by Professor Churton Collins of essays and fragments which show especially the character and status of the clergy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—the collection includes such notable publications as Eachard's "Contempt of the Clergy" and Bickersteth's "Miseries of the Domestic Chaplain," and comes to a fit climax with Franklin's summary of the maxims in "Poor Richard's Almanack."

Fur Traders of the Columbia River and the Rocky Mountains (The). As Described by Washington Irving. (The Knickerbocker Literature Series. Edited by Frank Lincoln Olmsted.) Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 222 pages. 90c., net.

Hereward the Wake, "Last of the English." In 2 vols. By Charles Kingsley. (Library Edition.) J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in.

These are the first-issued volumes of a new edition of the works of Charles Kingsley, edited by his eldest son, Mr. Maurice Kingsley, who is to supply notes and introductions to the several volumes. The edition as to form is decidedly attractive, the type is clear, the illustrations are acceptable, and the binding is sensible and well adapted for library use. We shall comment on the edition when further volumes have been received.

How to Keep Well: An Explanation of Modern Methods of Preventing Disease. By Floyd M. Crandall, M.D. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 511 pages. $1.50.

How to Make School Gardens: A Manual for Teachers and Pupils. By H. D. Hemenway, B.S. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 107 pages. $1, net.

Jesus Christ: His Origin and Character. By Frank Ballard. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 32 pages. 20c., net.

Main Chance (The). By Meredith Nicholson. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5×7½ in. 419 pages.

The incident of this story, aside from a little case of kidnapping thrown into the bargain, as it were, and a single not too bloody murder, has to do with the commercial life of a small city in the Middle West. The characters include a bank president, a cashier, a good bishop, a weak and purposeless young man (native), a strong and purposeful ditto (from the East, and the hero), and a sweet young girl (the heroine, and the bank president's daughter). They are generally well drawn, and the book is readable.

Medical Missions, Teaching and Healing. By Louise C. Purington, M.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 25 pages. 10c., net.

Methods of Bible Study. By W. H. Griffith Thomas, B.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 120 pages. 50c., net.

The author's method is determined by the end in view, which is purely devotional, and for spiritual rather than literary or critical satisfaction in adherence to traditional modes of thought.

Oldest Code of Laws in the World (The): The Code of Laws Promulgated by Hammurabi, King of Babylon, B.C. 2285–2242. Translated by C. H. W. Johns, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 88 pages. 75c., net.

The stone block on which this code was engraved nearly a thousand years before the time of Moses was recently discovered by French explorers at Susa (the "Shushan" of the book of Esther), whither it had been carried as a trophy from Babylonia. The King who published it, Hammurabi, is the "Amraphel king of Shinar" in Genesis xiv. 1. Not only is it the oldest code in the world, but it points back to the remote antiquity required for such a body of laws to grow up in judicial processes. In its modern covers it is a most interesting relic of judge-made law. In a fair comparison it is distinctly inferior to the Mosaic code, lacking the humanitarian note which this makes prominent.

On the Trail of Moses: A Series of Revival Sermons. By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 298 pages. $1.20, net.

Poems and Verses of Charles Dickens (The): Collected and Edited with Bibliographical Notes. By F. G. Kitton. Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8½ in. 206 pages. $2, net.

A rather handsomely made volume which includes the poems from his novels, several of which are well known, and songs and choruses from "The Village Coquette," a comic opera, written in 1836 for a friend, which was not a success. There are also verses from other publications. The volume includes everything in verse which Dickens wrote, and supplements the editions of his work heretofore published.

Present-Day Evangelism. By J. Wilbur Chapman. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 245 pages. 60c., net.

The author of this book is Secretary of the General Assembly Committee of Evangelistic Work for the Presbyterian Church. He brings to his subject wide experience both as evangelist and as pastor. Although the book is marred by the use of conventional phraseology, by some lapses from good taste, and by rhetorical errors, its defects are mainly superficial. It is characterized by breadth of mind and sanity. Dr. Chapman, as the title of his book indicates, believes that the present age, like past ages, requires a form of evangelism suited to its own needs. This he describes as in method largely individual, in terms largely ethical and social, though in substance unchanged. He insists that the squalor of the slums and the materialism of the rich cannot be ignored by those who would announce the words of life to men of this day.

Redfields Succession (The). By Henry Burnham Boone and Kenneth Brown. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 318 pages. $1.50.

A truthful and charming picture of present-day Virginia country life. Some of the *personæ* that move in this scene are equally real and pleasing; others neither so commendable nor as convincing. The latter criticism is particularly applicable to the hero, Trueman Gault, whose quixotic renunciation of his inheritance seems to us morally supererogatory and artistically untrue to the character so well drawn in the first half of the book.

Studies of Familiar Hymns. By Louis F. Benson, D.D. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 285 pages. $1.50, net.

This book is a by-product, so to speak, of hymn-books which the author has edited. Twenty-five hymns, selected evidently because the author had interesting material on hand concerning them, are here given in their original or slightly modified text, the story of their composition is told, some account of their authors is given, and some points for discussion concerning them are suggested. The book is illustrated with portraits, facsimile reproductions of manuscripts, and the like. Although other books similar to this have been published, there is none of which we know that is more successful in giving the reader the sense of personal acquaintance with hymns. The treatment is marked by dignity, good taste, a respect for historical veracity, and human interest. The book is appropriately printed and bound.

Sultan of Sulu (The): An Original Satire in Two Acts. By George Ade. Illustrated. R. H. Russell, New York. 5×7¼ in. 128 pages.

Summer Songs in Idlenesse. By Katherine H. McDonald Jackson. Richard G. Badger, Boston. 5×8 in. 71 pages. $1.25.

Truths to Live By: A Companion to "Everyday Christian Life." By the Very Rev. Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 4½×7 in. 372 pages. $1.25.

Practical sermons by the late Dean of Canterbury. Fourteen are based on texts from the Gospel and the First Epistle of John, the remainder on texts from the Pauline Epistles. Like his other writings, these are vital, hopeful, suggestive. The volume also contains three of Dean Farrar's Christmas carols, the first of which is frequently sung in this country.

Veil of Solana (The). By Emma Mersereau Newton. The Frank F. Lovell Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 362 pages. $1.25.

Doubtless this book's crude and cheap style and the "thrilling" adventures recorded in its pages will find admirers, but we cannot truthfully write ourselves down among them.

Walks in New England. By Charles Goodrich Whiting. Illustrated. John Lane, New York. 5½×8 in. 301 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Wars of Peace (The). By A. F. Wilson. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 392 pages. $1.50.

A thoughtful and interesting novel. The scene is laid in a New England factory town, and the wars waged in this not altogether peaceful time are the grimly familiar struggles of labor and capital. The characters involved are vividly pictured, and the situations, always natural, become on occasion absorbingly dramatic.

Wild Birds in City Parks: Being Hints on Identifying 100 Birds, Prepared Primarily for the Spring Migration in Lincoln Park, Chicago. By Herbert Eugene Walter and Alice Hall Walter. (Revised Edition.) A. W. Mumford, Chicago. 4¼×5¾ in. 45 pages. 25c.

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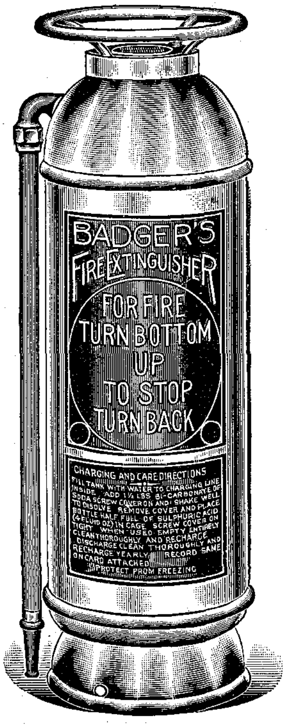
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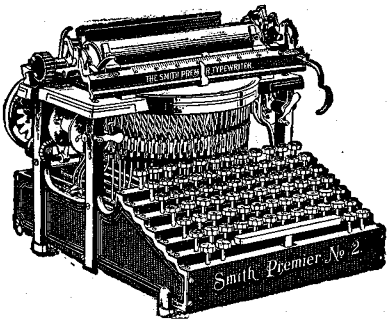

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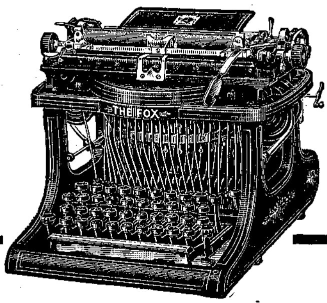

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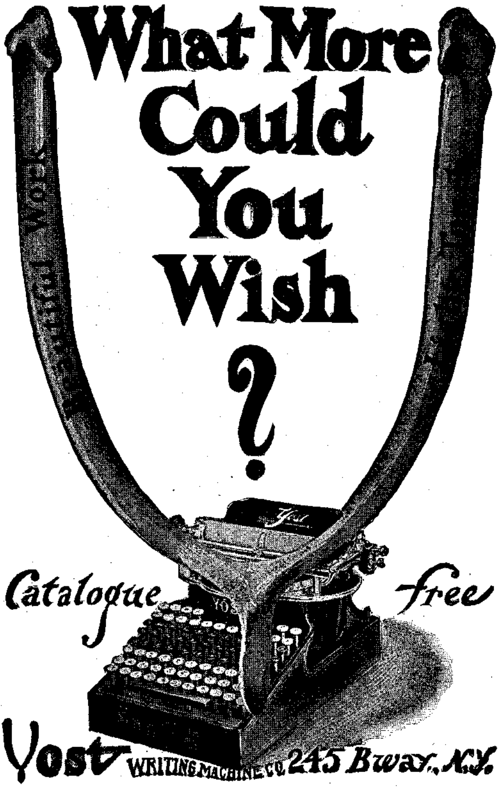
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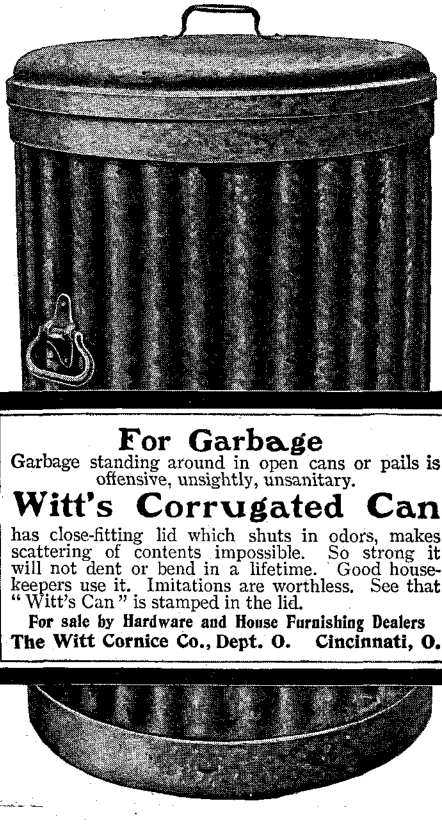

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125	Persons sending five next best, EACH $1,	125
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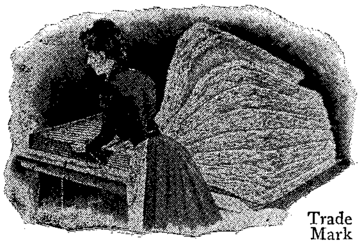

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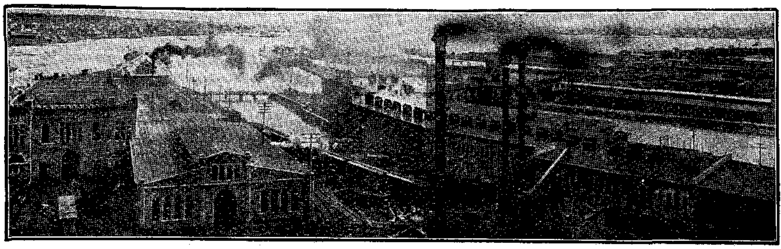

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Note the marvelous record of the Canadian Soo's recent growth. Population for 1900 was 5,000, in 1903 is 18,000. Assessed Real Estate value in 1900, $1,700,000, in 1903, $7,000,000 (with bulk of industries exempt from taxation). Number of Manufacturing Plants in 1900, 5; in 1903, 20. Number of employees in same in 1900 was 500, in 1903 over 5,000, with annual pay roll of $2,500,000, and when improvements now projected are complete 25,000 men will be employed. *Most of this great iucrease has been in the past 18 months.*

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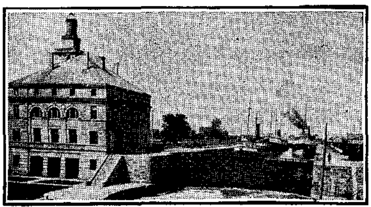

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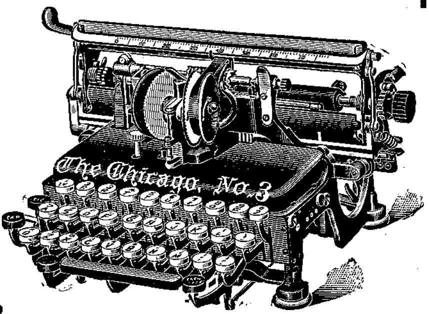

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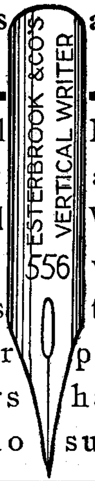

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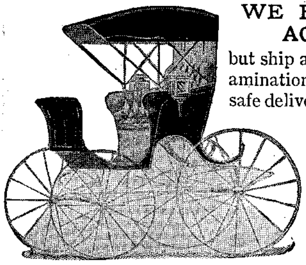

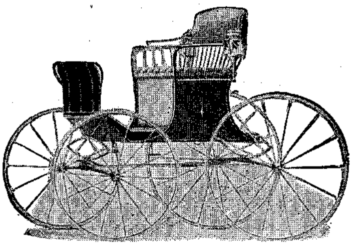

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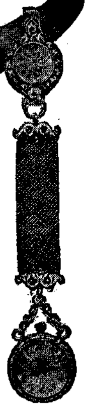

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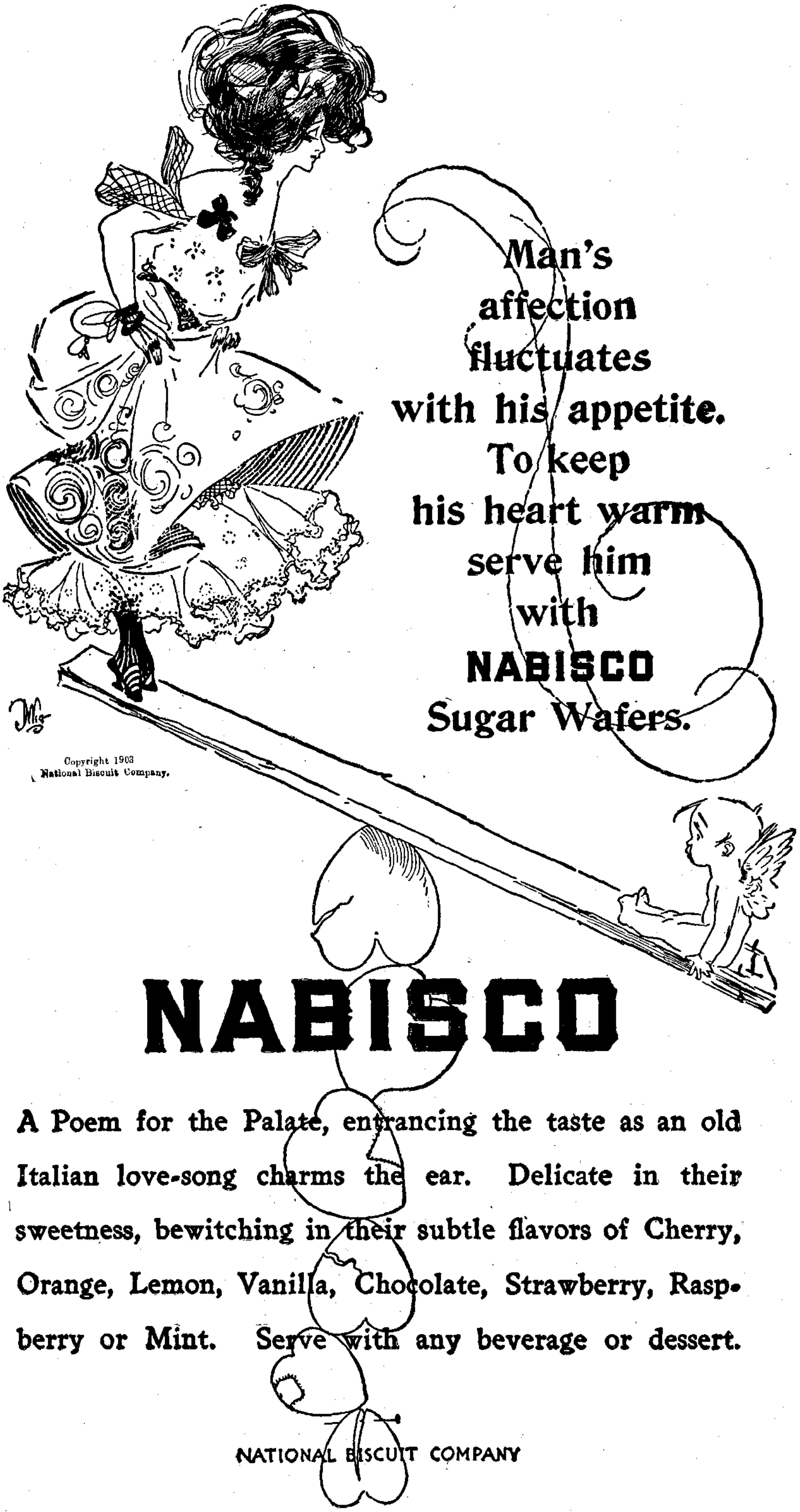

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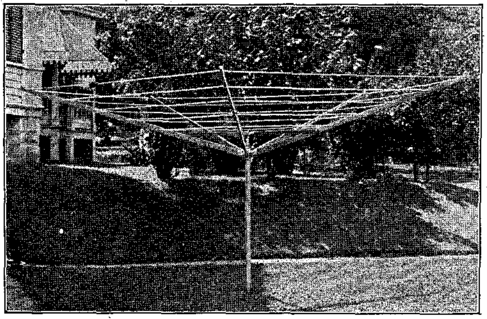

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